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WEEK ENDING NOV. 28 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Who Said Thanksgiving?

In This Issue

THE MOST INTERESTING WOMAN IN AMERICA

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Adrian Joyce
President

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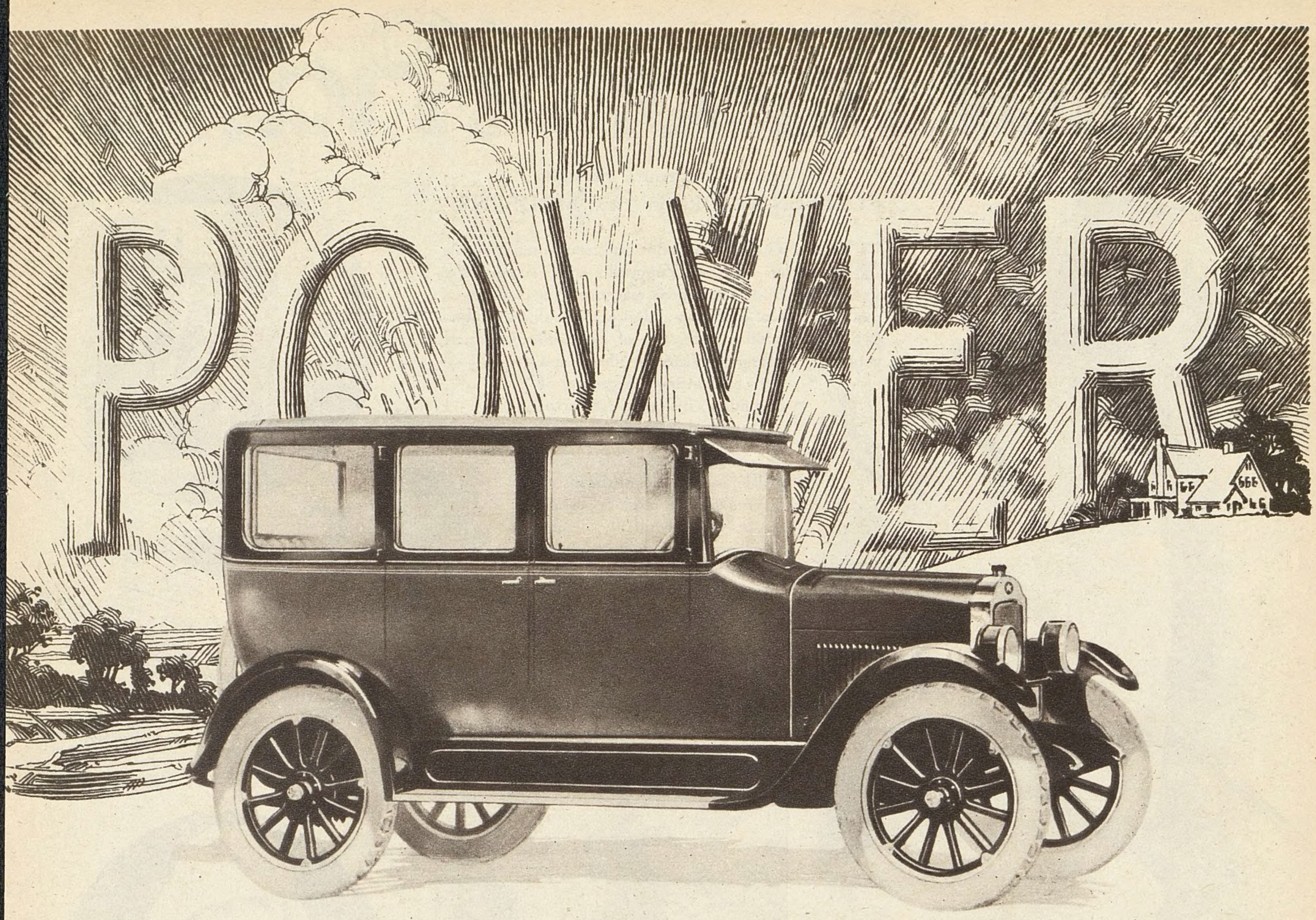

The five passenger sedan, generally accepted as the ideal family car, needs POWER because of the heavier body and usual five passenger load. The Star leads in Power in the low-priced field. In high gear it ploughs through sand, mud and snow and climbs grades that stop most cars or compel gear shifting.

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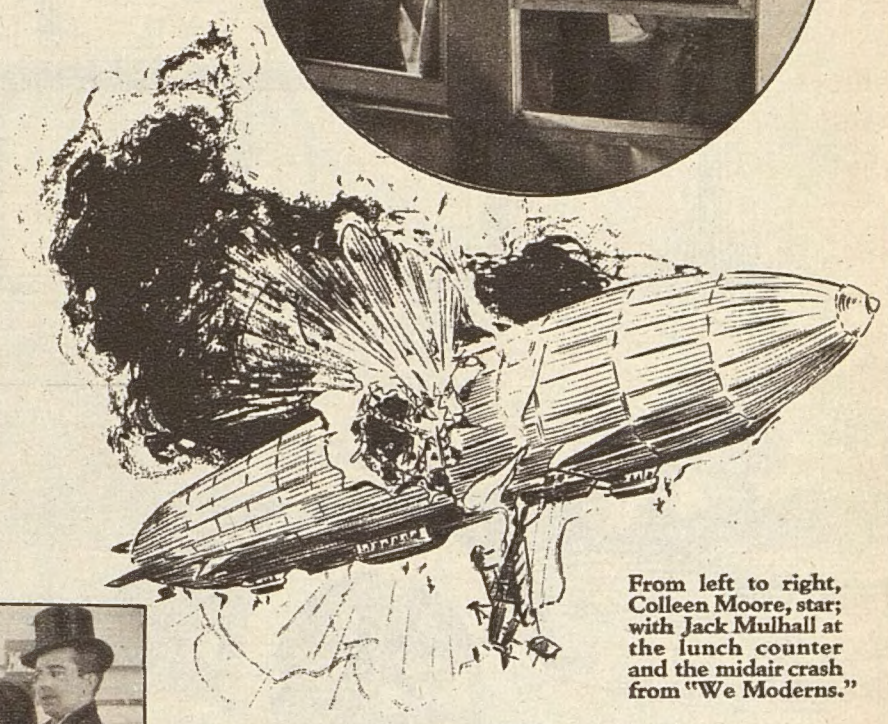
News of First National Pictures

John McCormick presents COLLEEN MOORE in "WE MODERNS"

TOPPING comedy, conflict and heart interest in this adaptation of Israel Zangwill's stage success is a scene never before attempted realistically in pictures—a rending crash of Zeppelin and airplane at dizzy heights. Behind this climax is the rise of London's ultra-smart young set scoffing at Victorian ideals, and the enchanting background of London's historic places, actually filmed in England.

Miss Moore, as Mary Sundale, is the leader of the insurgents in her most appealing role. Jack Mulhall, Claude Gillingwater and Cleve Moore have important parts. John Francis Dillon directed with June Mathis, editorial director.



From left to right, Colleen Moore, star; with Jack Mulhall at the lunch counter and the midair crash from "We Moderns."

"THE SCARLET SAINT"

THE thunder of race track winners—the Mardi Gras revelry—and a lonely girl eating out her heart for the love that seemed distant—

These elements featured Gerald Beaumont's absorbing story, "The Lady Who Played Fidele." They have been vividly retained in the screen adaptation, "The Scarlet Saint" directed by George Archainbaud under Earl Hudson's supervision.

Mary Astor plays Fidele and Lloyd Hughes the hero in a romance of irrepressible charm.

At left, turf and carnival in spectacular rivalry and Lloyd Hughes (below) and Mary Astor (above) in "The Scarlet Saint."

You'll Also Enjoy—

"Classified." The romance of the everyday working girl and Corinne Griffith at her best. Directed by Alfred Santell; June Mathis, editorial director; from Edna Ferber's story. Produced by Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc.

"Clothes Make the Pirate." A whizz-bang comedy of pirates and powder. Leon Errol's first starring picture directed by Maurice Tourneur, produced by Sam Rork. With Dorothy Gish, Nita Naldi, Tully Marshall, James Rennie and George Marion.

"The New Commandment." Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon are featured in a drama of war and love. Produced by Robert T. Kane, directed by Howard Higgin from Col. Palmer's book, "Invisible Wounds."

"What Fools Men." From Henry Webster Kitchell's "Joseph Greer and His Daughter" with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. Directed by George Archainbaud with June Mathis, editorial director.

Nov. 28, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

YOUTH IN MILITARY TRAINING

A boy in the University of Illinois approached a regular army officer attached to the staff of this school, one of the land grant schools in which military training is required. "Say, where can I find Nevins?" This was in late September. Nevins is Capt. Arthur S. Nevins, regular army officer on the Illinois faculty. In late October the same boy asked the same officer the same question, but it was: "Can you direct me, sir, to Captain Nevins?"

One month. The difference was military training. What happens at Illinois is what happens in all the colleges of the country under the Land Grant Act of 1862 and the National Defense Act of 1919, and in others which voluntarily have accepted the system of training.

In the beginning a physical examination of the material. At Illinois this year 599 of 3,900 youths available for military training were rejected for physical defects. The University of Illinois draws on as robust a commonwealth as can be found in the nation and the rejections were about the normal for the country.

Many of them were remediable and they were sent to the physical director, George Huff, to be straightened out, corrected, and returned to service. It was a physical inventory of youth.

With physical soundness ascertained the army went to work on its material. It taught personal discipline, regard for manners, regard for appearances, responsibility, devotion to duty, honorable conduct, maturity in deportment.

It was a physical, mental, and moral makeover of good raw material thus inspired in youth to a mature devotion to ideals which the adult world knows makes character.

Liberty is too young to have had a part in the work for universal military training which was done during the war. It failed of the complete object sought. The obstruction was too great. Woodrow Wilson and his Secretary of War, Newton Baker, were won to support it and for the physical and moral good of the youth of the nation it might have meant a great deal. But it far from failed. The advocacy of it helped produce the American system in which college boys are given the advantages of military observation, inspection, and training. It had much to do with the defense act, the reserve officers' organization, and the training camps.

In the land grant schools the boys of the United States are being made potential officer personnel. They are being made better citizens. They are taught courtesy, manners, physical carriage, deportment, ease, confidence, management, care of themselves and of others, control of themselves and others, responsibility, fortitude, discipline, obedience when it is a point of honor or necessity, a code of self-repression, a doctrine of self-reliance.

They are made men and fine men. They will be officers if this country should get into another war. Their training will not cause the war but it will help to make them fit for it if it can't be avoided. And they will be officers. The other fellows will be bucks. The men who have not had the training will take the experience at a disadvantage. For peace or war, military training is altogether good.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

The Most Interesting Woman in America. *What Liberty learned by asking 1,000 persons who she is*.....By HUGH FULLERTON 6
Code of Honor. *A short story of a woman whose quest of a new husband didn't turn out exactly as it was planned*.....By RITA WEIMAN 14
Hollywood Has a Heart. *A novelist's afterthoughts on the festive capital of filmland*.....By FANNIE HURST 20
Aviation in National Defense. *Why the Navy opposes a separate air force*.....By REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM A. MOFFETT 27
Tricks of Fake Mediums. *A spirit-ed article on bogus "materializations"*.....By HOUDINI 31
Six in a Row. *Concluding a stirring two-part story of a man and a girl and a race-track romance*.....By GEORGE WESTON 36
Melodies and Memories. *Sixth installment of the chronicle of a famous career in music*.....By MELBA 43
Bunk Banquets. *Revealing the secret of why we pay and eat and listen*.....By ROBERT BENCHLEY 49
Measuring Your Mind. *A test of quick thinking*..... 50
Driven by Beauty to New Rochelle. *How Coles Phillips learned what it means to create an ideal girl*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT 51
Young Mr. Bowen. *Seventh installment of a serial of conflict between a man's career and a woman's charm*.....By W. B. MAXWELL 54
Races Landslide Down Mountain; Rescues Five. *Announcing Liberty's weekly $1,000 award for bravery*.....By W. S. FORMAN 59
Saving Our Supermen. *A survey of the new regime of health among the captains of industry*.....By EARL REEVES 63
A Smile, a Bow, and a Close-Up. *A page of movie reviews*.....By QUINN MARTIN 66
Paris Styles Grow Elaborate in Design. *Fashions*.....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 67
Rich Fabrics Modishly Adaptable to New Silhouettes. *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA 68
The Thanksgiving Dinner Service. *Household hints*..By ETHEL M. SOMERS 69
"Ted." *Concerning the keeper of the Coolidge secrets*.....By W. H. 70
Answer to Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 44..... 70

Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The $50,000 Prize Story

AMONG approximately 100,000 manuscripts submitted in the great story contest conducted by Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, one stood out as unmistakably a masterpiece. This was a tale at once dramatic, tender, and brilliantly alive, called *Mannequin*. The author was *Fannie Hurst*, long recognized as one of the foremost American novelists. After careful consideration Miss Hurst was awarded the $50,000 prize for having offered the story best suited to be made public simultaneously as a serial in Liberty and as a motion picture.

FANNIE HURST

Liberty will begin the publication of *Mannequin* next week. It is a story of contrasts and manifold excitements, with a beautiful American girl as its central figure. In its backgrounds are the glamour of great wealth and the grind of poverty in the slums, and through it all runs the shining thread of a captivating romance. Unquestionably it is one of the most important novels of recent years.

In this same issue *Walter Davenport* tells the amazing results of an investigation of the real estate gold rush to *Glittering Florida*. *O. O. McIntyre*, in *Gyps That Pass in the Night*, reveals the seamy side of New York's gay supper clubs; *Col. William Mitchell* writes vividly of what might happen to the United States if another war should come; *Grantland Rice* discusses the American athlete's manner of *Standing the Training Gaff*, and *John V. A. Weaver* contributes a searching little story called *Forty-eight Hours from June*.

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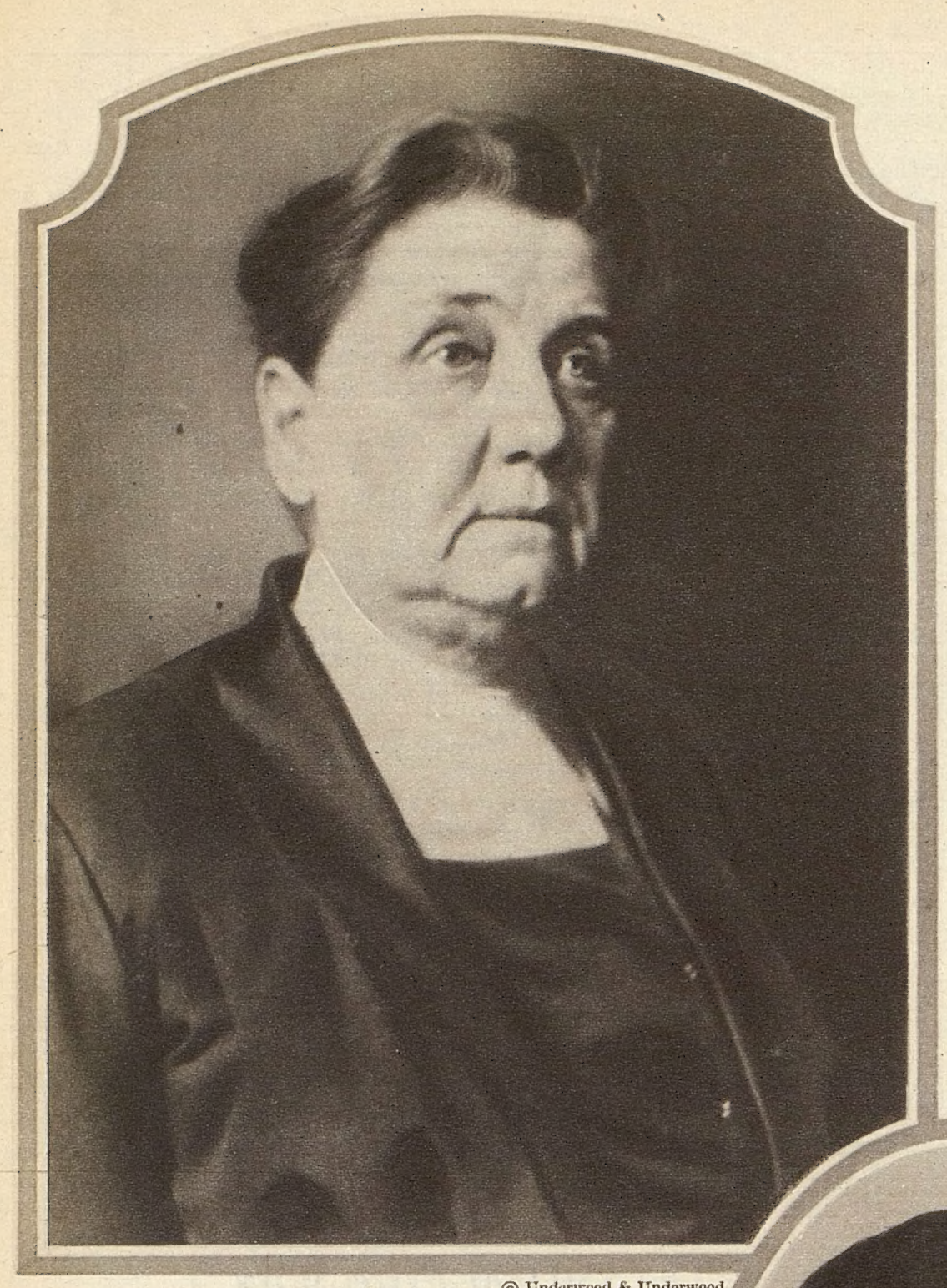

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Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, overwhelmingly in the lead in Liberty's poll to determine who is the most interesting woman in America.

The Most Interesting Woman *in* America

The Surprising Result of a Questionnaire Sent by Liberty to 1,000 Persons, Who Were Picked to Represent a Great Variety of Occupations and Many Social Spheres

BY

HUGH FULLERTON

How the Voters Were Chosen

QUESTIONNAIRES as to who is the most interesting woman in America were sent to one thousand persons chosen at random from Who's Who in America for 1925. More than six hundred replies were received. Some who replied frankly acknowledged their inability to arrive at a definite conclusion, while others mentioned two persons, one as being the most interesting woman in America, and the other as being the most interesting dinner companion, in their estimation.

The detailed tabulation of the vote will be found on page 10.

JANE ADDAMS of Hull House, Chicago, is the most interesting woman in America. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt ranks next to the famous leader in social, political, and philanthropic work, and Mary Roberts Rinehart is third, in the opinion of leading men and women of this country.

The search for the Most Interesting Woman was precipitated by a dinner-table discussion. At that dinner were eight persons, one of whom spoke of a well-known woman as being "the most interesting woman in America."

In the discussion which followed it was disclosed that only three could agree on any one woman as deserving the title. Six different candidates were presented and their claims for fame were argued. Liberty was asked to learn who, in the opinion of American men and women, is the most interesting.

P. & A. Photo

Mary Roberts Rinehart, novelist, who ranked third. She appears to have attracted admiration as much for her personality as for her writings.

The names of one thousand persons were selected from Who's Who in America—five hundred men and a like number of women. Each State was represented in proportion to its population, and men and women of every business and profession in the country were asked to name the most interesting woman in the United States—the one whose career has been colorful and who, either by surroundings, achievements in art, literature, society, or public service, appeals the most to them; the one who, in their judgment, would have the most interesting story to tell and would make the most interesting table companion. Many who answered the query chose one woman as being the most interesting to meet and another as the most interesting table companion.

More than six hundred of the one thousand replied. More than one hundred and thirty different women were named by those who voted.

Miss Addams, however, was the overwhelming choice. Her admirers are equally divided between men and women from all sections of the country. Her work at Hull House, in Chicago, her interest in national and international affairs, her life devoted to good works, undoubtedly entitle her to the leadership of American womanhood. I find, however, a peculiar thing in scanning the letters, which is that the younger ones seldom mention Miss Addams.

Another odd feature is the vote for Mrs. Catt. Perhaps twenty years ago few would have named her. Now she easily stands second on the list and, strange to say, her admirers include more men than women.

THE strength of the women authors is divided among a dozen or more, with Mary Roberts Rinehart leading in the opinion of the larger number. Mrs. Rinehart's personality, her love of adventure and of outdoors, seem to have attracted the admiration of men and women quite as much as her writings have done. Willa Cather, Kathleen Norris, Edith Wharton, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Ida Tarbell, Zona Gale, Fannie Hurst, Maude Radford Warren, Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, Gertrude Atherton, Edna Ferber, Agnes Repplier, Leonal Ross O'Brien (Polly Pry), and Corra Harris all have admirers who believe them the most interesting.

M. Carey Thomas, president emeritus of

Bryn Mawr College, and Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College, received warm support from their admirers, many of them former students at those institutions. Miss Martha McChesney Berry, director of the Berry Schools (for mountain boys and girls) at Mount Berry, Georgia, leader among the Southern educators, received numerous votes from that section, while the Pacific Coast sprang to the support of Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, at Oakland, California.

It will be a surprise, perhaps, to learn that few of the prominent actresses or screen stars received any mention whatever from those replying to the questionnaire. Maude Adams, May Irwin, Julia Marlowe, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Mary Pickford were chosen by a few, and from the opera stars Mary Garden and Madame Schumann-Heink were mentioned.

When the questionnaires were sent out I thought the leaders among the women's club women, the General Federation heads, would have a heavy support, yet their vote was light. Mrs. Mary B. Sherman, the famous parliamentarian, received some votes, as did Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Texas, noted club woman and prominent in public affairs.

WOMEN in politics received strong support. Mabel Willebrandt, Assistant United States Attorney General, and Mrs. M. A. Ferguson, Governor of Texas, had numerous supporters. Relatives of Presidents and other women who have been prominent in Washington life were not forgotten. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland Preston, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Helen Taft, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth received mention. Among women active in politics, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois; Miss Mabel Boardman, noted Red Cross leader; Mrs. Raymond Robins, social economist, and Mrs. Robert P. Bass, parliamentarian and club woman, were remembered by a number.

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Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, the "first lady of the land," took fourth place in the voting. This, she says, is one of her favorite photographs.

As a group the women active in industrial and economic work receive scant recognition. "Mother" Jones, labor agitator of years ago, is the idol of just two, and Florence Kelly, president of the Consumers' League, of but few more. Mrs. Mary Fels, who has done so much to improve conditions among Jews, both in America and Palestine, seems hardly known, save by a few intense admirers. Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, because of her service for devastated France, has won the hearts of many.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, suffrage leader, who was the voters' second choice.

As a group, however, the social workers appear to lead all women in the respect of their fellows.

Miss Addams, as has been said, heads the list, but Julia Lathrop, Miss Mary McDowell, who has devoted her life to settlement work in the Stockyards district of Chicago; Mary M. Kingsbury Simkhovitch, social economist, and others have been mentioned by numbers, while both Maud Ballington Booth and Evangeline Booth received votes.

Some of those mentioned you may never have heard of, yet in their own circles they shine brilliantly, unknown to the rest of the world. Mrs. Clarinda Pendleton Lamar, widow of the famous Supreme Court Justice, for instance, noted as one of the most brilliant of the intellectuals, yet known to but few outside Washington social circles, or Leonal Ross O'Brien, who wrote under the name "Polly Pry" and is considered most interesting by her friends, especially those in the South.

P. & A. Photo Wide World Photo

Left to right, Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, Oakland, California, and Willa Cather, author. Their popularity was attested in the balloting.

Ring Lardner, I'll say, exhibits good judgment. He writes, "The most interesting woman I ever met was that dame you and I met in Detroit once."

One never can guess what woman a man will admire. There is Luther Burbank, for instance, who inclines to the belief that Mary Pickford, Helen Keller, and her teacher, Mrs. John A. Macy, are the most interesting.

AMONG the letters was one which was perfectly frank. It was from Georgette Kernell, wife of Harry Kernell and daughter-in-law of Joe Cawthorn and his wife, who, when on the stage, was known as Queenie Vassar. She writes:

"Georgette Kernell is the most interesting woman in the United States. She is particularly interesting as a table companion because she is so damdumb all the others in her presence feel like geniuses."

What better test is possible?

George Ade writes:

"To my notion Mary Roberts Rinehart is the most interesting woman who has made a definite impression upon the American public. She is not only a charming individual but is a successful mother, a good traveler, and a keen sportswoman, to say nothing of the first-class work she has done as a novelist, dramatist, and special writer on a great variety of topics. She has made her way in the world and mastered a variety of professions and acquired a fortune, and she is still youthful and enthusiastic."

Miss Anne Morgan is chosen by many. One of her admirers writes:

"Miss Anne Morgan, because, although she has great wealth and is socially prominent, has chosen to devote a large part of her time, strength, and money toward bettering the conditions of working girls and business women. She has done wonderful work in helping to reconstruct France. She has real charm, is magnetic, and talks well. She has met and entertained many distinguished people."

There is a real tribute, one that means something, in the vote of one of Washington's so-

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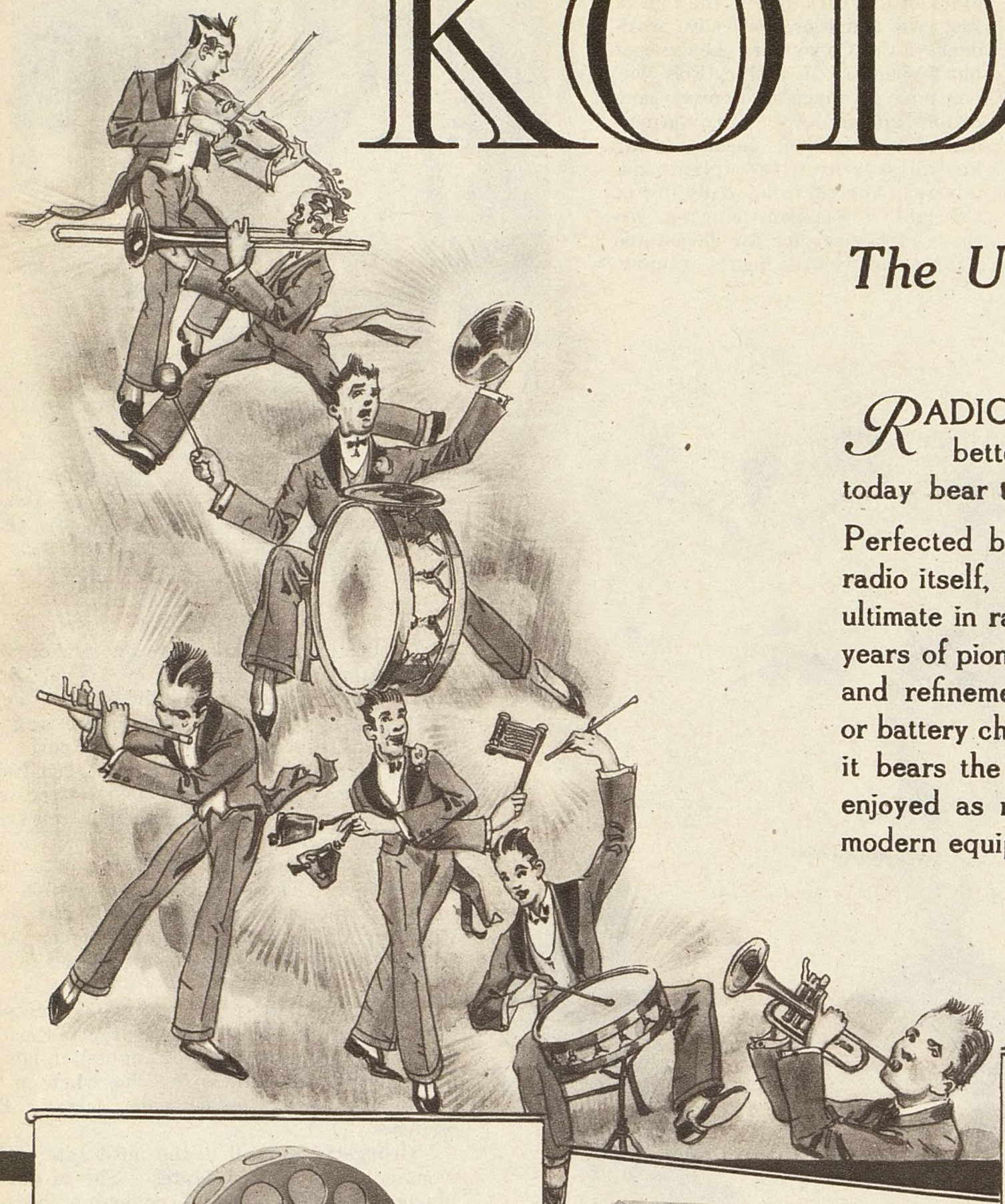

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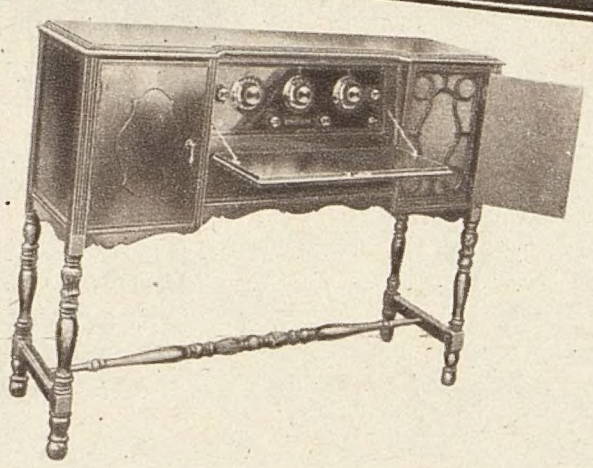

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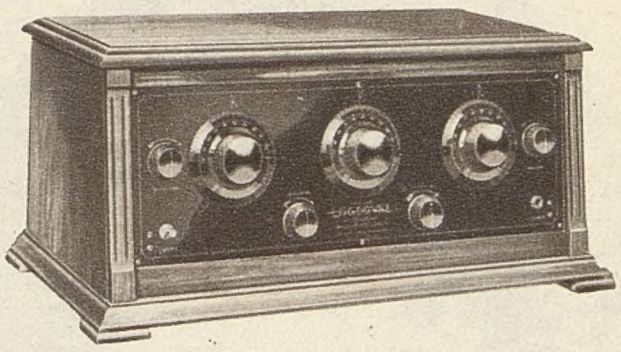

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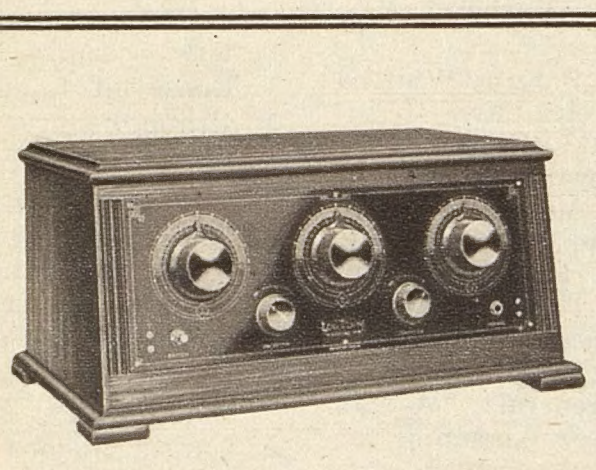

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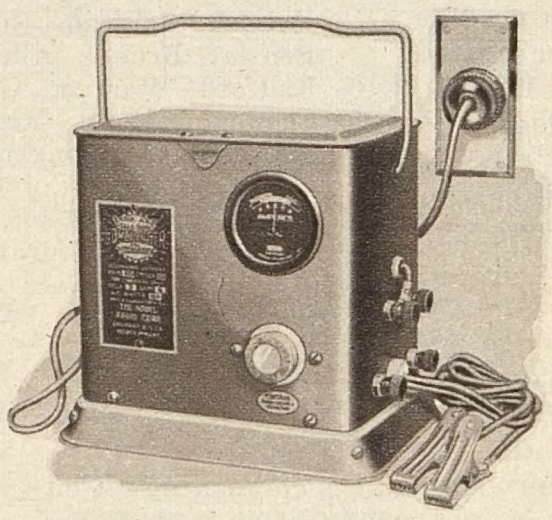

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

ciety and political leaders for Miss Nannie Burroughs. The writer says:

"I am inclined to vote for a black woman, Miss Nannie Burroughs, Lincoln Heights, Washington. She is a woman of outstanding personality who has educated herself, built a school up from the ground, step by step, which is now educating colored women for lives of usefulness. She puts an atmosphere of self-help, courage, and devotion into her students that is remarkable. She has dreamed big dreams and has been able, with the help of God, to bring most of them to reality."

Many of the letters extolling the charms and virtues of individuals make a reader feel desirous of an opportunity to meet the subject.

There is one praising Mrs. Horace M. Towner, wife of the Governor of Porto Rico. Good Tom Morgan, the noted humorist of Rogers, Arkansas, votes often and vehemently for Betty Blake Rogers, wife of Will Rogers of the Follies and the world, and Tom appears to think Mrs. Rogers is the most important member of that family. Robert Bridges votes for Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, wife of Douglas Robinson of New York City.

HARVEY B. GAUL, Pittsburgh composer, conductor, and critic, writes:

"I nominate for the dining-room chair Mary Garden. She never has permitted her luster to tarnish, and she has needed no press agent. As to being colorful, her career has been one long polychromatic mural; no cameos or miniatures for her. In her conversation, as in her acting and singing, she has the elan, the *ego propre* (or improper) that is compelling. Consequently, she is always a front-page story and a front-porch subject. If Mary Garden should ever write her memoirs she would make Margot Asquith seem like poor reading.

"If I ever draw Mary Garden for a dinner partner they may omit the food." Which, for a critic, is going a bit.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes, author, chooses Charlotte Perkins Gilman, writer, for her ability to see things as they are and to communicate the results to readers.

Thomas Dreier, editor, writer, and advertising expert, selects an unusual woman in Mrs. Lillian M. Gilbreth of Montclair, New Jersey, widow of Frank B. Gilbreth, the famous industrial engineer, saying:

"Not only has she given birth to thirteen youngsters but she got her Ph. D. at Brown University when she might have been loafing around waiting for one of the youngsters to be born. Her books on psychology as applied to management have been translated into the Lord knows how many different languages and at the great Efficiency Congress in Prague a year ago, which was attended by brilliant engineers from all over the world, she was the star.

"Frank Gilbreth was scheduled to speak in England at an engineers' meeting, but died suddenly a few days before his sailing date. Instead of staying at home wringing her hands, Mrs. Gilbreth, in true Spartan spirit, went to England and delivered his speech in his stead."

Lucy Browne Johnston, club woman, D. A. R. leader, wife of the Chief Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court, speaks for the numerous admirers of Carrie Chapman Catt when she says:

"In the last fifty years I have met most of the foremost women of America, and I do not hesitate to name Carrie Chapman Catt as the most interesting. She is a wonderful orator, both forceful and convincing; is a forceful writer and charming companion. Her life of public service has led her into every nook and corner of our own country and into almost every country in the world. She is probably the best known American woman in foreign lands."

Burges Johnson cannot decide between Miss Ida Tarbell, Edith Wynne Matthison (Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy), and Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt. Doctor Reinhardt received many complimentary votes, and among them one from Dane Coolidge, the author and naturalist, who says:

"I suggest Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, because of her scholarship, her meteoric rise to a high executive position in which she has brought Mills College from a small, slightly known seminary to a rank comparable in education with Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar, and her exceptional eloquence. She married, shortly after graduation, a distinguished professor, had two sons, and, while they were very small, was widowed suddenly and left almost without provision. She has earned their living and her own and is unquestionably the most distinguished woman in the West."

J. ADAM BEDE, who years ago was one of the most famous Congressmen, chooses Frances Folsom Cleveland Preston, saying that since Dolly Madison she was the most perfect mistress of the White House. Dr. Lydia M. De Witt of the University of Chicago names Dr. Alice Hamilton. John Lind, the diplomat, chooses Carrie Chapman Catt as most interesting. Virginia Frazer Boyle, writer, selects Helen Keller.

Oddly enough, very few choose Alice Roosevelt Longworth, although those who do are enthusiastic, perhaps knowing her. Anna D. Olesen, lecturer, names her in a charming tribute. Annie Shannon Monroe, author of Behind the Ranges, selects Carrie Jacobs Bond, the composer, as the most interesting dinner companion, but thinks Alice Robertson, our first woman Representative, is the most interesting of all women.

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie is praised by several who know her career as a missionary and her later writings. Rabbi Henry Cohen, a noted leader in Texas, reverently proclaims Jane Addams; Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts chooses Mrs. Coolidge, wife of President Coolidge; Agnes C. Laut names Anne Morgan, and Dr. Arley Munson chooses Mrs. Mary Wooster Sutton, the "Joan of Arc of New Jersey."

May Irwin, who is herself named by another, ranks Mrs. James L. Speyer with Jane Addams and Carrie Chapman Catt. Cynthia Lombardi, author, names Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Maud Ballington Booth chooses Julia Marlowe, saying, "I love and admire her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

HOW *the* VOTE STOOD

Jane Addams	96	Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt	12
Carrie Chapman Catt	49	Governor M. A. Ferguson	11
Mary Roberts Rinehart	28	Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt	11
Mrs. Calvin Coolidge	17	Anne Morgan	10
M. Carey Thomas	16	Maud Ballington Booth	10
Miss Martha McChesney Berry	12	Helen Keller	10
Willa Cather	12	Kathleen Norris	9

Eight — Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Alice Robertson.

Seven—Minnie Maddern Fiske, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Mary E. Woolley.

Six—Maude Adams, Edith Wharton, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, Mary Pickford, Mary Garden, Ida M. Tarbell, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Evangeline Booth, Julia Lathrop, Gertrude Atherton, Mary B. Sherman.

Five—Florence Kelly, Dorothy Dix, Mabel Boardman, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Alice Paul, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Mary McDowell, Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, Lillian D. Wald.

Four—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Helen Taft (Mrs. Frederick J. Manning), Edith Wynne Matthison, Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard, Judge Florence Allen, Agnes Repplier, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Leonal Ross O'Brien, Honoré Willsie.

Three—Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Mrs. Raymond Robins, Fannie Hurst, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Mrs. Mary Fels.

Two — Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland Preston, Mary Mills Patrick, Gertrude Stein, Zona Gale, Martha Bensley Bruère, Alice Ames Winter, Maude Radford Warren, Geraldine Farrar, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mary M. K. Simkhovitch, Rebecca Latimer Felton, "Mother" Jones, Carrie Jacobs Bond, May Wilson Preston, Julia Marlowe, Cecilia Beaux, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Clarinda Pendleton Lamar, Mrs. Robert P. Bass, Neysa McMein, Catharine Waugh McCulloch.

One—Margaret Deland, Gertrude Bonnin (Zitkala-Sa), Edna St. Vincent Millay, Theresa Helburn, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, Mrs. Horace M. Towner, Mrs. Anne C. E. Allinson, Annie Peck, Cynthia Westover Alden, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, Dr. Mabel Elliott, Mrs. Wilbur Fisk Crafts, Betty Blake Rogers, Henrita Ried, Edna Ferber, Dr. Esther P. Lovejoy, Lillian M. Gilbreth, Mrs. Anne Gilchrist Strong, Lucy Wheelock, Nannie Burroughs.

Mary Mulligan, Anna Botsford Comstock, Anna Adams Gordon, Mrs. Nancy Webster, Gilda Varesi, Charlotte Richards Willard, Georgette Kernell, Margaret Sanger, Rose Ellerbe, May Irwin, Louisa Lee Schuyler, Mrs. Mary Wooster Sutton, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Mrs. Will Cressy, Clara Hunt, Sara Teasdale, Dr. Kate Bushnell, Mrs. Kara Smart Root, Eleanor Everest Freer, Mrs. Wallace Nutting, Marguerite Harrison, Elisabeth Marbury, Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan.

Mme. Louise Homer, Mrs. Barzille Winfred Merrill, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin, Mrs. Albert Levering, Corra Harris, Mrs. James L. Speyer, Caroline M. Hewins, Ida Clyde Clarke, Mrs. M. Gordon Phillips (Secretary of State of Kentucky), Caroline Hazard, Caroline Bartlett Crane, Mary C. Lowes, Sophonisba Preston Breckinridge, Countess Cantacuzene, Rheta Childe Dorr, Ruth Cross, Mrs. La Salle C. Pickett (widow of the Confederate general), "A Successful Mother," "The Pioneer Woman of the Midwest," "The Young Female of 1925."

Twenty-two who replied acknowledged their inability to decide upon any one person.

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With this respected, dignified work come large earnings. The field is so large, the demand so great, that Fyr-Fyter men can easily earn $300, $400, $500 a month—and they are deserving of every cent they make.

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Act At Once! We are going to add one hundred men to our National Sales Force at once. If you want to be one of them—if you want to get started in a worthy business where you will have a chance to earn from $300 to $600 a month—ACT QUICK. Fill out and mail the coupon to us immediately for details of our proposition.

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Dr. Martha Berry, founder and director of the Berry School on Mount Berry, Georgia, which gives industrial education to children of the poor.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

because her great talent and the admiration and applause of the public have never spoiled her."

I find a number of the boys picking their own wives—and in several cases I don't blame them or consider them unduly prejudiced. Will Cressy, the actor, writes: "Cinch. My wife." Albert Levering, the illustrator, uses good judgment, as well as diplomacy, in naming Mrs. Levering, and Wallace Nutting knows of no one more interesting than his wife.

Elia Peattie, the novelist, chooses Mrs. Coolidge; Elma H. Benton of Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, selects Judge Florence Allen, who, by the way, declines to exercise her judicial talent in naming the most interesting woman.

Fred Dana Marsh, painter, evidently has experience in working to a climax. He writes: "A woman whose natural gifts are disciplined by a superior intelligence, patrician by instinct and culture, at once a splendid model and a rebuke to a bobbed-headed generation—in all pride and humility I offer as my choice Edith Wharton."

Amy Oakley, author, nominates Cecilia Beaux, the portrait painter, who has other admirers. Ralph Parlette of Chicago names Madame Schumann-Heink. The Southerners, led by Mrs. Isoline Rodd Kendall and James Boyd of New Orleans, choose Dorothy Dix (Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer).

Edith McClure Patterson of Dayton, Ohio, picks Alice Ames Winter. Edith Johnson, writer, selects Maude Adams; Sophie Kerr Underwood chooses Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who beyond doubt would be the selection of many others were they privileged to know her.

Only one—Harry Elmer Barnes, educator, of Northampton, Massachusetts—has the courage to choose Margaret Sanger, noted birth control advocate. Agness Greene Foster selects Mrs. Eleanor Everest Freer, the Chicago musical leader, saying: "She is THE (not one of the) best informed woman in America today, not alone musically, but by education and great natural ability."

IT is not possible, of course, to give even excerpts from the hundreds of letters which reveal America's wealth in interesting women. I would like to quote one, from Caroline Atwater Mason, the author, because its subject is so interesting. She writes:

"I shall name Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, widow of one of Boston's foremost pioneers in the East Indian trade, as the most interesting woman I know or know about. In person and personality Mrs. Peabody is charming, distinguished, brilliant. In achievement as a Christian stateswoman she is America's pre-eminent woman. Her life has been given to unfaltering, effective, and many-sided public service. In the cause of missions, in the education of Oriental women through the foundation of colleges and medical schools, and in the initiation of a great movement for law enforcement and loyalty to the Constitution among the women of the United States, Mrs. Peabody stands as *prima inter pares*."

Helen Keller, famous deaf and blind girl, "listening" to her teacher, Mrs. Macy, by reading her lips with the fingers.

Perhaps some, who may not know of Jane Addams, may wonder at the large number of both men and women who have selected her as the most interesting woman. The tribute paid her by Janet A. Fairbank (Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank), herself a famous leader of women, best tells the reasons.

"Her career," Mrs. Fairbank writes, "has been colorful. When she started her social settlement at Hull House the idea was new and daring. She met and surmounted incredible obstacles in the way of stupidities, both of neighborhood suspicion and privileged misunderstanding. She has blazed trails for women in politics. She has proved the value of co-operation, locally and nationally, and has been a member of various bodies which aim to secure it for the world.

Mrs. Miriam Ferguson who, on January 20, 1925, was inaugurated as Governor of Texas.

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Dr. M. Carey Thomas, president emeritus of Bryn Mawr College, who once declared the world should be run by young men—under forty.

"Her surroundings have been interesting. In Hull House she has created a sort of open forum, and people come from all over the world to join in the talk there. I think it is fair to say that as many distinguished men and women come to Chicago to see Miss Addams as to see the Stockyards, notwithstanding a general impression to the contrary.

"She has achieved distinction in art and literature. Her little book, The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets, was a beautiful piece of writing, and I have yet to hear her make a speech which has not both form and style, as well as deep purpose. That, I think, is art.

"Her service to the public is so outstanding that it is unnecessary to go into it. To my mind, it is unequaled by that of any man or woman in the United States. She never allowed the passions of the moment to obscure her sense of justice, and throughout a busy lifetime she has preserved her own point of view, which is, I think, an achievement.

"Added to this, she is a delightful creature, with enough charm and humor to make her an outstanding figure had she been contented with personal success only."

Now that you all know what others think, who is your choice?

THE END

Code of Honor

A Story in Which Two Sides of the Eternal Triangle Leave the Other One Flat

By Rita Weiman

Pictures by J. W. Schlaikjer

SHE stepped from the door of a somewhat dingy building in the Boulevard Haussmann to a car waiting at the curb. Yet even in the brief moment of crossing the pavement she arrested attention from passers-by. That appraising appreciation which the Parisian inevitably accords a lovely woman followed her like the smoky trail of burning incense.

She was perfectly conscious of the several men who halted, perfectly aware that there was nothing reverential in the glances stealing from blonde head to silken ankle, for the Frenchman will never learn to impersonalize his tribute to beauty. And as the door of the car closed with the soft click of a lid on a jewel box, her finely drawn nostrils dilated with disgust. Only the psychologist who has learned to read the book of a face, not the feature, would have sensed the smile of pleasure etched about the mouth. To the chance observer, except for that fluttering nostril, she was as expressionless as marble.

There was a queer impenetrability about the carefully chiseled face, as though consciously carved by an artist as a mask for thought. Yet it was neither cold nor immobile. An international beauty, Mrs. Larry Hollister Boyd had been accustomed to tribute ever since the so-called portals of New York society had first swung wide to her. It was scarcely within the realm of reason that the stare of a few boulevardiers would even register. Yet Constance Boyd was in a mood to purr under the stroke of flattery's flexible fingers. As keenly as if it had been some masterpiece which she in infinite wisdom had created, she felt her perfection.

That indiscernible smile still touching her lips, she held her wrist watch toward the window and studied the tiny luminous dial. Almost five! Late, fifteen minutes—but that was well. The man awaiting her would appreciate the fact that he had to wait. In spite of punctilious correctness in everything he did, he had the easy, graceful habit of forgetfulness where women were concerned. So unlike a foreigner, too! However, the fact that women accepted without equivocation the Baron Raoul de Rosemonte, in any and all of his moods, was undoubtedly responsible for his indifference to theirs. His title, that of a long line of bankers, the millions at his command, a rarity in the France of today, made him the bull's-eye of feminine aim from several sections of the civilized globe.

Constance Boyd continued to smile discriminately. She knew that any number of these women hated her. For the sanctity of her beauty; the security of her name heading charity lists, functions, and society columns; for her position unassailable. In all her well-regulated life there had never been so much as a stumble. How much more would they hate her when——

The smile barely toying with her lips shifted to the corners of her eyes when the car slid under the *porte-cochère* of the Ritz and she stepped down into the teatime crowd humming round its entrance. They stared at her as had the insolents of the boulevards. But with more of awe. They knew who she was.

The man who advanced to meet her was tall for a Frenchman and rather younger than one would have pictured an international figure in finance. He had a slightly heavy, though by no means unpleasant, face, with shrewd, amused eyes and nothing of the look of intensity usually accredited the Latin. One could not fancy him taking the world—or women—too seriously. Yet an eye sensitive to contour, and faintly reminiscent of the boulevardier, detached the fur-engulfed figure of Constance Boyd from the women surrounding her, and traveled her length.

He lifted her hand to his lips, then led the way into the room which at the tea hour might just as well be located on Fifth Avenue, New York. At the tables, jammed close to one another, sat the U. S. A. transplanted, with here and there a foreigner to italicize the American invasion. As they entered, the instant servility of the head waiter, his calm removal of the reservation card from a table that happened to please the Baron's fancy, would have stamped them apart, had not most of those assembled already recognized the pair.

A MAN had risen from one of the gold brocade chairs. He bowed as casually as if he had been some chance visitor dropping in for an hour's chat. "How are you, Connie?"

"There's that beautiful Mrs. Boyd with Baron de Rosemonte. We saw them at Ciro's Monday night—remember?"

Or among the women of her own set:

"Ah, Constance Boyd with de Rosemonte again! Do you suppose she——?"

"Not Connie Boyd, my dear. Her mantle of purity puts the driven snow to shame."

Or among the men:

"Lucky dog, Larry Boyd! Wonder if he appreciates her."

"Course not! If he did, d'you suppose she'd be in Monte Carlo and Paris all season, with de Rosemonte in tow?"

The two on whom attention focused sat down, in no way indicating that they were aware of it.

She slipped her arms from sable sleeves and drew her gloves from cool, delicate fingers. She was wearing black, soft and close, with a short string of pearls clinging about her throat. Even as she smiled at the man opposite, she had a look of aloofness, as if no man could actually touch her.

He touched her with his eyes as he took a glass from his waistcoat pocket and screwed it into one of them. It stuck there with no means of support.

"As usual," were his first words, in English meticulously correct, "you are looking divine."

Her answer, low, insinuatingly wistful, seemed to hold a note of emotion it dared not express.

"I'm happy, my dear——" she paused as the unctuous *maître d'hôtel* hung over them. But once the order was given, she went on as if there had been no interruption. "I've just seen Padolle. He tells me everything can be quietly concluded before summer."

The Baron's expression did not change, in spite of his "Ah, that is good!" He sent another glance toward their immediate neighbors and, having reassured himself that they were alone as individuals can be only in a completely crowded or completely empty room, he spoke with the intimate tone in which one shares secrets.

"He assures you of that?"

"Absolutely. You see, Raoul, I've been living abroad—practically—ever since last May. So there can be no complications. I didn't dream it could be arranged so easily."

"Why not?" he smiled. And it was an odd smile, scarcely moving a muscle of his face, yet lighting his shrewd dark eyes with the glow of sophisticated humor. "As an international industry, divorce comes next to the cinema, I believe."

She gave a little shiver.

"I've never even thought of it in connection with myself, until——"

"Until those divine days on the Riviera made you long for the happiness you had missed," he amended. "They were—perfect."

"I never realized that such happiness could exist anywhere." It came with a little sigh of gladness. "Certainly not for me."

"It is amazing," he observed, studying the perfect lines of her, "that a woman so obviously created for a man's love should not have freed herself long ago from a stableboy."

"My code of honor, Raoul. If there'd been another woman, it would have been so much easier. But Larry's never been unfaithful—he's merely loved his horses more than he's loved his wife. I've traveled abroad while he's traveled about the country exhibiting his superlative thoroughbreds, completely forgetting——" She paused.

"That horses are not the most superlative possessions," he softly completed the sentence.

She gave a despairing little gesture of both hands that set their rings aflicker.

"Rather a joke, isn't it, that for years I've been the most envied of women—and the loneliest?"

"Not because you had to be," he smiled.

HER eyes, singularly deep for blue, filmed with a look of tears unshed. "I'd have seen it through to the end, if I hadn't met you and discovered what life really can mean."

"Is it possible this husband may make a similar discovery, once you notify him he is about to lose you to another?"

She laughed softly, a laugh that curled about her next words.

"But I shan't even mention your name when I write. I shall tell him simply that he owes me my freedom."

"And he will promptly catch the next boat to prevent you getting it," observed the Baron.

Her lips curved suddenly, inscrutably. Even the man who knew women could not read them, though his gaze did not leave her. She sipped her tea a long, silent moment.

"If he does come," it was puzzling, her intonation, "that will only make things easier for me. I can talk to Larry then. If only I can make him leave his horses long enough, it will be the best possible way."

The Baron very deliberately took a cigarette from a gold case monogrammed in emeralds, and adjusted it to a holder.

"You would actually send for him?" he queried.

"Why not? I've given him years without a murmur of protest. They married me to him when I was just a baby. Isn't he honor-bound eventually to give me some consideration?"

The Baron looked long into the faintly tear-filmed eyes.

"He will come at once, you believe?"

"In a month, I should say. He's in California now."

"You are daring, my dear, to risk having him see you again."

"I'm not afraid." The lashes lifted gradually like a child's awakening from slumber. "But you must leave Paris, Raoul, before he arrives. I want to spare you any possibility of an awkward meeting."

He stared a prolonged moment, a glow behind his tenacious monocle.

"It is not like the Rosemontes," he frowned, "to refuse to face an issue. I have known many women. Among them there were few I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

would have considered making my wife. If I choose one, shall I not have the courage to fight for her possession?"

"There must be no fight—that's the point. I shall know how to talk to Larry, how to—to convince him. If you are here, Heaven knows what he may do. Please, Raoul——"

He waited a strangely long, speculative moment.

"Your eyes," he observed, "are like purple pansies tipped with dew. And pansies are for thought. Therefore, it occurs to me that you may be wiser than I."

"When and where will you go?"

Before answering, he wrote his name across the check, a singularly careful signature.

"I have always wanted to see Palm Beach," he announced.

The pansies shone as if sunlight had suddenly touched the dew.

"You will be just in time for the season, if you go at once," was all she said.

Simultaneously they rose. She wrapped her cloak's sable softness close about her. Their silence was potent, as if in those last few sentences a mutual momentous step had been taken. She moved with graceful lack of effort the length of the room. As he followed, that oddly speculative gleam still glanced from behind his monocle.

Her car drove up. He helped her in, bent over her hand.

"I shall let you know when I sail, of course," he said softly.

She gave him a smile that slightly lifted her lips. It broadened with perceptible satisfaction as the car glided into the lighted Place Vendome. She had completely achieved what she desired. She had not the slightest intention of sending for Larry Boyd, but in case he should make up his mind to appear, it was safer to have her future husband out of the way before the present encumbrance arrived.

II.

TO Larry Hollister Boyd, internationally known sportsman and polo player, popular even with his enemies, went a letter from his wife next day. Not at all the sort of letter that might have been expected. But then, Larry had grown past the stage of expecting any letter at all. Except for an occasional suggestion that she hated to bother him but there had been so many demands on her purse which she simply could not refuse, the war had left poor France in such pitiable condition, the mail bags from across the sea did not bulge with correspondence for him.

His weekly communication went to her with comfortable regularity, usually containing a draft on his New York bank, since there was always the possibility that she had used up both letter of credit and the generous sum deposited to her account with his Paris bankers. Otherwise, his state of health, state of mind, and state of residence received no inquiry.

Hence it must have been with some slight curiosity that he tore open the flap of a registered envelope and drew out a sheet whose closely written lines indicated more than a request in the interest of widows and orphans.

There had been in Constance Boyd's life only one other missive of equal importance. It, too, had been directed to "Mr. Lawrence Hollister Boyd." But that had been several months before she became "Mrs. Lawrence," and at a time when all the world was of the opinion that Anne Tailer would bear that title.

"LARRY, old dear," the first letter had read, "you asked me last night to marry you, and I said I would be proud to be your wife. But, Larry darling, I am so unhappy about something Mother has done. She has sent the announcement of our engagement to the newspapers. Poor dear, she meant no harm—but it distresses me. I told her the party was a gay farewell one to you and that you may change your mind about me before you return from Canada. But she insisted that a man of honor doesn't ask a girl to be his wife just as a joke. Of course, I know you wouldn't have made such a proposal if you hadn't meant it. But, dearest boy, please don't think I had anything to do with shouting it to the world so soon. I would have kept it a sweet secret for a time just between you and the girl who loves you more than life. Your

"CONSTANCE."

"Larry, old dear," read the letter written eight years later and opened on a ranch near Santa Barbara, "you will, perhaps, be a bit astonished at what I am about to say. But I want you to know, first and foremost, that I am considering you more than myself. In the last six years you have asked more than once for a divorce. Yet, even though our tastes are utterly different, though we have lived practically apart since the year following our marriage, I could not agree to it. I could not bring myself to see that it was the honorable thing to do.

"But my long stay abroad has given me a new and real perspective on things. I see now that honor demands that I grant you your happiness. I am convinced that happiness lies in the hands of another woman, and I give my consent with all my heart. In view of this, I have consulted a well-known attorney, Henri Padolle, Boulevard Haussmann. He assures me that everything can be put through here quietly within a few months. I know, of course, you will agree, since what I am

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

doing is what you have urged for so long. However, I shall not feel quite at ease that this move of mine has been the right one until I have a line from you assuring me of your approval.

"Please let me hear at once, and know, friend husband, that even when you cease to be my husband I shall continue to be your friend, CONSTANCE."

This letter had not been submitted to the astute Monsieur Padolle, since the sender feared he might swamp its simple appeal in much legal verbiage. Besides, what need? There were certain references she preferred to screen from the eyes of a third party. Larry would like the fact that she had made the matter direct, personal, and without the intervention of strangers. She knew Larry. Except when they became a necessary evil, he liked to avoid lawyers. Then, too, he was sensitive as a boy. It was that sensitiveness, that latent fear of hurting another, on which she had always counted—and never found wanting.

In a few weeks, five at most, allowing for ship and railroad delays, would come acceptance in his large, frank hand, agreeing that she had done the wise and gracious thing. Probably it would add that he was leaving at once for New York to put through such details as might be necessary. No humming of cables. No flare of newspaper headlines. No hint to the outside world of what was going on. Discretion. Dignity. The watchwords of safe divorce!

Meanwhile, with a speed that bespoke decision, de Rosemonte sailed the Saturday following their tea at the Ritz. They agreed there must be little or no correspondence. Not more than an occasional line, couched only in the friendliest terms, until she notified him things were settled. Discretion again, and entirely her idea!

She saw him just once—at her apartment the day before he left. The sudden departure meant innumerable details to be rounded up. In white, with a single silken gold braid wrapped round her head, her eyes a little sad, she told him how miserably she would miss him. He observed, with omnipresent monocle fastened in his encompassing gaze, that he had never known another beautiful woman for whom he would have quit Paris unless she accompanied him.

"I feel sure," she sighed, "that later we'll both be glad of this temporary separation."

ONE month passed. Six weeks. Two months. The anticipated swift response from Larry Boyd was not forthcoming. She went ahead with her plans. Padolle prepared his papers. Even if they failed to hear, the case would go through on the assumption that her husband would make no attempt to block it. That was a certainty.

Nevertheless, his silence made her restive. How beastly careless of Larry! And she had not even an idea where a cable would reach him.

She was dressing one evening for the most elaborate party of the season, a costume ball given by Sara, Duchesse de Cresignac, whose name had been Sallie Jones and whose escutcheon should have been the United States mint rampant under a tottering coronet.

While the Parisian maid, like all of them, a beauty artist, gently touched in the shadows round her eyes, Constance Boyd saw in the ancient mirror of tarnished gold above her dressing table a glancing panorama. The de Rosemonte house in the Boulevard St. Germain, once the home of a royal prince. The chateau not far from historic Fontainebleau. The villa at Biarritz. The cottage at Le Touquet. Endless—the reach of wealth and power she would be able to drip through delicate fingers or grasp at will. The mere thought of what was ahead dizzied her. But the eyes whose lashes were being tipped with mascaro remained serene, lambent.

The barest suggestion of moist red on mobile lips—Constance Boyd never overdid her make-up—and she examined, with a slight nod, the reflection framed in tarnished gold. Luminous, gleaming hair; white of face and shoulders; arms glistening under the electrified candles as she lifted them. The maid showered over her head a sparkle of fiery brilliants, the "White Flame" costume designed for her by one of those fabulous Parisian "creators," once known as dressmakers. Its train spread silkily from shoulders to floor like creeping tongues of white fire. The maid adjusted her diadem and stepped back with a sigh.

"*Madame est superbe!*"

MADAME moved across and out of the room, hearing the murmur about her of the lovely gown. A pleasant sound. Whispers. Trailing the stone corridor of the apartment she had leased from a Bourbon prince, she made her tranquil way to the salon to observe the effect under heavy crystal chandelier, against mellowed satin walls. She had a strange, exultant feeling of power tonight. The gasp, like the surge of the surf on a still beach, that would greet her entrance into the ballroom would sweep like a thunderous wave across Europe—across the world—once she became Baroness de Rosemonte.

The room—once the salon of an ancient palace long since converted to modern usage—was in that soft gloom that stirs imagination. Tall candles rising above the ornate marble mantel flickered faint stencils on the wall. Here one could readily picture the drama of days of Empire. The very shadows seemed to bend forward, listening.

She reached within the doorway, turning the key to the electric lights. They blazed on. The shadows skimmed to more advantageous points of observation. But she did not move.

A man had risen from one of the gold brocade chairs. He bowed as casually as if he had been some chance visitor dropping in for an hour's chat.

"How are you, Connie?"

"Why weren't you announced?" was all she could think of.

"Don't blame your man. I made him understand that I was your husband, eager to surprise you." He did not add that a French servant, always suspicious of surprises, had been made to understand by more convincing method. "Besides, I came only a few minutes ago. You were dressing."

"You might have notified me you were coming."

"Yes, I might have." He looked about the large room. "Pleasant quarters you have here. Not exactly cozy. But then you never have been keen for the intimate, have you? Won't you ask me to sit down?"

"Of course—do!"

She had remained standing exactly where she was. Now she moved mechanically toward a low table. Turning her back to him, she tried to regain complete poise. How inexcusable! How like Larry! Yielding to some absurd impulse! What other reason could there be for this sudden descent upon her? She picked up a Louis XIV enameled jewel box filled with cigarettes, and held it toward him. He shook his head, took one of his own, and doubled comfortably into an armchair, again as if he were some casual caller, yet making himself perfectly at home.

"I take it you're in for some jamboree. Stunning get-up! What does it represent—cracked ice?"

"'White Flame' is the name they've given it—though why, I couldn't tell you." She gave the train a slight kick as she sat down, so that the fiery tongues licked round her sandaled feet.

"Well, I won't keep you too long."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," came hurriedly. "I've been wanting to see you. When did you get in?"

"Hour ago."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Meurice."

She hesitated. His voice, his manner, were completely noncommunicative. She had the sense of forcing him to talk. His long body lolled in the chair, precisely as if it belonged there.

"Why didn't you answer my letter, Larry?" She might as well precipitate the issue, since he evidently had no intention of doing so.

"I am answering it."

His sudden genial smile, as if to say, "There you are, old dear!" was discomfiting. She experienced her first real emotion toward him—anger.

"But you must have known that I was waiting for some definite word from you," she plunged.

"There was no definite word I could confine to paper."

"Then if you wanted to see me, why didn't you give me some hint?"

"Hint—why?" He drew a long breath from his cigarette, and turned and looked at her. "You were expecting me, weren't you?"

"Expecting you? What gave you that idea?"

"Oh, no one particular thing. Only, Baron de Rosemonte gave me the impression that you were looking for my appearance in Paris."

"DE ROSEMONT?" She felt every muscle tighten, straining against the flesh.

"Yes. Met him when I got back to New York. All-round nice fellow, seems to be."

Her lips opened, a parched smile. She must find out more—but carefully, the utmost care.

"Where did you meet him?"

"Bankers' Club—for luncheon. Matter of fact, Drake invited me to meet him. For some ungodly reason, the Baron wanted to know me."

"For some ungodly reason!" Constance Boyd repeated to herself and her swift-moving mind clung to the phrase. Then he didn't know. He couldn't. Her muscles relaxed. It was just like quizzical de Rosemonte to stage for his own amusement a meeting with the husband his future wife was about to discard.

"Perhaps it gives him a kick to meet the husbands of his American friends," Larry almost voiced her thought, but generalizing. "So many stay at home while friend wife diverts herself abroad. Do women run after the Baron?"

"They did in Monte Carlo," she answered hastily, glad to divert him from the personal.

But Larry reverted to it instantly. "Ah, yes—he mentioned that he met you there, come to think of it. He seemed immensely interested in you, as a matter of fact. Couldn't understand why I permitted such a beauty to roam round Europe alone."

"What did you say?" she asked, lightly, though her lips moved with leaden effort.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"Well, I couldn't exactly tell him that I've never been invited to accompany you."

"But what did you tell him?" she found herself repeating with an eagerness immediately regretted.

"Tell the truth, I don't recall. It's not important. I saw him only a few times before he left for Palm Beach."

"A few times?" She could not halt the words.

"Yes—had him to dinner at the University Club—was putting up there, you know. Liked him better each time. Peculiar chap—doesn't say much, but gives you the sense of his hand on the wheel every minute."

What she might have said—some answer such as would apply to any man of her acquaintance—strangled in her throat. She could not bring herself to speak de Rosemonte's name, so intense was her fear of revealing more than she dared.

LARRY lounged back in the chair with apparently not the slightest suspicion of the turmoil in her brain. He brought his finger tips carefully together until they formed a pyramid, then, looking over them as if just remembering the purpose of his visit, said:

"Well, now, so that you can get along to your party—why do you want a divorce?"

The direct, sudden dart of the question stunned. She gazed across at this man who in no tangible way was different from the Larry she knew. The same long, lounging figure; the same frank, carelessly laughing eyes; the same tanned skin, white where the lines of concentration formed ridges; the same faint suggestion of gray through the hair. Of course it was her own stirred imagination that gave his words more portent than they held.

"My letter told you," she managed quietly.

"Come, now, Connie," he sat up. "You don't expect me to believe you've been seized with a sudden sweep of altruism you can't resist."

"I gave you my reason in my letter. What other could I have?"

"That's exactly what I've crossed the ocean to find out."

"Larry," her voice was plaintive, nearing a sob. "Haven't you asked again and again for your freedom? Only my code——"

"So you've said," he interrupted quickly, "many times. But suppose we step on that code for an hour or so and deal in plain truths."

"Very well, then," she broke in. "Have you ever loved me? Answer that truthfully."

"No"—he spoke softly and without an instant's hesitation—"but that's because you never gave me a chance to. You didn't want my love—not from the minute you had my name."

"Self-defense!" Her lip curled round the word. "You were in love with Anne Tailer the day you married me."

"True, too." Still there was no hesitation. "And since we're facing issues, you must admit that it was a sort of honor, however humble, that made me make good the maudlin proposal of a boy in his cups."

"You're not implying, I hope," as she leaned forward, the pale fire of her gown seemed to leap up over her, "that I forced you into marriage."

"By no means. I was at an age when a man knows what he's doing. And I wanted to do the best I could. A poor best, I'll admit. But I had an erratic notion I must give my wife more than the better part of my income—I wanted to love her. You see, I was foolish enough to believe her when she wrote reminding me of my proposal—pardon me, my own memory was a bit vague!—and adding that she cared for me more than life."

"You think I didn't mean it then?"

"You must admit, my dear, that, for longer than I care to recall, the only show of affection I've had has been from my horses. Poor dumb beasts have so little discrimination!" He smiled, almost apologetically.

"I'm not the demonstrative type," she retaliated. "But that's not my fault. I can't—I simply cannot——" she paused with a shrug that faintly hinted patronage.

"I quite understand."

"But I've always done my duty," she appended promptly. "You've had every reason to be proud of your wife. You can't deny that I've kept your name to the fore—morally, socially, philanthropically."

"I don't," he observed casually. "That's why you're not to be permitted to chuck it."

The words sounded less a verdict than a friendly statement. Hearing them, she had a strong sense they must not be taken seriously.

"But that's too absurd, Larry! It's what you've wanted."

"Nevertheless, I cannot permit you, after all this time, to sacrifice yourself for me."

He still sat hunched in his chair. The position, the unchanging eyes upon her, irritated her beyond measure. From them she could tell nothing.

"But I want to," she thought it wise to say. "There's Anne—she's never married. I haven't the right to keep you apart any longer."

"And I haven't the right to accept happiness at that price. After all, my wife should have first consideration."

She got to her feet, moved without apparent emotion to the fireplace, then crossed the room to a seat in a shadowed corner. She had drawn an uncomfortable net about herself, counting rather on Larry's fool credulity than his chivalry. Her next words must be weighed, each one.

"I think, dear boy"—her smile invited confidence—"you'll admit your wife can take care of herself."

"Absolutely," he nodded. "So well, in fact, that I realize she wouldn't be chucking what she has unless she'd found something a lot better."

THE knees outlined by blazing brilliants shook. Otherwise, no sign. Her hands clasped tightly together.

"Is that why you're determined to block me?" she brought out.

"I've determined nothing. I'm merely here for information. When did you make up your mind to marry de Rosemonte?"

Constance Boyd sat without attempting to speak. The shadows seemed to bend, to stretch their length from dark corners, until the man facing her wavered behind a dense fog. The man who for years had bowed unquestioning to her will, only to fling now upon her, without warning, this searchlight of knowledge—it was completely disarming. The glare blinded her own perception. She was at a loss how to meet it. What was his motive? How could she challenge him?

The old room which had closed in so many secret moments of human conflict had seen none greater than this one of tense measuring silence. Then her lips twisted into laughter, though they gave forth no definite sound.

"How clever of you to assume that—unless he told you something of the sort."

"Being your husband a number of years, my dear, would develop in any man the power of deduction."

"And he said nothing to you?"

"Does it matter what he said? His interest was obvious."

She looked down and, from under her lashes, observed him unchanged, yet a strange strength she had never before sensed.

"Well," she hazarded, "suppose he should want to marry me. What difference can that make to you?"

"This——" he affirmed, "for the first time in eight years I hold your future actually in my hands. And I choose to be its arbiter. I choose to say 'No.'"

She looked up then sharply, and got to her feet, the white tongues of flame sweeping from her.

He rose at the same moment. They met under the central chandelier, his face revealed uncompromisingly firm. She was shaking.

"Is this your revenge?"

"I told you—you gave me the right to take care of your future. I mean to exercise it."

She attempted a softer note. "But you'll be sacrificing your own, don't you see that?"

"My code demands that my wife's honor come first."

AN odd phrase—she wondered just what he meant by it. Nothing but sarcasm, of course, playing on the words she had so often used. This was his moment; he was making the most of it. Torturing her! And he knew it. But he must not come out victor. That was beyond reason or belief. She must not even permit herself to fancy such a possibility. Some inspiration, some desperate measure to turn the tide! She prayed for it, standing gorgeously scintillant under the light.

"You speak of honor," she brought out slowly. "Don't you think it demands that the man who doesn't love me give me to the man I love?"

"You care only for what this man can give you, exactly in the way you cared for me."

"That's not true!"

"If you'd loved him, you'd have risked everything to tell the truth. You'd have been impelled to come to me and say: 'This is the one man—let me go.'"

"And you'd have enjoyed the chance to humiliate me as you're doing now."

"I'd have answered: 'Of course, my dear, there's nothing else I can do.'"

It was a flashing revelation of the Larry on whom she always counted. Sensitive—sentimental—sincere, she knew. There was only one way to jolt him, one way to insure her freedom! And she took it.

She caught her breath—looked away, then back to him. Her eyes held the suggestion of a prisoner's pleading for mercy.

"Larry, you must agree to a divorce—you must! I hadn't meant you to know. I wanted to spare myself, too—I've been a coward, perhaps. But I didn't think you'd care enough to ask questions. I do love de Rosemonte—he's everything to me. If I tell you that I not only love him, but that I've proved my love to him beyond retraction, will you let me go?"

He did not speak at once. Even his expression did not change. The ridges went a bit deeper as if his jaws clamped hard. But the outburst of the husband who hears such a confession was not forthcoming. He gave her a peculiar stare—almost as if he recognized her lie and stamped it without a word. Then he took a step from her, bowed, and said quietly:

"Of course, that leaves me no alternative. How soon can we put this thing through?"

"Immediately. Padolle's merely been waiting for word from you."

Without looking at her, he turned.

"I'll meet you at his office at eleven tomorrow."

When he had gone, she found herself on the divan sobbing with relief. After the tension of the past hour, she had not dared to believe her triumph would come with such consummate completion.

Then she pulled herself upright, touched her eyes with her finger tips, examined them, and returned to the ministrations of her maid.

Less than a month later the French courts granted Mrs. Lawrence Hollister Boyd a divorce on the grounds of desertion and neglect. There was little or no formality. It was simple, final, and conclusive.

She awoke the next day—happy as a school girl. The joy of it all, the release from bonds which she had brought herself to call bondage was beyond all anticipation.

The blue satin drapes at her bedroom windows were drawn back and a stream of gold melted across the rug in little liquid waves. The maid brought in her breakfast tray, on which was mail and the daily Paris edition of an American newspaper.

She took up the latter—eagerly spread it wide.

THERE were two long and effusive columns, but the paper slipped from Constance Boyd's rigid fingers. She stared into the rivulets of sunshine and, strangely enough, her first frantic thought was of Larry.

But the big headlines:

DIVORCE GRANTED FAMOUS BEAUTY

became submerged as her eyes were trapped by heavy type across the top of the page.

INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE STARTLES SOCIETY

A romance of international importance is revealed in the announcement of the marriage yesterday of Baron Raoul de Rosemonte and Miss Madge Stewart, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton Stewart of New York. Although the couple have been seen constantly together both in New York and Palm Beach, there had been no previous hint of an engagement.

Baron de Rosemonte and Miss Stewart met at Monte Carlo last winter. It is understood the Baron followed her when she returned to Paris and then to America, sailing on the same steamer. The couple were married with the greatest secrecy at the home of the bride's parents, 79½ Park Avenue, and left immediately for a short honeymoon, after which they will sail, making their home in Paris.

There were two long and effusive columns, but the paper slipped from Constance Boyd's rigid fingers. She stared into the rivulets of sunshine and, strangely enough, her first frantic thought was of Larry.

Had he told de Rosemonte anything about her? No—that was impossible! What had de Rosemonte told him? Did he know at the time he let her have her way that de Rosemonte was going to marry the other—that chit of a girl?

Poignant phrases he had used stormed back at her. Had de Rosemonte been suspicious of her scheme from the beginning? Once free of her, had he guessed that every move she made, even in the Riviera days, was carefully calculated? Had Larry come all the way across the ocean to protect his wife from the pitfall she had set herself?

They were questions that would never be answered.

THE END

Hollywood Has a Heart

Picture by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DEEP down inside her, Patsy is not grand at all. There is within her the feeling of ascending swiftly in an elevator. Scare. It is a grim struggle for existence.

Some Further Chronicles of a Novelist's Discoveries in the Festive Capital of Filmland

By FANNIE HURST

THIS is Miss Hurst's second article on her recent visit to Hollywood to view the filming of the novel with which she won the fifty-thousand-dollar prize offered by Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Her first article, I Have Been to Hollywood, appeared in a recent issue.

WHY all this business of attempting to analyze Hollywood when it doesn't! What chemistry can get at the kinetics of the time of day or the amber in the slit of the eye of a cat?

There is nothing as concrete as H_2O to be obtained from a study of Hollywood. If it has a basic fluid at all, it must be something like CO TY.

No, there isn't any H_2O to Hollywood. No Q. E. D. There isn't any answer in the back of the book.

Just, there it is. And, how did it get that way?

It got that way because for the first time in the history of the world, perhaps, an art, instead of writhing itself slowly into birth, was shunted into the midst of things on the tip of a skyrocket. An industrial skyrocket.

Patsy Fitzgibbons, who used to carry her car fare and lunch money tied in a corner of her handkerchief when she clerked in the Brazil, Indiana, Five-and-Ten, woke up one morning about three years after a local beauty contest had won her a free trip to Atlantic City, with a contract to play "Cuties" in Kingsley Productions at One Hundred Thousand Dollars a year.

Turk Spordoni, who used to drive a milk cart until he fell off one day and got up looking cross-eyed from seeing stars, walked out of a motion picture office one year later with a Two Thousand Dollar a week-signed-on-the dotted-line contract to play eccentric comedy.

Mr. Midas, Mr. Crœsus, Mr. Rothschild, Mr. Rockefeller, and antiquated Adam Smith, who pondered the wealth of nations—compared to this new economic manifestation, all previous romance of wealth is like a show for pins in the back yard.

Hollywood is jammed with Cinderellas who have come out overnight from the fireside. He ones. She ones. Hollywood is the answer to what you would do if you had a thousand dollars a day to spend.

It is being done there by girls and boys who used to ask for two spoons with their plates of ice cream.

And somehow it hasn't come off the way it does in novels.

Sudden acquisition of wealth has not made villains of them all or turned the milk of human kindness into gall.

You may deplore all undue concentration of wealth, and on that score Hollywood stands indicted along with Millionaires' Row, Tulsa Negroes, Florida philanderers and promoters.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"I enjoy seeing a man smoke a pipe. It seems so peaceful"... Elsie Janis

Get it all off, boy—

THE unsightly "white coat collar"—showered with dandruff—is rapidly going out of style.

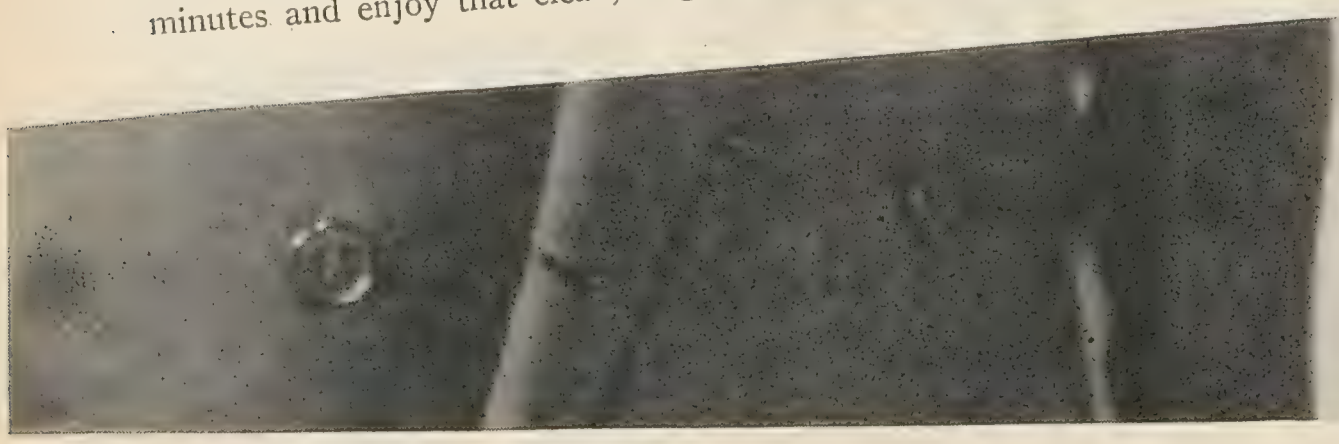
And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings you almost immediately.

After such a treatment you *know* your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—*Listerine.*—Read the blue circular with bottle for other uses.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

But these youngsters out there, gauche with money, dolled up with money, Rolls-Royced with money, manicured with money, pedicured with it, epicured, haven't developed many of the classic symptoms supposed to go with the acquisition of great wealth.

Patsy Fitzgibbons, who used to wash out her own handkerchiefs and paste them on the window pane, has not changed much except in pocketbook. She has kept sweet and generous. Come easy. Go easy.

Turk Spordoni probably stakes an average of six milkmen a week.

The motion picture satellites of Hollywood, from the mere pittance Thousand-Dollars-a-Week luminaries on up, are gay and kind beyond credulity.

These young things, many of whom have scraped their way to fame on grit, talent, and a certain infallible kind of personal charm, and others who have bumped their way to recognition on a pair of crossed or blue eyes, a dimpled knee or just the certain right amount of comedy-avoirdupois, make up a joyous civilization of generosity and good will.

They are as grateful about it all as they are surprised.

PATSY FITZGIBBONS keeps pinching herself for fear it may be a dream. Externally she is very grand. You need only to see Patsy "on the set" with a maid coddling her, a director wheedling her, a cast deferring to her, a production depending upon her, to realize this. Well, it is difficult unless you are one of the really great who grow big simply, instead of simply big, not to be grand about the gesture of stooping to jam yourself into a Rolls-Royce or being interviewed for the *Success Gazette* or signing the deed to a thirty-room house in Beverly Hills.

But, deep down inside her, Patsy is not grand at all. There is within her, rather, the feeling of ascending swiftly in an elevator. Scare. It is a grim struggle for motion picture existence. Even after your existence is a movie-success one. A miss is only as good as her smile. Patsy knows this, and goes furiously while the going and her teeth are good.

But the Scrooge of Hollywood is the exception.

It is a community of gay and beautiful people. Of generous-spirited people.

I know personally and from first-hand information one of these youngsters who is about twenty-six and looks sixteen, who has just refused, in actual round figures, a million-dollar-a-year contract.

She is a nice girl! If your sense of relative values doesn't twitch too hard and you can for the moment forget a vision of what Madame Curie, Babushka, or Jane Addams could do on this million-a-year income, you are going to be downright glad this pretty girl with a dandy screen talent is refusing the million because someone else is offering her more.

Nobody's heel is going to be ground into anybody's face because that million plus is going to her.

I want to tell you about another little movie queen.

She is all blue and gold. You have wept with her, laughed with her night after night in your "favorite motion picture theater—check the babies with our matron" and always and with invariable beatitude beheld her emerge from her celluloid vicissitudes into the ever-evergreen role of virtue rewarded.

At eleven o'clock one Hollywood forenoon this little movie queen, who lives in the biggest house in the world on top of a hill around which sight-seeing busses megaphone all day, clapped her hands with a pretty petulance and said:

"I would a desert party give!"

"Yes, yes," said all the couriers and retainers, bending closer that they might hear. "Yes. Yes. But what is a desert party?"

"Why, a party in the desert."

"Yes, yes," cried the retainers whose yes-yes-es a day to little movie queen, if placed end on end, would yes-yes the road to Hellespont, "but such a thing has never been done. Yes. Yes. A party in the desert?"

"Then I would do it," cried the little movie queen; "but alas, I have only four silken tents, seven limousines and a portable kitchen large enough to feast a party of twenty on a sand beach. And I would a desert party in the heart of the desert give for eight and forty!"

"Yes, yes," cried the couriers and the retainers, and while the little movie queen, reclining on her couch, was having her face packed in white mud and her spine massaged for kinks and her fingernails enameled in mauve, the word was passed along from butler to butler, from secretary to secretary, from head gardener to head carpenter, from head carpenter to general supervisor.

Yes. Yes. A desert party. For eight and forty.

Now it so chanced that seismic conditions, variously known as "fire" and "tremble" and never referred to as earthquake by the solidarity of native sons, had just laid low as to chimney, roof, portal, and lintel the fair city of Santa Barbara.

So that for miles around the carpenters and the builders, the cabinetmakers and the joiners were busy at rebuilding the glory that had been Santa Barbara.

And when little movie queen, clapping her lovely hands, cried, "I would a desert party give in forty-eight hours, but alas, I have only four silken tents and a portable beach kitchen large enough to feast twenty," the vassals and the couriers, the ladies-in-waiting and the first, second, third, and fourth secretaries were hard put.

Gone to Santa Barbara were the carpenters and the strong men tried and true, who build kitchens overnight for desert feasts to forty-eight, and my little lady who was blue and gold wanted to give a party.

And clap-clap went her pretty movie hands and, oh-my-my-yes-yes, said the scurrying retainers.

THAT was of a sunny California Thursday morning and at seven o'clock that evening, what with the scurrying of the retainers, there sped out of San Francisco, on a special train, one hundred workingmen who build portable kitchens per union wages, plus, and on Saturday morning, in all the incredible blue and gold light of California, there moved out toward the grandeur of the desert, headed by blue and gold little movie queen, such a caravan as rivaled in splendor the whole Sheban performance.

Sixteen mauve upholstered limousines turned shining snouts toward desolation. A desolation that, by the time the limousine caravan arrived, was to be enlivened by a vanguard of the kind of draped silk tents shahs pitch.

By the time the little movie queen and her party thundered in, Persian silk rugs were spread between the prickle of sagebrush and her own pretty feet, a cook's tent, with a dome of purple and a festoon of doorway held back with a gilt cord the thickness of a man's arm, stood off at respectful distance from the shining silken rows of sleeping tents. Beach chairs, transformed into desert chairs by great cowls of silk swathings to keep out the dust, were spread along the rugs under lavender and orange umbrellas. A radio mounted on a gilt-legged Empire table jerked the world into the heart of that desert. By the miracle of the workingmen imported from San Francisco, a swimming pool, pink concrete and with a pink and white awning, was sunk into the sand.

A blue and gold little movie queen had paddy-caked dainty palms together, and lo, had appeared an oasis in the desert.

In a dining tent, hung in orange sateen, forty-eight guests enjoyed their mountain trout *meuniere*, their extra-dry, *frappé*, and their breasts of Long Island duckling, *sauté*.

Forty-eight guests retired to hair mattresses and awoke to chilled honey-dew.

Greased slaves ran up Cleopatra's tents. Greased palms put up little movie queen's.

THE desert party departed in the glory in which it had arrived. Leaving not bones to bleach and empty tins to rust, but such addenda as must have startled even the desert out of its well-known state of atrophy.

Remnants such as these to bleach their way into eternity: one pair pink satin mules with ermine pompons; one small mountain of stout-looking bottles with concavous bottoms; eight unopened tins of imported *pâté de foie gras;* one gentleman's dress shirt with five-color monogram embroidered on each sleeve; fourteen jazz phonograph records; fifteen motion picture magazines containing photographs of all but three of the forty-eight guests; one pink silk lap-dog's pillow; one gentleman's safety razor with sapphire encrusted handle; one malachite cigar box containing one lady's one-piece bathing suit; fourteen empty brilliantine bottles; eleven gold, platinum, and enameled lipsticks; two dozen ice cream brick containers; one matrix and filigree anklet; one monocle; one tortoise-shell-back hair brush; one rabbit's foot mounted in diamonds.

Stunned, incredulous desert! Shades of sardine tins and hardtack! That is what it means to be a movie queen in Hollywood with the kind of blue and goldness that photographs.

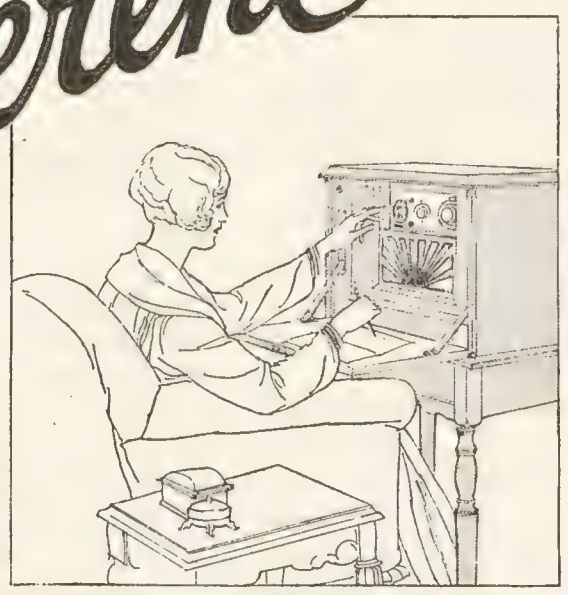
This same little lady, who wears a pear diamond the size of an all-day sucker and whose dressing table is a human one consisting of two French maids standing side by side holding mirror-backed trays of all the enameled, the platinum, the rock crystal, the gold engraved objects of loveliness in the world, and whose bath is a sunken one with a jade green floor and a green jade frog spouting shower in the middle of it, sends checks every month aggregating thousands of dollars to the folks on the McMurtry side of the family back in Simmons Corner, Idaho, to say nothing of Ma's branch of the family that lies in splatters along most of the railroad-tie towns in Kansas.

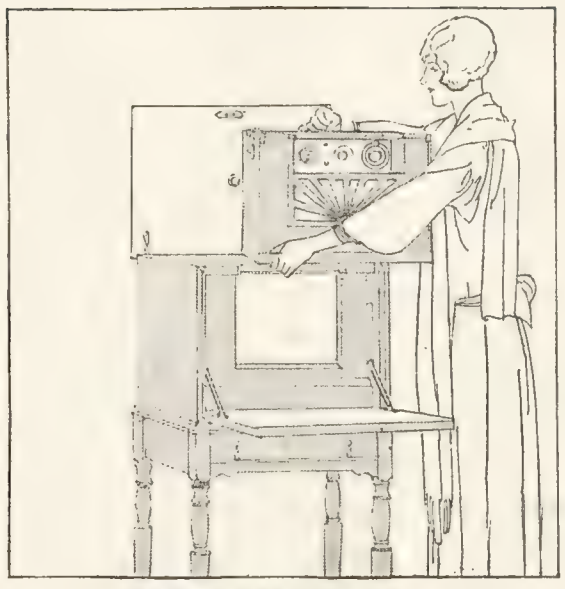
Then there is a pension line list of those-who-knew-her-when that is almost half a yard long and to whom the second secretary remits monthly. There are a couple of endowed hospital beds, a special fund for disabled actors, a dog and cat hospital, a ballet school, a motion picture training school, and a veteran acrobat fund that all owe their being to the check book that lies on little blue and gold movie queen's Boule writing desk.

Little blue and gold movie queen invites four people to dinner and regales them with a six-piece orchestra in the alcove, but at the same moment, because of the heart inside little movie queen and that check book inside the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Different





This cabinet contains a complete radio . . . which may be removed . . . . . and used in any part of your home .

. . upstairs or down . . . . . carried like a suitcase . . . . . wherever you go

The Operadio is a complete self-contained set with six tubes, loudspeaker, loop aerial, batteries and all parts fitted into a compact carrying case. Ready for use anywhere at a moment's notice. It may, if desired, be housed in the beautiful Tudor Cabinet. And for those who want a compact set for home use only, the Operadio is also available in a distinctive semi-portable mahogany case—the Consolette.

The Operadio idea was conceived sixteen years ago when J. M. Stone built the first successful self-contained radio receiving set, using a kite to carry the aerial wire aloft. The accompanying sketch was made from a photograph taken in 1909.

The Convenience of Compactness
At No Sacrifice of Beauty or Efficiency

No less important than the remarkable tone and performance of the new Operadio, is the convenience of this "big set in compact form."

Think what it means to have a powerful and reliable receiver that is instantly available for use in any part of your home; that you can take with you anywhere—upstairs, downstairs, wherever you go; that uses no outside wires; that has dry cells, six tubes, loudspeaker and all parts contained.

For those who desire it, a distinguished walnut cabinet is available for housing the set in the home—thus combining the beauty of a furniture model, with the convenience of absolute portability.

One evening the Operadio is down in the living room. Another time it's up in the nursery or in the den where Dad smokes. On outings and vacations it's always taken along in the car.

We urge you to judge the results on careful, comparative tests with other high-grade sets, for tone quality and freedom from interference or distortion, for selectivity and for ease of tuning.

THE OPERADIO CORPORATION
8 So. Dearborn St. Chicago, Illinois

OPERADIO

The Original Self-Contained Radio

Mail this coupon for full particulars

THE OPERADIO CORPORATION, Dept. F
8 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me illustrated booklet giving full particulars of Operadios and their distinctive features.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Boule writing desk, a family named McMurtry, eleven of them, are eating fried ham, candied sweets, beaten biscuit, and corn pudding back in Simmons Corner, Idaho; in Los Angeles a couple of youngsters are getting the benefit of a very expensive radium treatment down a couple of maimed and poverty-stricken spines, and ten or a dozen I-knew-her-whens are blessing the ground she walks on.

Capitalism like little blue and gold movie queen's is not going to unseat empires.

It is actually and, paradoxical as it may sound, a benign capitalism.

The university that accepts little blue and gold movie queen's endowment need not be afraid of money tainted with anything more pernicious than the grateful and naive delight of the donor; a desire to please, and some of Lady Gay Spanker's impulse to wish the world had but one mouth that she might kiss it.

Kiss it back for making a darling of her. Throw her arms around it for throwing its arms around her.

Grateful. That's what Hollywood is.

A FAIRLY successful scenario writer said to me:

"I haven't any illusions about this game. I know that most of its intellectual standards, for one reason or another, are the bunk. But this business took me in when I was fifty-one years old, and me and the missus got off the Santa Fe from Buffalo with forty-six dollars between us. Fifty-one is an age when pretty nearly any industry in the world gives a man the cold shoulder, but, at fifty-five, here I am in pictures, earning three hundred and fifty a week, which is just three hundred more than I ever earned in my life before."

Benign capitalism. Benign Hollywood.

Hollywood believes the rainy day comes to those who save up for it, thereby knocking the copybook dictum clear off the nicely ruled line.

Well, somehow, when you are out there and one sunlit day after another comes marching by, and the streets swarm with yellownesses, with blue eyes and dimpled knees, and young sheiks in high-powered roadsters jam the roads out toward the beach clubs, and everybody's pink mud Italian villa blazes with dahlias and shiny silver balls on pedestals, it is hard to realize life in terms of thumb-tacks and croup-mixtures and galvanized washtubs.

I lived in a house set in a garden that kept me a little drunk with white honeysuckle that plunged like a waterfall off the veranda and a side window that looked into Lillian Gish's and a vista of Gloria Swanson's sunken gardens through a dazzle of buginvillæa vines that hung between us.

Every night a nightingale parked itself outside the window that overlooked Lillian Gish, and sometimes through the torrent of his melody I caught the outline of my lovely neighbor, sitting in the window frame as if Fra Lippo Lippi had painted her there. Listening, too.

Most of the time it needed more than a morning letter from home informing me that somebody in the apartment above had let the bathtub run over and flood our living room ceiling, or the dog had distemper to jerk me back to the reality of the world I had left behind me.

And yet there is reality in Hollywood, more or less camouflaged behind the ostentation.

The reality of Tottie Coughdrop who has a faucet marked CO TY in her bathtub and who sends three hundred dollars a month to her father, Shard Jones, and her stepmother and five half-brothers and sisters on a tobacco farm in Connecticut.

The reality of a world-famous comedian who can cross his eyes and fall backward for a six-figure salary a year sitting, while new slap-stickers are popping up around him, beside the bedside of a loved one for six consecutive months.

The reality of a cinema queen who has discovered her first crow's-foot, and whose heart is beginning to strain with fear; the devastating fear of the has-been.

The reality of the cruel, the competitive struggle. Hollywood measures you by the ninety-sixth of an inch.

Montmorency Young? Why, didn't you know? He's finished. Royal Pictures didn't renew his contract and every other firm on the West Coast turned him down. Sheik stuff has gone out, you know.

Elizabeth Goodhull? "Tainted Love" makes her third bad picture. That about finishes her.

Who knows what movie hearts, night after night, under the gay roofs of Hollywood, are faltering secretly, with the reality of fear.

Fear of the fickle public, which, just as it makes them overnight, can break them. Makes them on an ankle. Breaks them on a crow's-foot.

That is the reality of Hollywood, mixed in rather grimly with the unreality of the pink mud villas, the lotus flowers, the dream of fair women, the torrent-throated nightingales, the shiny sheiks, the jam of Rolls-Royces, the flaming eucalyptus, and the pear-shaped diamonds as big as all-day suckers.

Here is another reality of Hollywood that strikes reassurance into the heart of one who begins to fear that there aren't any more crooked profiles, or rainy days, or cellars, or stewed prunes, or flannellette nightgowns left in the world.

Drive slowly (one never walks in Hollywood) past the Beverly Hills homes of just the "regular" folks about the time the bridge and mah-jongg parties are disbanding. Street after street of the Spanish, Italian, Mexican villas that "lend" themselves to California background. The homes of the comfortably well-to-do, who have pulled up the stakes of Iowa farms, Indiana towns, Montana ranches, Kansas homesteads, and with neat bank accounts migrated to the "great open spaces."

FINE homes with *porte-cochères* and imitation Parthenon friezes and lavender concrete garages and gardens that have been violently watered out of the desert. Pretentious homes that have been "done" by local interior decorators and desecrators.

Well, if the grandness of these magnificent streets of magnificent houses begins to get you, and you begin to yearn for a farmhouse the color of weather, or the sight of an honest-to-goodness clothes-line with somebody's Monday's washing flopping on it, drive slowly down one of these blanc mange boulevards at about the five o'clock hour of the bridge party exodus.

You can lead Iowa to a Renaissance front, but there is no telling what she will continue to do with her back hair.

There they come, trooping down the Renaissance front steps after mah-jongg, the good ladies who have pulled up stakes.

It warms the heart to see them clamoring down the white marble portals with probably the hostess in one of those checked gingham afternoon bungalow aprons that criss-cross, and a smear of whipped cream across her cheek, standing beneath a Parthenon frieze to call them *adieu*.

Pleasant, bountiful ladies from Kansas, Iowa, and points inland. Ladies with hips! Ladies with long hair and long skirts. Ladies in petticoats. And ladies in corsets! The kind of ladies who possibly, indeed probably, have left ginger-bread batches cooling on the window sill and pa's meerschaum, for want of a side porch, airing in the *patios*.

Reality behind all the camouflage.

And there comes the day, after a sojourn in Hollywood, when the imperative need for that reality comes clamoring. When your senses ache from all the rows of the villas that look as if you might go up, rub a finger across a facade, taste the marshmallow flavor, and say yum-yum—vanilla!

A combination of make-believe, *nouveau-riche*, imitation, ostentation, all aided and abetted by the fact that the country itself is "made."

HERE is a garden that has been literally torn out of desert. Watered out. Right up into the very back yards of Los Angeles flows the terrific, the relentless sea of the desert. And from this desert Los Angeles has been reclaimed.

Civic pride is a manifestation magnificent. Almost it might be called civic hysteria. But the fact remains that Los Angeles does hold off the desert with an iron hand. A motion picture director told me it cost him forty-five dollars' worth of water a month to keep the desert out of his little garden. No home too humble not to take part in that civic pride. It is practically impossible to find in Los Angeles, a city which covers more acreage than any other in America, a home which does not reflect the debonair spirit of this fine, high-handed battle with the desert.

You may tire of their geometric perfection. But the desert wants all or nothing. Gives all in return. For water.

And Hollywood is pretty much like that. Gives all in return for what it gets.

California, with as much history, and certainly a more romantic one, than any other State in the Union, regards this southern offspring scion of hers with a mixture of emotions. It is as if somebody a little gauche had married into an old, conservative family. A very blonde daughter-in-law with a pork-sausage dowry. And, hang it, the family cannot help liking, even while deploring, her.

She is so good-natured and so irresistibly charming. But if only she wouldn't wear those outrageously large diamonds of hers in the morning and her monogram done three colors on her motor car.

It is so easy to disapprove of her, and so hard not to like her.

There you have it!

So hard not to like her. So easy to disapprove. So hard not to like Hollywood. To be sure, one shouldn't like a foreigner to judge America from any of her manifestations.

There is not much in that spectacle out there on the edge of the desert to fire one with the feeling that this cradle of the new art is anything more than a *papier-mâché* one, decked in cotton roses.

And yet there is an inexorable inevitability about the triumph of pictures as symbolized by Hollywood.

You want Hollywood to win because you like her. Your hope for her transcends your pessimism.

Nothing can quite make you disbelieve in her.

If only she would make haste and get through a-borning and wipe some of the custard pie and gold dust out of her eye and hitch her Rolls-Royce to a star.

But only to one of the impeccable luminosity of a Lillian Gish.

THE END

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

"I Congratulate the Sherman's Patrons"

Irvin S. Cobb

IRVIN S. COBB

When the psalmist spoke of "a great rock in a weary land," he might well have meant a good hotel. Possibly he had in mind one of the leading caravansaries of Bible times with its gaily-striped awnings and sleeping pallets resembling a cast-iron fire door. Had he known about hotels of the type of the new Sherman, he could have gone many steps farther without abusing the truth.

The man who provides a good hotel is a benefactor to the travelling stranger and a friend to the entire human race. I believe that the new hotel at Randolph and Clark Streets will prove a boon to the weary wayfarer in Chicago.

One of my main reasons for knowing that the proprietors have taste and intelligence is that they engaged Tony Sarg to design and decorate parts of the new hostelry. He is a master at things of that sort, and his selection is proof that new Hotel Sherman will be beautiful in decoration as well as fine in equipment.

I congratulate the Byfields and Frank Bering on their accomplishment. But more do I congratulate their patrons. They get the benefit.

Irvin S Cobb

TONY SARG

SAVING THE GUEST'S TIME

TIME is an important matter to every traveller. Under the system in force in the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN, a guest is assigned his room *immediately* under all ordinary circumstances. Early business appointments may be kept *on time.*

Registration is simplified. Clerks are attentive and well-informed. Bellmen are numerous and well-trained. Seventeen modern high-speed elevators eliminate waiting for lifts. The comfortable rooms are spic-and-span and ready for occupancy. Serving in every restaurant is alert and thorough. All along the line, the highly-developed NEW HOTEL SHERMAN organization anticipates the guest's desire for prompt service.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE COLLEGE INN, internationally famous for its cuisine and as a gathering place for notables, has Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra, as its musical attraction during the season of 1925-26.

THE BAL TABARIN, Chicago's most exclusive supper club, in its new home, the Marionette Room, decorated by Tony Sarg, features Johnny Hamp and Kentucky Serenaders, as its orchestra.

1700 Rooms
Each with Bath

So distributed that 75% are *at* Hotel Sherman's very moderate rates

JOSEPH BYFIELD
President
FRANK W. BERING
Vice-President and Managing Director

The Grand Ball Room, seating 2,000, the huge Exposition Hall adjoining it, and a larger mezzanine floor, give unparalleled facilities for conventions and expositions. The hotel's convention bureau can help you in planning your meeting.

Exhibits, Meetings, Entertainment and Housing of Guests All Under One Roof

Most central of Chicago's hotels — nearest theatres, shopping district, public buildings and boulevards

MAKING THE GUEST AT HOME

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN demonstrates that a big hotel may at the same time be as homelike as one's own fireside. There are scores of features for the comfort and entertainment of guests.

The new main lobbies are so expansive that they never seem crowded. Furniture is placed in cosy groups after the European fashion. A new entrance on Randolph Street permits access directly to desk and elevators.

Women travelling alone find the special floor for women a most welcome arrangement. Another floor with special furniture and extra-long beds is set apart for tall guests. A special club-valet service assists "the man in a hurry."

Among the notable restaurants is the *Old Town Coffee Room,* a modern development of the early coffee houses. Decorated by Tony Sarg with a huge cartographer's map of Chicago in 1852, it is one of the show places of Chicago. It serves the famous HOTEL SHERMAN food at popular prices.

Then, too, there is a larger and handsomer Celtic Grill. Old patrons prefer the name to Main Restaurant chosen for the opening.

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · *Chicago*

Aviation in NATIONAL DEFENSE

Why the Navy Opposes an Independent Air Force

By Rear Admiral
WILLIAM A. MOFFETT
Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, U. S. Navy

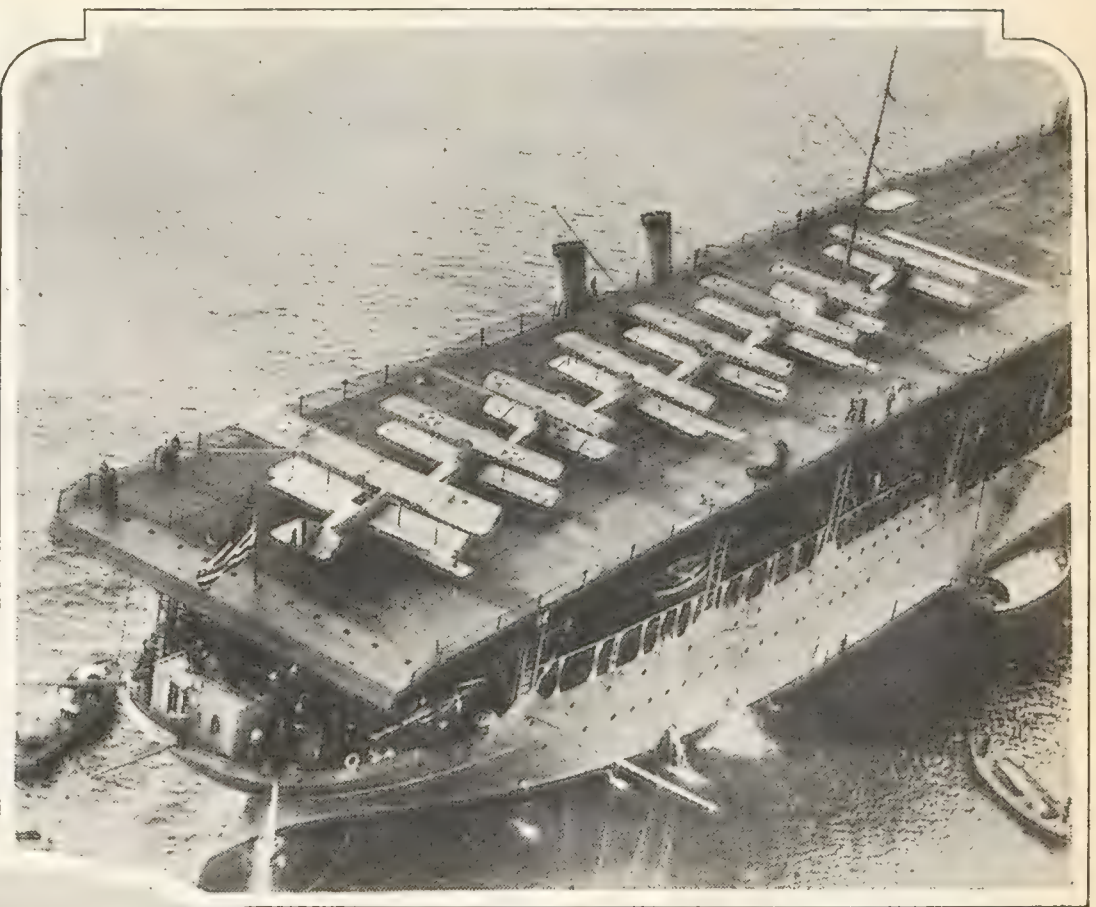
IN last week's Liberty Colonel William Mitchell, former assistant chief of the Army Air Service, presented in detail his plan for a separate air force, to have equal authority with the Army and Navy in a proposed Department of National Defense. In the following article Admiral Moffett, who commands the American Naval Air Force as constituted at present, submits his views on what has become one of the liveliest governmental controversies of recent times.

© Henry Miller
ADMIRAL MOFFETT

AIR POWER is undoubtedly one of the very great factors in modern warfare. It is not a primary or major force, capable of operating alone. There can be no reasonable doubt about that. On land it cannot seize, hold, or supply its bases. It cannot be expected to be reasonably effective as an air force when it cannot even handle its own transportation problems. Its effectiveness is a function of the terrain over which it must fight and the nature of the enemy.

What more conclusive proof of this can be offered than the present French operations against the Riff? With their enormous air force, and without a single enemy airplane to oppose them; with an enemy lacking gas masks, anti-aircraft guns, listening devices; in fact, everything except a few rifles, the whole French air force, with thousands of planes and pilots, gas bombs, high explosives, and the like, is not worth as much to them as a few companies of infantry.

If it were possible to compare the two it would seem that aviation is of even greater importance to the Navy than to the Army. On the offensive we have the following considerations:



International Newsreel Photo

The U. S. S. Langley, mother ship for seaplanes, carrying eight planes on the take-off deck. These planes operated from the Langley during a recent aerial carnival off Baltimore.

U. S. Navy Official Photo

Launching a seaplane from the deck of the superdreadnaught Maryland. This new Navy catapult throws the plane into the air at a speed of sixty miles an hour, enabling it to clear the ship under its own power.

Distances are greater, and therefore the relatively high speeds of aircraft are invaluable for scouting and patrol operations. The enormous range of visibility from high positions increases this advantage. There is no cover, no concealment, at sea, except under it. Dispatches can be expedited without using the radio. Night or surprise attacks can be made on coastal cities, fleet bases, and anchorages. Such places are difficult to conceal. At extreme ranges aircraft must direct the fire of ships' batteries. Hard-pressed forces can be relieved temporarily by smoke screens. Enemy vessels can be attacked with bombs, torpedoes, and machine guns. *But each of these operations must be under the control of the commander-in-chief if it is to be in accord with the general plan and of maximum value.*

An ill-timed or ill-directed effort may prove valueless or worse. A premature bombing raid would disclose the presence of the fleet and thus deny its commander the enormous advantage of surprise. Too early release of the spotting and fighting planes would result in fatigued pilots and planes out of fuel at the critical moment. An improperly placed or untimely smoke screen might hinder our own fleet's gunnery and not the enemy's.

On the defensive, aircraft are equally if not more important. There is an axiom which states that "the best defense is a vigorous offense." This is particularly true at sea, where there is no concealment, no protection in the form of shelter, and no road to walk back home.

Naval aviation is a part of the fleet. It must work with and for the other component parts. Therefore, it must be under the exclusive control of the fleet command. It must often cope with unforeseen situations without any instructions, and, to be effective, it must cope with them intelligently. It cannot be expected to do so unless its personnel is loyal, indoctrinated, and trained in naval practice and tactics.

THE material question is no less important. Fundamental differences in requirements produce fundamentally different planes and equipment. The state of development of aircraft has not yet reached the point where these differences have exerted a marked influence except in a few types, but with aviation in the fleet the need for greater departures from the conventional designs of the past has become more and more apparent. High-performance seaplanes, water work, the difficulties of handling aboard ship, deck landing, emergency flotation, extreme range scouting and patrol navigation, deterioration due to weather and salt water—all require special attention.

In the development of naval aircraft it is not always advisable or proper to strive for the utmost in purely aircraft characteristics. Many excellent types are not suited to naval use because of purely naval considerations. It would be impossible to expect a separate air force, with or without the avowed belief in the obso-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Blame Yourself

If This Message Doesn't Bring You a Big Salary Increase!

Take any ten men in blind-alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case. You'll find that every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or lacked the courage to follow it up. Now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick—you have no one to blame but yourself.

By J. E. GREENSLADE

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, a car, membership in a good club, you want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss in a position that grows every day in interesting fascination. You want to travel, and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right. I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it, you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it, you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information in your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is proved by the cases of thousands of other men who have done exactly the same thing. Listen:

EMPLOYERS are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. We can put you in touch with just the men you need. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

What It Brought These Men

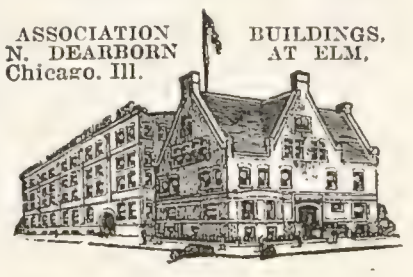
Mr. F. L. Real, a cigar maker of Wheeling, W. Va., was offered this chance. He took it and jumped from $18 a week to a position paying him $4,600 a year. Mr. O. H. Jones, Charleston, Mo., was a clerk at less than a thousand a year. A few months later he was earning $3,000 MORE than his old position paid him. Mr. Richard Morton of Ottawa, Ill., was deep in a rut, working at an inside job for small pay. He took my advice and we placed him in his first selling position. Today he is PRESIDENT of his company, earning as much in one month as he formerly earned in a year!

The Secret Is Yours

But, of course, you want to know how it's done. I'll tell you. Although none of these men had ever sold a thing in their lives—though many believed that a salesman must be "born" a salesman—we took them, without experience or training of any kind, and in a short period of time made Master Salesmen of them. Then our Employment Department helped them to select the right position and they were off with a boom to the success they had dreamed of.

The National Salesmen's Training Association can do exactly this for you. If this big organization of Master Salesmen and Sales Managers had raised the salaries of only a few men, then you might call it luck. But we've been doing it for eighteen years, day in and day out. Today we're so accustomed to the amazing increases in salary our members receive that we take them as a matter of course.

There is only one thing I ask of you in return for this offer. Don't let the idea of a big salary, the thought of traveling all around the country and meeting worthwhile people make you think that the job is beyond you. Keep an open, unprejudiced mind on this subject—at least until you have seen the remarkable book that I want to send you without charge.



Read This Free Book

This book, "Modern Salesmanship," explains why thousands have quickly succeeded in the selling field—how it is easy to make big money once you are in possession of the Secrets of Selling—how you can quickly get these fundamental secrets, apply them and achieve a quick and permanent success. This is the book I will send you, absolutely free of obligation and expense. Read it through and then decide for yourself.

But remember this one thing: This is your opportunity. If you don't realize a big salary increase from this message, you have no one to blame but yourself. Send me the coupon before you turn this page and I'll send "Modern Salesmanship" immediately.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST *Exclusive* SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. S-115, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Chicagoans are invited to call personally at the Association Building—North Dearborn at Elm St.—or at our downtown headquarters — Suite 520, at 53 West Jackson Boulevard.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. S-115, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me FREE your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your Association and its Free Employment Service.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

lescence of the Army and Navy, and without any special knowledge of either, to develop and provide types which would clash with their own notions of the best in aircraft. How could they determine the types needed, or operate them effectively after they were procured?

In considering the problem of national defense it is important to realize that this particular name may be misleading. In the strategy of national defense there are three roles:

First, the defensive; second, the offensive, and, third, the offensive-defensive. If this country were drawn suddenly into war it is likely we would have to assume the defensive at the outset. In the development of this defensive the next stage would be the offensive-defensive; that is, certain offensive moves would be made while still remaining on the defensive pending the development of sufficient power to take the pure offensive.

The whole scheme of our national defense is predicated upon a very small standing army which is not immediately ready for war. On the contrary, however, the Navy is maintained at near its wartime strength in a state of immediate readiness. It is contemplated that behind the strong arm of the Navy our national resources shall be mobilized and developed to the point where we will be ready to assume a major role in warfare. *This means fundamentally that aviation as applied to the fleet must be in the same state of readiness as the fleet.*

On the basis of the fundamental conceptions of national defense it is probable that our Navy will be called upon at the declaration of war to take the offensive-defensive. It is a part of the mission of the Navy to maintain our lines of communication and protect our far-flung commercial interests. It is a matter of history that in every great war the final decision has gone to the combatant who has maintained the command of the sea. In the World War the final decision hinged about the ability of the allied forces to control the sea lanes. The German submarine threat was in reality a desperate endeavor to command the sea. It was only when this threat was met that success was assured.

WE cannot command the sea if naval forces take the defensive and remain at home. We can control the sea if naval forces take the sea and cut the enemy's communications. Even though a vigorous defense prevents the invasion of a country, that country can ultimately be forced to submit if its foreign trade is prohibited by a blockade. With adequate fleet aviation our Navy can take the offensive and keep any enemy away from our shores.

The water and the air are only temporary abodes of man. The point to which all water-borne and all air-borne activities must return ultimately is the land. The mainland cannot be occupied or contained by sea forces or air forces unsupported by land forces. But air forces constitute an important *component* of the Army and Navy. It is an accepted fact that any fleet without adequate air force is doomed to ultimate defeat.

The Navy has its mission over the sea and the Army has its mission on the land. The air, however, is common to both the land and the sea and there will most certainly be a conflict under the three department organizations for that reason.

The Navy Department, responsible that it carry out its mission, will require aircraft as an integral part of the fleet for the purpose. The War Department, responsible for the land defense of the country, will require aircraft for its purposes. The Air Department, if there be one, convinced, as its advocates have already shown themselves, that armies and navies are obsolete and that the war will be won in the air alone, will see only their side of the question. If, now, this department is responsible for furnishing both the War and Navy Departments with aircraft, personnel, and material there will be immediate conflict as to how many aircraft shall go to either the War or the Navy Department and how many shall be retained in the Air Department.

In other words, the War and Navy Departments responsible for the successful completion of a definite mission will not have the authority over the procurement of the materials, the training of personnel, nor the operations which are necessary for the completion of this mission. *Authority and responsibility must go hand in hand.*

IT may be contended that this decision will be reached by the unifying authority, a secretary or council for defense far from the theater of operations. In any event, before a decision is reached enough time may have elapsed to result in the failure of the mission.

If, however, the Navy Department is responsible for the procurement of sufficient aircraft to enable the Navy to carry out its mission, it will see that a sufficient air force, trained and operating with the fleet, is at hand prior to the opening of hostilities. If at the same time the War Department is entrusted with the land defense, it will see that sufficient aircraft are on hand for its needs.

This serves to point out that there are two principal strategical aspects of the employment of aircraft:

First, Navy cooperation; second, Army cooperation. Independent air attacks may be made by the Army or Navy aircraft alone or in conjunction.

The history of the separate air force particularly bears out this statement. A separate air force was organized by one of the leading powers for the defense of its shores and to promote military and naval cooperation. This move was deemed necessary because of the proximity of the nation in question to other nations. Its proximity laid this nation open to the threat of air attack. Under the plan, home defense and military cooperation were fairly effective but naval cooperation was extremely limited. This brought such a storm of protest from the Navy that after the war the greater part of the energies of the separate air force were concentrated on naval cooperation, with the inevitable result that control of naval aviation is gradually returning to the Navy. In other words, the separate air force hastily organized in time of war has proved to be unsatisfactory and the great power in question is gradually returning to our system. In fact, there are indications abroad that an attempt will be made to turn all aviation over to the Navy.

From the strategical viewpoint, then, the separate air force is unsound when dispassionately considered and has so proved itself in actual employment. It fails because it results in a separation of activities when success is dependent upon complete unity of effort.

We have covered much more briefly than the matter would warrant the tactical and strategical aspects of the separate air force suggested. It now becomes necessary to consider the economic aspect. It is a truism that these economic aspects may ultimately decide the issue. Even so wealthy a nation as the United States can ill afford to neglect the economic phases of war. In a protracted war the economic situation may bring about the decision as it did in the last war. From this standpoint the separate air force has nothing to commend it.

The cost of the two departments, War and Navy, is necessarily large. A comparatively small amount of money invested goes into the combatant forces, such as the fleet and the Army. A comparatively large portion of the appropriation goes into the cost of the overhead. The overhead consists of the salaries of administrative personnel, the investment in public property, and the expense of the whole organization, which is wide in its ramifications. Under the present system aviation is utilizing this overhead in a very economical way. Under a separate organization it would be necessary to build up a third vast department with all its ramifications.

Furthermore, where will this expansion end? A separate air force, if one may judge by some of the legislation which has been proposed for it, contemplates taking over all of the vessels whose primary purposes pertain to aircraft. It contemplates taking over the anti-aircraft gun defenses of the country. Seamen will be required to man the ships, and soldiers will be required to man the guns and police the air stations. In other words, the air forces will be taking over and duplicating many, if not all, of the functions of the War and Navy Departments.

It has been stated that the Army and Navy are duplicating each other's efforts in the development of aircraft. As a matter of fact, the War and Navy Departments, by cooperation, have eliminated all save the essential duplication.

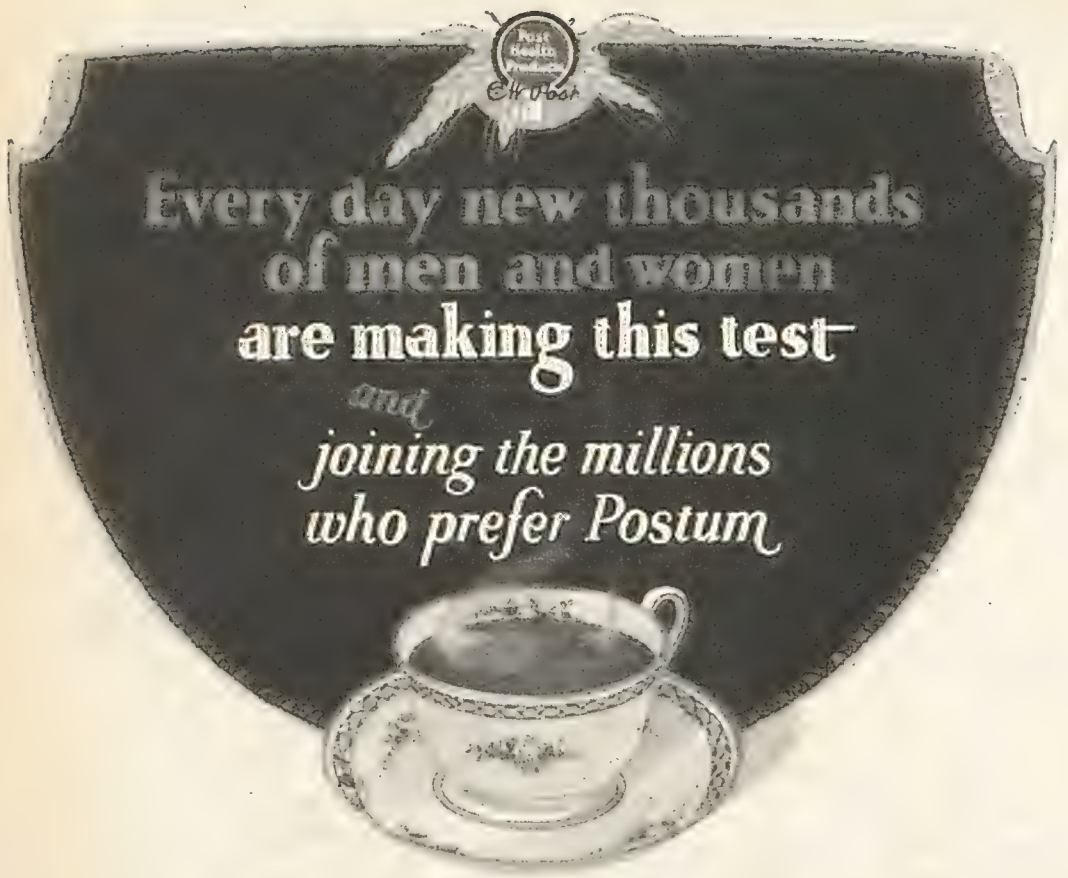
From the economic standpoint it is important to remember that at present the cost of the ground organization is comparatively large for the number of aircraft in operation. This is due to keeping the total number of aircraft at a minimum consistent with our needs during the development period and to the great variety of types operated as a result of continual development. The ground organization is as necessary to the air service as naval bases are to the fleet. Its composition and organization are of primary importance. The present organization is such as to permit great flexibility and large overload capacity, so that in emergencies this service will function smoothly, capably, and without confusion. Under the present system a very large part of the overhead costs due to this branch is eliminated by utilizing property, facilities, and existing organizations of the two services.

WITH a separate air force, the costs of the ground organization would be enormous if the present state of efficiency is to be maintained. Such advantages of unified procurement as would seem to obtain with the separate air force are now being obtained through cooperation by the War and Navy Departments. There is nothing whatever to gain from an economic standpoint through the establishment of a new government agency, and there is everything to lose.

As a concrete example of the separate air force as applied to the fleet we may use what takes place in aircraft carriers under this scheme. The Navy* furnishes the ship's crew, which must maintain the ship, operate it, and be responsible for its armament. A separate air force furnishes the flying personnel, who have nothing whatever to do with the ship. Two separate and conflicting organizations, out of sympathy with one another, are thrown into the narrow confines of a ship, where discord results. The number of men required by this plan is excessive. Under the American system the men all belong to the same organ-

*In England—Ed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you, free, one week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it—both in the usual way, and with hot milk, for children.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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LIB. 11-28-25

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

ization; they are definitely under the commanding officer of the ship, who is responsible for them aboard ship. Once in the air, they are under the charge of their flying officers. When not engaged the flying officers and men have routine ship duties which do not interfere with their flight work. The same service of supply takes care of both, the same medical department provides for both. They are very intimately associated and closely coordinated. The full force can be concentrated on whichever activity may require it. As a result the number of men and officers required is tremendously reduced.

Nontechnical men are inclined to criticize the War and Navy Departments for their apparent slowness in developing aviation. It must be remembered that aircraft constitute the very highest application of the technical arts. The problem is complicated by the fact that considerations of weight are fundamental. The most trifling development requires time for its proof. Lives are at stake. A slight change for the better here may result in a great change for the worse elsewhere.

It takes about two years to bring an airplane through the three successive stages of development; first, the experimental; second, the flight testing, and third, the production stage. This development cannot be hastened. The people engaged in it are as expert as those in any other line of endeavor. *The organization of a separate air force will not change the abilities of these people. The same individuals will have to do the work no matter what organization they belong to or what uniform they wear.*

AT present they have the added problem of adapting what they build to the requirements of the fleet or of the Army. If relieved of these requirements they may develop something suitable from the purely aviation viewpoint but absolutely unsuitable from the standpoint of Army or Navy cooperation. A man-of-war has crowded into a small space the ultimate in armor, armament, and motive power consistent with her displacement. When, now, we try to furnish her with aircraft we find the space and weights limited. This complicates the problems and makes development slow, but when completed the development will be useful.

To summarize now, it is believed that the whole idea of a separate air force is unsound from strategical, tactical, and economical viewpoints. It is strategically unsound, because under the separate air force those responsible for the preparation for and conduct of war will not have the necessary authority over development, procurement, or training of aviation material and personnel to permit them to create well-balanced and unified services. From the tactical standpoint it is unsound because it violates the fundamental requirement for tactical success, namely, concentration and coordination of all forces at the right time and the right place. From the economic standpoint the separate air force is considered to be unsound because it would result in duplication and, in fact, triplication of effort. The Army and Navy do not overlap, but a separate air force would absorb some of the functions of both the Army and the Navy and would duplicate the efforts of both.

THESE fundamental considerations, which from any careful analysis are rational enough, have been borne out by actual results abroad. It would be fatal for us to make the same mistake. It will be tremendously to our advantage to carry on as we are with the present system, which, in comparison, constitutes a short cut to success. In the last analysis it is not so much the organization or plan that counts. Any plan loyally supported will succeed. The best plan, handicapped by dissension, intolerance, and divided loyalty, will fail. The organization of a separate air force will not result in a solution of the problem in this country, but only in the creation of greater discord and greater dissension than has ever been experienced before.

The unmistakable lesson to be gained from the splendid round-the-world flight, in which Army aviators in airplanes developed by the Navy and further developed by the Army overcame, by individual courage and far-sighted preperation, the inherent limitations of aircraft over the sea, is plain. This flight demonstrates conclusively the utter and absolute interdependence of aircraft and surface craft. The unmistakable lesson of the World War, in which colossal effort in air power did not bring about the decision, is again the absolute interdependence of air forces and ground forces. Any change in plan looking to the separation of these fundamental interdependent organizations is unsound and doomed to certain failure.

With a balanced Navy on the surface, under the surface, and in the air, a Navy capable of taking the offensive and keeping any possible enemy away from our shores, we will need no large standing army or standing air force for our home defense. This country can trust the Navy to defend it against all comers.

Next week's Liberty will contain a second article by Col. William Mitchell, continuing the series by him which began last week and presenting his further arguments for a separate air force in opposition to the views set forth above by Admiral Moffett.

Tricks of Fake Mediums

Turning the Searchlight on Spirit "Manifestations" Which Dupe the Gullible

By HOUDINI

Houdini, "the Handcuff King," who tells herewith how he could duplicate the most startling tricks of mediums.

DO the spirits of the dead return to the land of the living to commune with those left behind? Views fundamentally at variance are held upon this all-important question, which is now splitting wide the ranks of eminent thinkers, philosophers, and scientists. The average cool-minded man, who has to be shown, is reserving his opinion. In this article, Houdini, Master Magician, plunges into the controversy. For thirty-five years he has made a study of mediums and their "manifestations." No other writer, perhaps, is so well qualified to pass judgment on the thousands of mediums now doing business all over the country. Read what he has to say about them.

Brown Brothers Photo

One of the commonest tricks. The medium has led her neighbors to believe that between them they are holding both her hands. One hand, however, is free to produce "manifestations."

THE room was large and dimly lighted by a single reddish globe. The faces of the six people seated there, about a rough, oblong table in the corner, seemed unreal. The medium, a strongly built woman of about thirty, had the look of one deeply asleep. The others sat tense—waiting. If they spoke at all, it was in whispers. One powerful desire moved them: the will to communicate with the dead.

The week before, a man of twenty-six, a fellow everybody liked, had been drowned. John Meeker was his name. The shock had unnerved the mother. She insisted on a seance with a medium who had been working marvels in the town. The father had refused to have anything to do with it himself, but, won over by tears, had arranged this seance at the medium's home. And he'd done it cleverly, too. First, he had gone to a chemist who was known to have an open mind on psychic matters. Next he commandeered a business friend. His third was a lawyer. The fourth was, appropriately, the dead man's chum, Will Ross. The medium and the mother completed the "circle" of six.

"I count on you all," the father had said, "to see that my poor wife isn't deceived. She's upset—an easy mark. Keep your eyes open. Take no chances."

They had promised solemnly. And now they were keeping that promise.

A "spirit cabinet" had been made by curtaining off one corner of the room with black hangings. Ross and the scientist had examined the wall behind the curtains for possible trap doors, but had found none.

On the medium's right, Ross sat; on her left, the scientist. Each had a hand resting upon one of her hands and each a foot pressing down on one of her feet. The others sat with fingers touching, completing the usual "circle." Ross said to himself, "This medium can't budge without our knowing it."

Slow minutes passed. The medium stirred, sighed, came out of her trance. She spoke in a thin, solemn, far-away voice: "We are gathered here to bring back the spirit of the splendid lad who has passed into the Beyond—into Summerland. Is there anyone here who has come in a spirit of antagonism?" Silence. "I thank you. Let us say a prayer." This with bowed head.

The six, speaking in unison, recited the Lord's Prayer. Then the psychic went on:

"Before me is a gathering of cool, calm observers in deep sympathy with my efforts. The walls are crumbling between us and the clean young soul who is in Summerland.

"I feel my psychic power running high. From each and every one of you I beg for help. Let your minds vibrate with me. Exclude all earthly thoughts. Give your whole soul to the seance."

A pause. She lowered her voice, whispered: "Was John an outdoor boy? Did he love the open?"

The mother whispered, "Yes."

"Then forgive me if I break the circle for a moment."

With movements graceful as a cat's, quiet, swift, she rose, threw open the windows on either side of the room. The night air puffed in. She caught back the curtains, murmuring, "Nothing, now, between us and God's Heaven."

Silence for a time; then the medium's voice: "The boy's soul is new and afraid. He went too suddenly to the Other World. This man-made light is a gate he cannot pass. It stops all psychic vibrations. But I am afraid to turn the light off, for fear one of you might harm me. I am suffering from strain, and a flashlight in the darkness might kill me—or, worse, if you caught at the boy, should he come. But he *must* come. He is so near—so bewildered. Shall I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

lower the lights? Is there antagonism here?"

Low, tense murmurs of "No—oh, no."

A click, and the room was in utter darkness. No light entered from outside; the sky was overcast.

Ross started as a high, childish voice broke the stillness—a little girl's voice.

"John—thweet John ith coming," it lisped. "Coming, coming, c-o-m-i-n-g." The voice came from the medium's lips.

"There's the control," someone whispered.

Ross had been told that a "control" was a spirit which took possession of the medium and

Three figures in a noted investigation—J. Malcolm Bird (left), managing editor of the Scientific American; "Margery" (center), a Boston medium who tried to win the publication's prize for genuine phenomena, and O. D. Munn (right), publisher of the periodical.

piloted souls back from the Other World when they were summoned.

The control's voice pattered on: "John says it's so hard to come back; it's terrible hard."

ROSS felt the fingers of the lawyer, on his right, tighten convulsively about his hand. Looking up, he saw a tiny, wavering point of light dancing in the darkness overhead. It persisted, darting and hovering, now high, now low.

"Sweet John says it's so *hard* to come back." It was the little girl's voice again. "He's trying — trying . . ."

As the words died Ross heard a strange sound, like the whirring of bird wings. Invisible pinions seemed to beat the air, first in one corner of the room, then in another. He started as the tip of a wing, apparently quite solid and material, brushed against his shoulder.

Then he heard the child's voice, "Oh, Mr. Ross, you're going up—up!"

Abruptly his chair was tipped backward, wrenching his fingers away from the hands of the lawyer and the medium. Then he felt the chair lifted, sensed himself rising, grabbed at empty air, and at the same instant felt his head brush the ceiling. From below—or did it come from below?—he heard the voice of the lawyer:

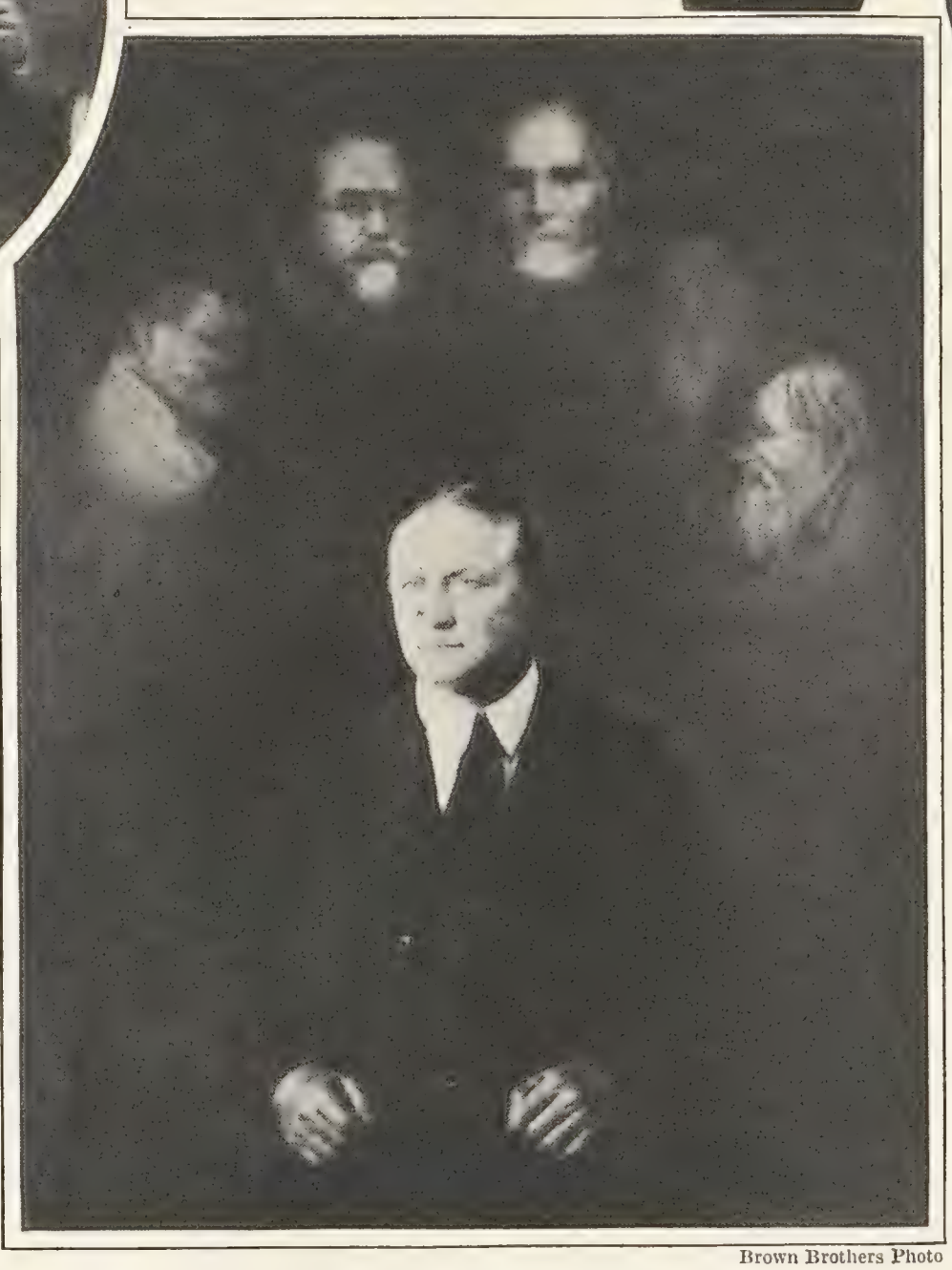
"Ross! Where are you?"

Next moment his chair hit the floor with a bump. He was trembling and in a cold perspiration.

"John says he's sorry, Mr. Ross." It was the control. "He didn't mean to scare you. He's just trying to come back. . . . Why, here he is now."

The mother cried out in nervous awe. Above the window ledge a hand had appeared, dimly. It was luminous. It groped. A sob from the mother. Then a second glowing hand.

The medium began a tortured groaning, and kept it up. Ross saw a luminous foot. Two feet. Gradually a form was outlined, giving off light, but *upside down*. Slowly the apparition floated into the room. At times parts of its body vanished, then reappeared. It seemed to struggle to right itself, failed. Then, as Ross shrank down in his chair, he saw the Thing walk on the ceiling. As it put out an arm Ross felt cool drops of water strike his hands, heard them patter upon the table. He felt



Brown Brothers Photo

Spirit photos such as this one, showing Houdini surrounded by "spirit extras," are common "manifestations."

sick. His chum had met death by drowning . . . And now, sharpening the agony of suspense, came gasping, choking, drowning sounds, abruptly filling the room. It was almost more than Ross could bear.

The Thing traversed the ceiling, slowly, haltingly, drifted through the opposite window and out into the night.

A long drawn sigh from the medium, breaking a sudden stillness in which no one seemed even to breathe. She was waking up. A moment more and she clicked on the reddish light. All were convinced, beyond an atom of doubt, that they had seen John's spirit and felt the drops it brought from its watery grave. The chemist, with the authority of a man of science,

Mrs. Houdini, Houdini, and a noted champion of spiritualism, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

declared the medium genuine. The whole region marveled.

. . . . . .

A week later, at a second seance, a trumpet, lampblacked so it would retain the impress of anything touching it, was placed in the center of the table. When the lights were turned on, human finger prints, their every ridge and whorl distinct, were found upon it. The medium claimed they had been left by John, the drowned son.

BUT John's father was skeptical. Give him a week, he asked. Proof of fraud would be easy, for twice John had had finger prints taken: once when he entered the Army and once when he applied for the bonus.

Excitement in the town ran high when the father made a special trip to Washington to compare photographs of the lampblack finger prints with the government digital records. When he came back he was graver—seemed laboring under shock. He had found the two sets of finger prints identical. Shaken by the discovery, he did not know what to believe. Ross felt no such hesitation. He became a thoroughgoing spiritualist.

Now let's see by what methods the flimflam was worked.

"Patter" is as necessary to a fake medium as it is to any charlatan. Hence the solemn prayer, the working on the mother's emotions with talk of the "clean young soul," the exhortations to the sitters: "apple sauce," all of it. The voice of the "control" was, of course, mere play-acting by the medium. Now for the flickering "spirit glow."

Ross and the scientist had examined the walls behind the cabinet, but, like the average investigators, they hadn't looked closely enough. Behind those black curtains was a small door, sliding in noiseless grooves, its cracks cleverly concealed by the paneling. When the medium gave the cue there emerged from that small

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Queer Way

of doing business, you may say, yet—

We urge you "don't buy—yet"—let us first prove the claims made for this unique shaving cream. Accept, please, a 10-day tube free.

TELLING customers not to buy your product may appear an odd selling philosophy. Yet that is the way we brought Palmolive Shaving Cream to top place in its field. We urge you not to buy it. But to start using it at our expense. Will you grant us that courtesy? We'll thank you if you will.

Immeasurably different

Palmolive Shaving Cream is based on new principles of skin care and beard softening.

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It represents 18 months of laboratory experiments, of over 130 formulas tested before perfection was reached.

It embodies the 4 supreme requirements 1000 men named as their ideal of a shaving cream, plus a fifth —stronger bubbles.

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These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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Give us a chance to prove our claims. Find out for yourself whether your present method is not failing in some important ways.

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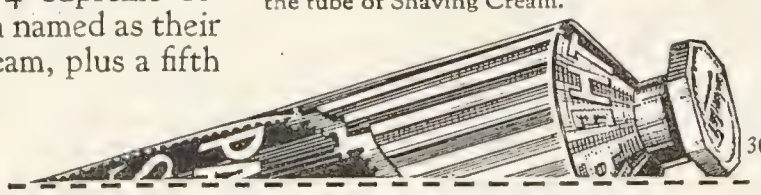

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Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

opening one of her two confederates, both of whom were skilled acrobats. The one chosen to work the "spirit light" was dressed in black tights; sneakers made his steps noiseless. In his hand was a long, flexible rod, its end daubed with luminous phosphorous paint. With this contraption it was easy to make the spook fire go through its eerie wanderings.

To produce the sound of whirring bird wings the black-clad confederate merely threw a black or blackened pigeon out into the room with a cord tied to its legs, let it flutter for a time and brush against the sitters. Then he pulled it back.

The levitation illusion — when Ross thought he was lifted until his head touched the ceiling—depends on suggestion and the victim's own imagination. It's an old trick. After the medium has put it into the sitter's head that he's going to take an aerial leap, a confederate tilts his chair back and then, using one hand and one foot, lifts the chair only a few inches. At the right moment the assistant runs his free hand over the sitter's head. Darkness and nervousness do the rest.

The startling fake of the spook walking the ceiling upside down called for both the medium's acrobatic assistants, for whom the woman, on a pretext, had obligingly opened both windows. One of the confederates was daubed over with luminous paint, while the other was black, every inch of him. The glowing one, after a show of spirit hands on the window ledge, stood upside down and was hoisted through the window. Upheld by his black helper, he did an upside down, hand-to-hand balance across the room, biting down, every now and then, on a water-filled rubber ball which he held in his mouth—and so became "John," adrip from his watery grave, walking the ceiling! To cover any possible noise, the medium kept up her continual moaning, varying it with the horrible drowning sounds which screwed the sitters' nerves so tight. Then, upon a cue from the psychic, both acrobats vanished through the opposite window.

THE reproduction, on a lampblacked trumpet, of the finger prints of someone months or years dead is one of the most startling of spiritualistic swindles. This is how it's worked:

A medium, or a medium's assistant, obtains a position in an undertaking establishment and eventually finds an opportunity to make plaster of Paris molds of the fingers of one or several of the dead there. These molds are filled with a rubberlike substance which hardens into exact replicas of the dead hands, even to the tiniest scrolls on the finger tips. Of course, mediums choose only those among the dead whose finger prints are on file. In the darkness of the seance the rubber duplicate is pressed upon the lampblacked trumpet.

In discussing psychic humbug I can speak as an insider; for, many years ago, in my investigations, I associated myself with psychics and even held seances myself, as an independent medium, to get at the truth of it all.

I was completely disillusioned, so far as any authentic "revelations" went. But I've grown familiar with mediumistic *modus operandi*, and, with all due modesty, I may claim that, if I pretended to have psychic powers, I might now be known as an authentic medium. In fact, even though I have said a thousand times that my performances are produced by *un*occult methods and followed natural laws, certain people still insist that I have spiritualistic gifts.

I REMEMBER one amusing instance of such a "manifestation." I was traveling with a western concert company managed by a "Dr." Thomas B. Hill. We were stranded in a certain small Kansas town.

"Doctor" Hill was desperate. At last he asked: "Houdini, can you give a kind of show on Sunday night that I could pull as a religious entertainment? You do spirit slate writing and cabinet work."

I agreed to put on such a performance.

The following Saturday the weekly paper carried a scare head that Houdini, World-Famous Medium, had yielded to popular clamor and consented to give one of his celebrated seances: make pianos float in the air, tables tilt, and spirit hands write messages on slates.

Well, that night the "opera house" was packed. I gave what was, without doubt, the greatest seance that ever took place in that town. The things I told that audience made their eyes pop. I heard people whisper: "No fake about him. How *could* he know that—him a stranger—unless the spirits told him?" And all over the house ran awed whispers.

I'll now explain why I was qualified to give that seance. That Sunday morning I had strolled out to the village cemetery with the aged sexton and the town's most venerable inhabitant, old Uncle Rufus—both of them "fixed" not to give me away. There I'd copied what was hewn on the gravestones, and what the stones didn't tell me Uncle Rufus did.

I knew so much about the people in that town that the moment after my performance was over, two business men came into my dressing room. Each of them gave me twenty-five dollars not to give a seance the next night! They didn't want any more family skeletons rattled in public.

The methods by which fake me-

diums do their tricks would fill a volume. "Margery" (Mrs. Le Roi G. Crandon), the celebrated Boston psychic, used some of the cleverest subterfuges I have ever encountered, because they were so simple. I was one of the committee chosen to investigate her when she was producing "manifestations" in an attempt to win the twenty-five-hundred-dollar prize offered by the *Scientific American* for authentic supernormal phenomena.

Her favorite method of making one end of the table rise, I am positive, was to maneuver until she could get her head under its edge and then push upward. Since my exposure of her, she's got a new bag of tricks. It's significant that she never accepted my offer of ten thousand dollars if she could give a "manifestation" I couldn't reproduce or explain as being accomplished by natural means.

Of course, so long as mediums insist on working in darkness, or semi-obscurity, adequate investigations will be almost impossible. In the dimness, it is easy for the spirit-invoker to lift a table by means of a piece of steel projecting from his sleeve, or with a steel hook hidden in his vest.

"Raps," the most usual of "spirit phenomena," are made, sometimes, by moistening the fingers and sliding them gently over the top of the table, or with blocks of wood fastened to the knees, under the skirts. The famous Fox sisters made their awesome raps by snapping the joints of their big toes!

THE ringing of bells or rattling of castanets is sometimes accomplished by the psychic's being able to get one of his hands free, leaving the other spread out upon the table. The sitters on his right and left, unaware that he has released one hand, each keep a hold on *part* of the hand that remains upon the table and contentedly imagine that they are preventing any movement of his arms.

"Spirit lights" are sometimes made by nothing more occult than luminous-headed tacks in the medium's shoes. The psychic simply raises a foot and moves it about.

As for "ectoplasm," the vaporous substance supposed to emanate from a medium's body and assume spirit forms, I have sat at seances with those supposed to be able to produce it — notably with the French psychic, Mademoiselle Eva —but never saw anything but puerile juggling tricks. White veils pulled from the demonstrator's pockets seem to have helped "ectoplasmic manifestations" along, in some instances. Anything that can be held in the mouth and pushed out, or blown up, will do: rubber bladders, cotton rubbed with goose-grease, even strips of tripe. Nothing very spiritual about that!

Information about "clients" is the cornerstone of mediumship, and the ways in which psychics obtain it are startling. Some of them tabulate death notices in the newspapers, follow up the engagement and marriage reports, and keep an index of the births. Often they tap telephone wires. Certain of them have been known to pay men in newspaper pressrooms to read proof sheets for their benefit and thus enable the "foretelling" of events. Frequently they "plant" their assistants in restaurants and clubs, where they can overhear, and pass on, the confidences which wealthy patrons exchange freely, without a thought of spies.

THERE are now standing offers of twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars in prizes to be won by any medium who can prove his or her authenticity. These awards are: Ten thousand dollars from J. F. Rinn; two thousand five hundred dollars from the *Scientific American;* five thousand dollars from the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology;* and I am offering ten thousand dollars.

Do we see any stampede of mediums eager to pocket these prizes?

On the contrary, the psychics are showing a coyness, an extreme sensitiveness about coming forward, quite at variance with their usual brazen "nerve." Perhaps the tests are a bit too fraudproof for their liking!

Fifty per cent of the world *wants* to be fooled. But how have so-called psychics been able, at times, to mystify representative scientists such as Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, William James, and the French physiologist, Charles Richet—men of supposedly straight-thinking, analytical minds? To say nothing of such eminent writers as the sincere, though deluded, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

I believe the kernel of the matter is that scientists, philosophers, and psychologists live in circles where honesty is taken for granted. It is inconceivable to them that such gross deception could be practiced. They fail to realize that they're working hand in glove with members of one of the most unclean professions in the world.

Fake mediums prey upon the unfortunate and the bereaved, taking their money, duping them with lies, and often driving them to insanity. In an article in *Truth*, the Rev. P. J. Cormican estimates that, in England alone, over thirty thousand people have been driven insane by the abnormal strain of spiritualism. This menace is not confined to England. American mental specialists tell a similar story.

It is a danger which calls for drastic legislation.

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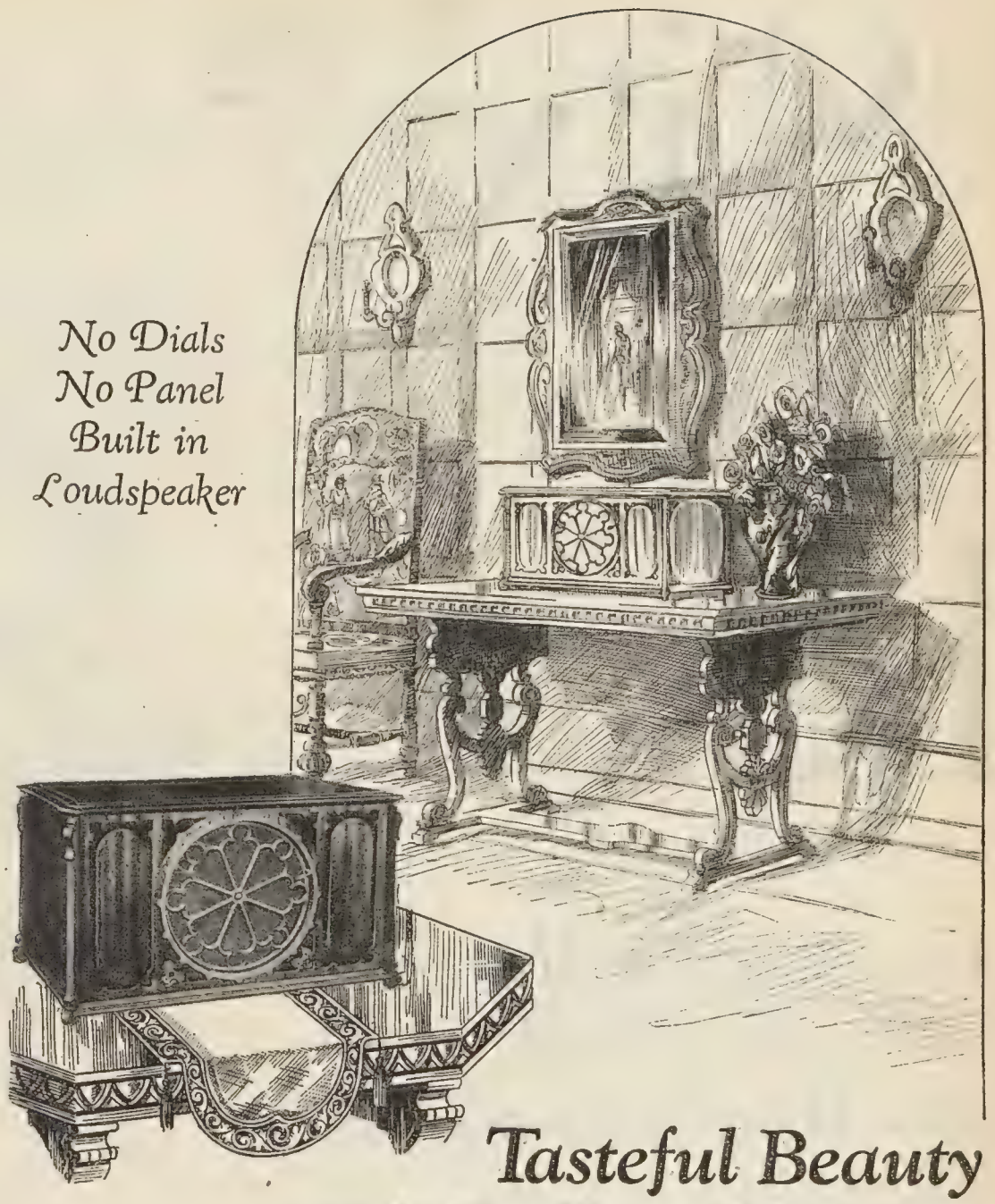

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Six IN A Row

A Story of a Mystery Girl, a Race Track, and a Man Who Had to Win

By

GEORGE WESTON

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

KENTUCKY'S SON seemed to glory in t challenge, leaping until his nose was ev with his rival's.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WELL-BORN but starting in a small way as a salesman of Kilbourne's Kil-Dust, a preparation for treating country roads, William Matthews, familiarly known as Matt, attends the races in his firm's flivver, which he has christened The Mushrat, to foster friendship with the wealthy Senator Starrett in the hope of landing an impressive order for Kil-Dust. Chance leads to his meeting The Girl. He is lucky. He wins his bets and likewise the favor of The Girl, who is engaged. They meet in Riverside Park and the girl confesses to him that she is being sacrificed to pay her father's debts. She tearfully tells Matt that she is going away and will see him for the last time the following day—the closing day of the racing season.

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

THE next day was the last day of the season, and Muriel was already in her place when Matt walked up the grand stand. Senator Starrett, too, was in his box—with one of his inevitable parties—and Matt waved to him as he made his way up the steps.

"That's Senator Starrett, isn't it—your friend —over there?" asked Muriel.

"Yes," said Matt, and he told her about the Kil-Dust. "I'm trying to get him to order a carload," he said, "and if I could get him interested I could make all kinds of money. I met a chemical salesman the other day, and he says anybody can make a dust-killer—easiest thing in the world, he says. So you see I could even start a company of my own, and it wouldn't take us long then—you know—to pay off that debt. . . ."

She shook her head; but if you had been there, it might have struck you that she didn't hate him for suggesting it.

"How are you going to bet on the first race?" she said, as though to put his mind on safer subjects.

Not without importance, Matt drew from his pocket the consensus of "The Day's Best Bets," which he had clipped that morning from the *Daily Winning Post.*

"See?" he said, "out of twelve experts, nine have picked Mankiller to win. I think I'll put a bet on him."

"All right," she said. "I will, too."

She opened her pocketbook and drew out two ten-dollar bills.

"I generally bet five," she said, "but seeing this is the last day——"

"And I'll bet twenty, too," said Matt, counting his slender roll; and to himself he added, "But if I lose, I'm through. It leaves me only seven."

Down among the bookmakers, Sol Becker quoted two to one on Mankiller and wolfed Matt's envelope with a half-hungry, half-contemptuous glance—a glance that said "Piker!" as plain as any print. But, piker or not, when the horses in the first event raced past the winning post, Mankiller was two full lengths in the lead.

"That's eighty we've won, and forty we started with," said Matt up in the grand stand. "A hundred and twenty altogether. What do you say? Shall we bet forty dollars on the second race, too?"

"I think I'll plunge mine," she said, her eyes bright, her lips parted a little.

"Bet it all, you mean?"

"Yes."

"All right; I'll plunge, too," said Matt. "Let's see what the experts say."

The experts said "Twinkle-toes." The verdict wasn't unanimous, but it was seven to five.

Going down to the ring, Senator Starrett Matt and good-naturedly shouted out, "Wa moment, Kil-Dust." He scribbled on a card carried it over to the dividing rail.

"Give that to Sol, will you?" he said.

"I'll give it to Sol, yes," said Matt, lookin him with the cold glint in his eyes; but my n is Matthews, if you please."

He went on down without waiting for an swer, and noticed that the Senator had wri on his card "$500 on Hornsby to win."

"What odds on Twinkle-toes?" asked M after the card had disappeared in Sol's pock

"Three to one," said Sol.

Matt drew out one of his own cards th "Kilbourne's Kil-Dust (Makes Country R Like Asphalt)"—and in the smallest letters the lower left-hand corner, "Presented by liam J. Matthews." Matt drew a line under name, and on the back of the card he wrote " on Twinkle-toes, 3 to 1."

"Getting reckless, aren't you?" said Sol, l ing very froggy indeed.

"You think so?" said Matt.

BUT reckless or not, again the experts had ca the turn; for when the entries of the sec race went charging past the judges' stand T kle-toes was dancing in the lead.

"That makes four hundred and eighty," w pered Matt to Muriel when they had ste down off their seats and were returning to mal. Then he took the daily consensus out of pocket and turned to the column which sho the next race.

The experts favored Mordaunt—that is to six of them named him to win, while the o six scattered their votes.

"He's a good horse, too," said Muriel. "I on him once."

All right, said Matt, proud at the way his tem was working. "What are we going to ? The whole four hundred and eighty?"

Yes," she said.

Matt liked her for that.

A thoroughbred, every inch," he thought, king his way down the grand stand steps. was interrupted by Senator Starrett at the iding rail.

Mr. Matthews," he said, "you look as though won your last race."

Yes, sir."

I didn't. Who are you betting on this time?"

Mordaunt."

The Senator changed his card. "You look ky," he said. "Let's give your horse a try." The corrected card, Matt noticed, read "$200, rdaunt to win."

What odds are you giving on him?" he asked Sol glanced at the card.

Seven to two," snapped Froggy Face.

Again Matt took out one of the Kil-Dust cards d wrote on the back, "$480, Mordaunt, 7 to 2." Sol wolfed it and dropped it in his pocket as ugh it was hardly worth digestion.

On his way back Matt stopped to figure out how y stood. If Mordaunt won, he discovered, ir $480 would grow to $2,160.

"But if he loses!" he grimly told himself.

But Matt needn't have worried. When the winners of the third race were posted across the track Mordaunt's name and number led the rest.

"Don't you think you'd better stop now?" asked Muriel.

Her eyes, he noticed, were bluer than he had ever seen them, and the tops of her cheeks were touched with color.

"Stop now?" he scoffed, and knew in his heart that she didn't mean it.

"What's the next on your list?" she murmured, and leaned near him while he consulted his daily consensus—leaned so near him that he thought he felt her hair brush his cheek.

"My Old Dutch stands highest for the next race," he said. "See? Seven have picked her, and five have picked Madcap. Madcap's the favorite, though, if you think that makes any difference."

"When you're lucky, you're lucky," she answered. "So I think I'd stick to the system. We certainly haven't lost anything by it so far."

"My Old Dutch, then?" he asked. "And bet all we've got?"

Her voice was lower this time, but there was no sign of hesitation in her answer.

"I would," she said.

Matt sat a little while, feeling curiously out of breath, and when he started down to the ring, Senator Starrett caught sight of him and came to the gate which separated the two stands.

"Good hunch, son—that last," he said. "Got another as good?"

"I—think so," said Matt.

"What is it?"

"Well, we're betting on My Old Dutch."

"All right; I'll trail."

He wrote on his card, "$200, My Old Dutch to win."

"Yes, and that way's probably the wise way, too," thought Matt, as he began pushing his way through the ring a minute later. "If the Senator loses this time, he's still ahead and can make it up on the last two races. But if anything happens to us, we're through."

There was a big field entered for this fourth race, and Madcap being the favorite, Sol snapped "Four to one," when Matt asked for the odds on the horse of his choice.

"Four to one," thought Matt. "If we only win this! Of course, we haven't much chance—only one in four, according to the betting, but anyhow—she said to bet it all—and I'd hate to go back and let her think I was getting cold feet."

SO on the back of another Kil-Dust card, he wrote "$2,160 on My Old Dutch to win, 4 to 1."

Sol blinked a bit before he pouched that, and then he clamped his mouth together and nodded. Fool luck, he knew, never lasts long. And yet——

Sol possibly blinked a little more when the excitement of the fourth race slowly died away, a race in which My Old Dutch had gallantly fought the favorite all the way along the stretch, and had finally passed the judges' stand half a length in the lead.

Up in the grand stand, Matt's lips were so dry and his throat so hoarse, as the spectators sat down again, that when he turned to whisper to Muriel she couldn't make out what he said at first, and he had to repeat it.

"I say that's $10,800 now that we're ahead," he told her.

"And two more races!" she breathlessly nodded. Another thought must have come to her then.

"Are you sure the bookie's good for it?" she asked.

"Sure," said Matt. "Sol Becker—one of the best."

If he hadn't been busy just then drawing the consensus out of his pocket and turning to the fifth race, he might have been puzzled more than a little at Muriel's expression.

The fifth race was a teaser. Four of the experts had picked Cavalier to win, and four had selected Frisco. The choices of the others were scattered.

"I'll go down first," said Matt, "and see if either of the leaders has been scratched."

But when he reached the blackboard under the grand stand he saw that both were going to run.

"I'll see what Sol says," he thought, "and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

then if we wanted we could back the one that's the favorite in the betting."

If you had been in the ring when Matt approached old Froggy Face, it might have occurred to you that the latter was on the lookout for his lucky client—that he even blinked his eyes and breathed hard when he saw him coming.

"What are you quoting on Cavalier?" asked Matt.

"Three to two," snapped Sol, and seemed to take grim pleasure in the shortness of the odds.

Matt didn't think much of that. To risk two dollars to win eight: that was one thing. But to risk two dollars to win three, that was something else again.

"And what are the odds on Frisco?" he asked.

"Same," said Sol.

Matt made his way back to the grand stand, and told the girl about it.

"Seems to me we don't stand to win much if we pick the winner," he said, "and not a very bright chance of picking him, either, with two horses evenly matched like that."

MURIEL nodded, her eyes again far away and mysterious.

"He's probably shading the odds on you," she said. "He's getting nervous. Dad used to say——" She broke off there. "Of course, Dad was awfully unlucky toward the end," she said, "but there was one time when he simply couldn't lose; and he used to say that when two favorites had to fight it out, he always liked to bet on the next best horse."

Matt drew out his daily consensus again, and they bent over it together.

"Blue-Eyed Belle comes next," he said at last.

Once more they glanced at each other; and the eyes of both were very bright—and blue.

"What do you say?" she whispered, after a pause in which he wondered once if he was going to tremble.

"All right," he whispered back; and tried to tell himself that he was losing only twenty dollars, when all was said and done.

As Matt made his way down to the ring, Senator Starrett beckoned him over to his box.

"What's it going to be this time?" asked the Senator. "Cavalier?"

"No, sir," said Matt. "We don't like the odds, so we're betting on Blue-Eyed Belle."

"Not so good; not so good," said the Senator, with his domineering good nature.

He studied his program for a few moments and then glanced at Matt.

"All right, son," he finally said. "You still look lucky to me." He scribbled on his card, "$500, Blue-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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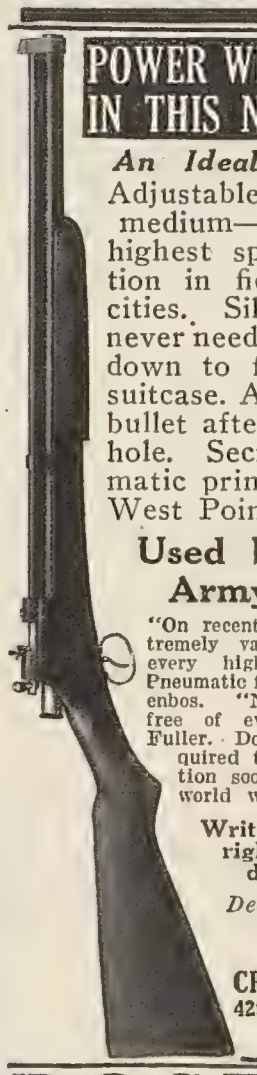

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Eyed Belle," and Matt hurried down to the crowd in the ring below.

As he pushed his way toward Sol, he happened to think of the remark which Muriel had made to him, "He's probably shading the odds on you." So, when he got close to Sol and could feel the latter's froggy eye upon him, he did a rather crafty thing, stopping here and there in front of other bookmakers and whispering, "What's the odds on Blue-Eyed Belle?" One offered five to two; another, three to one.

He went to Sol then and they faced each other like two antagonists—one armed with luck and the other with the immutable law that no man wins forever.

"What odds are you giving on Blue-Eyed Belle?" asked Matt.

"Three to one," said Sol, snapping it out as ever.

Matt gave him the Senator's card, and then, his fingers shaking just the least little bit, he wrote on one of his own cards, "$10,800, Blue-Eyed Belle to win, 3 to 1."

Sol read it and put it in his pocket; and that time, whatever might have been in his eyes when he looked at Matt, the word "piker" wasn't there.

WHAT was it that Muriel's father used to say? That when two favorites had to fight it out, he always liked to bet on the next best horse? At least, his theory had a good workout in the fifth race that afternoon.

It was a three-quarter-mile race for three-year-olds—an old-time fixture—the Belmont Handicap. Nine horses started running well together, but when they made the turn it was evident that the two favorites were slightly in the lead, Cavalier next to the rail and Frisco well outside, three or four horses in between them, and anybody's race right then. Backers of long shots began to take courage and to sing their wishes in barytone, tenor, and bass.

"Come on, you Lamplighter! Come on, Lamplighter!"

"Chickadee! Chickadee!"

"Oh, you Marcheta! Come on, Marcheta!"

These, though, were but the verses, and in between them roared a deeper chorus, "Come on, Cavalier!" . . . "Come on, Frisco!" . . . "Oh, you Cavalier!" . . . "Oh, you Frisco Boy!"

It might have been that the favorites' jockeys were watching each other too closely from the corners of their eyes, each saving his own horse for a last supreme burst of speed, and neither of them wishing to extend his mount too soon.

Whatever the reason for their delay in starting the final spurt, a slender-limbed chestnut, gaining momentum in the galloping mob behind them, suddenly seemed to become possessed of flying hoofs and a desperate ambition to make twin fools of time and distance. On she came like a rushing embodiment of some inspired epic, thundering on to her climax with increasing, inexorable power.

"Who is it?" . . . "Which is it?"

"Chickadee!" . . . "No; Chickadee's Number 7!" . . . "It's Blue-Eyed Belle!" . . . "It's Barnstormer!" . . . "Blue-Eyed Belle!" . . . "Go on! Blue-Eyed Belle!" . . . "She wins!" . . . "She does not! . . . Cavalier's heading her!" . . . "She wins! . . . She wins!"

And indeed there was no doubt of it. Like a streak of chestnut lightning, she passed the winning post almost a length in the lead; while in the grand stand, nearly spent with fortissimos, Matt found himself whispering to Muriel in a husky voice, "That makes—forty-three thousand—two hundred dollars."

IT was probably Matt who started the cheering chorus. "Oh, the fool horse! The fool horse!"

Muriel nodded at first, not yet ready for anything oral, her bosom rising and falling as though running a race of its own.

"Six in a row!" she breathed at last, as much to herself as to him. "That was always Dad's dream! Oh, if we could only win the last one now!"

AFTER a while, more composed, they started to talk about it—under their breaths, or *sotto voce*, as the Italian masters say.

"You don't think we'd better quit now?" began Matt.

"It would be safer, I suppose," she said, uncertainly nodding.

"Don't you think—if you offered this forty-three thousand—it would—you know—square up the old account—so you could give the ring back?"

At least there was no uncertainty in the way she shook her head.

"Besides," she said, "only half of it's mine. But I think you're right about stopping. . . . Or how would this be?" she suggested more eagerly. "You stop, and I'll bet my half on the last race; and then, even if I lose, you'll have your half safe."

You ought to have seen Matt shy at that.

"No, sir!" he said. "We're in this thing together. Only, if we win again, do you—do you think there'll be enough——?"

His eyes rested on her ring for a moment; and, although she didn't seem to be looking at him, she first nodded and then gave him a glance which made his heart trip.

"And if you need any of mine—you'll take it?"

"Perhaps," she said, in a queer little voice. "That is, of course, if you—if you want me to—very much."

"If I want you to!" he gently scoffed.

Their hands found each other for a moment under cover of the program; and then Matt took the daily consensus out of his pocket, and they saw at once that practically all the experts had agreed that Gloucester Boy would win the sixth race.

"He's a good horse, too," said Muriel, frowning a little. "I doubt if they'd give you even money on him."

"Not so good," said Matt. "We've got to have better than that."

He went downstairs and returned with a list of the starters.

"The bookies won't even give even money on Gloucester Boy," he reported. "There are only four horses in the race, and they all seem to think Gloucester's going to win."

TOGETHER they looked at the names of the four starters and the odds which Matt had secured on each. It was at that moment the band started My Old Kentucky Home — and the next moment that Matt and Muriel both told the other that Kentucky's Son was one of the four horses which were about to run.

"He's good sometimes, too," whispered Muriel, her finger on his name, "and with these odds of two to one. . . ."

They both probably felt themselves a bit fated.

"Shall we, then?" whispered Matt.

"If you can get two to one . . . and . . . feel lucky."

Matt started down for the betting ring, rather slowly, rather thoughtfully.

"Suppose we win," he was thinking, "and Sol says he didn't get my card. I don't see how we'd prove it. They ought to give receipts or something. If we lose, we lose; and if we win, it seems to me, we ought to be sure of winning."

Matt happened to see Senator Starrett then, getting ready to leave with his party; and after a few moments' thought, Matt raised his voice and called, "Oh, Senator!"

Senator Starrett turned in his good-natured, domineering way; and seeing who was calling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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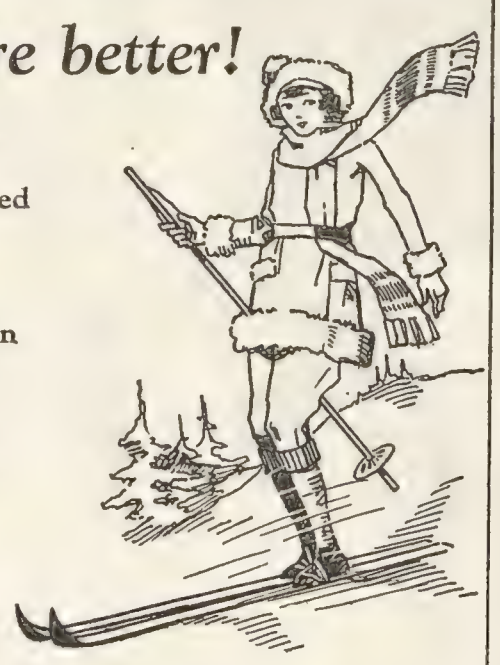

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

him, he made his way to the dividing rail.

"I'm leaving now," he said, "but if you want to call and see me tomorrow——"

"No, sir; it isn't that," said Matt earnestly, "but we've been pretty lucky this afternoon—a friend and myself—and I'm going down to make quite a big bet with Sol Becker. And I want to know if you'll come with me, as a witness, so if Sol loses, he won't be able to say that he didn't get my card."

"Oh, Sol's all right," said the other, good-naturedly. "You needn't bother about that. I'd take his check for a hundred thousand any time."

"Yes, sir," said Matt, "but if we win, he'll have to make out a bigger check than a hundred thousand."

"What?" demanded the Senator.

"Yes, sir. We're betting forty thousand on Kentucky's Son."

"Betting *what?*"

"Forty thousand."

"The devil you say! Where did you get it?"

"Won it," said Matt, not without a certain amount of pride.

"I THOUGHT you were picking them pretty regularly. And now you're going to put it all on the last race?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't be a fool. Keep it."

"No, sir; I'm going to bet it," said Matt more earnestly than before. "I may tell you the whole story some day; but right now I want you to come down and be with me when Sol takes my card."

"It's Sol who owes you the forty thousand?"

"Yes, sir."

"The froggy-faced old sinner! All right, son. I'd like to see how he takes the bet. Just a moment, and I'll be with you."

Sol was standing in his place, squat and pudgy-eyed as ever, when Matt faced him for the last time—Senator Starrett by his side.

"Hello, Sol," said the Senator, beaming. "Understand they've been stinging you pretty well this afternoon."

"No complaints from me," said Sol.

He turned to Matt then, as though recognizing his true antagonist—an opponent who was armed with the slingshot of luck but would presently find himself tripped in the mire.

"What are the odds on Kentucky's Son?" asked Matt.

"Two to one," snapped Sol.

Matt drew a Kil-Dust card from his pocket and slowly wrote on it, "Kentucky's Son to win, 2 to 1." Then drawing a full breath he wrote "$43,200" and, first show-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

ing the card to the Senator, he handed it to Sol.

"Quite a bet, Sol," said the Senator genially.

"Chicken-feed in the old days!" croaked the froggy one, and dropped the card in his pocket as though it bored him.

The last race that afternoon was a clear-cut bit of drama, as breathless in its interest as any effect achieved by the writers of plays—a two hours' succession of thrills condensed into a single minute. There were only four horses in the event; and the drama started with one of them making a series of false starts. This was comedy for those who hadn't backed that particular horse but it was tragedy for those who had bet on him, and saw him now wasting his strength in fruitless exercise.

"I hope that isn't our horse," whispered Muriel, fidgeting in her seat.

Matt leaned forward and spoke to a man in front of him, who was watching the start through a pair of binoculars.

"Pardon me," he said, "but which is the horse that keeps starting wrong?"

"Number 2—Kentucky's Son," said the man with the glasses, without turning his head.

Matt and Muriel exchanged a glance that had no joy in it.

"The fool horse!" laughed somebody behind them. "Look! He's doing it again!"

MATT turned and gave the merry one such a look. Across the track, Kentucky's Son was being trotted back across the barrier, wheeling around and taking his place as though ready for it again; but that time when the rail went up all four horses broke into action simultaneously—one of them soon in the lead, though, as if he knew the way.

"Which horse is ahead?" asked a voice behind Matt—the voice of the one who had laughed a minute before.

"Kentucky's Son," someone answered.

"That fool horse won't last long," said the mirthful one. "He'll be going back to start over again."

Matt nearly choked with indignation; and Muriel had to whisper to him and lay her hand upon his arm to soothe him.

The four horses reached the turn, and when they straightened out for the stretch they were well in a bunch, Kentucky's Son next to the rail—a coal-black horse with a proud pair of heels.

"If he hadn't tired himself so at the start!" sighed Muriel, with a queer little catch in her voice.

Next to Kentucky's Son was Gloucester Boy, the favorite—Gloucester Boy with a green-silked midget perched craftily forward, almost on his neck. And running side by side with these two were Ptarmigan and Starbright, a pair of lean, long-muscled chestnuts—the four of them galloping, straining, surging forward, so that if you had been there, you might easily have imagined them all hitched to some invisible chariot.

Nearer and nearer came the straining, surging four. But Ptarmigan and Starbright had given all they had; and when the green-silked midget on Gloucester Boy leaned farther forward and flipped his whip behind him, the favorite suddenly seemed to bore himself into the air before him like a great thundering cannonball magically shaped like a horse, and the two outsiders simply seemed to fade behind and to give up most of their interest in the proceedings.

BUT not so Kentucky's Son! That coal-black stalwart seemed to glory in the favorite's challenge, leaping forward with a burst of speed that must have broken any lesser heart, and boring his own head forward inch by inch until his nose was even with his rival's—the invisible chariot now drawn by two horses instead of four, and the stand a roaring frenzy of excitement.

"Gloucester Boy! Come on, you Gloucester Boy!"

"Kentuck'! Kentuck'! Keep it up, old boy!"

"Gloucester Boy! Oh, you Gloucester Boy!"

"Oh, you fool horse, Kentucky's Son! Oh, isn't he a fool horse! Look at him now!"

That last was Matt's offering, soon lost in Babel, and only appearing in total as a part of the general uproar.

"Kentucky! Kentucky!" suddenly shouted newly crazed ones. "He's pulling ahead. He's winning."

And then, as quickly as this, the tragedy happened. Kentucky's Son faltered, hesitated, seemed to lose his stride; and a moment later Gloucester Boy rushed past the winning post—his coal-black rival second, but a good two lengths behind.

"He tired himself out at the start," said the wise voice back of Matt. "And when the strain came he cracked."

Matt and Muriel looked at each other; and though Matt would have denied it, Muriel wasn't the only one with unshed tears in her eyes.

"Can I—can I take you home?" he asked her in a chastened voice.

She shook her head, as though afraid to speak.

The aisles were full of departing spectators; and then, at first gradually but soon more and more definitely, the departure stopped and everyone began staring toward the judges' stand.

"They've called the jockeys in," said a voice in front of Matt. "I thought it was funny they didn't post the winner across the track."

Matt and Muriel stared at each other. They had been sitting quietly together in the general exodus; but now, as you can imagine, almost in a flash they were standing on their chairs, a part of the gaping throng.

"I thought it was funny, myself," said another voice, "when Kentucky broke the way he did. I wouldn't be surprised now if Gloucester Boy bumped him, and the judges saw it."

"Wait," said another. "We'll soon see."

Across the track, the names of the winners were going up. The first name was inserted near the bottom of the board—"Gloucester Boy," and after that, white letters on a black background, the abbreviation "Disq."

"Disqualified! . . . Disqualified!" ran an electric whisper through the crowd. Here and there was a cheer, a shout, but nearly everyone was waiting for the cue which they knew was about to come.

They didn't have to wait long.

At the top of the board suddenly appeared the name "Kentucky's Son."

It was probably Matt who started the cheering chorus. "Oh, the fool horse! The fool horse!" . . . But that was as far as he got. . . . Muriel had slipped down into her chair, frankly weeping into a handkerchief which was only large enough to hold two tears, and Matt, of course, promptly comforted her as well as he could.

YOU can imagine how eagerly Matt was waiting for his mail the next morning, but there was nothing from Sol Becker—nothing, in fact, but a cantankerous letter from old Phineas Kilbourne, originator and sole patentee of Kilbourne's Kil-Dust (Makes Country Roads Like Asphalt).

Old Phineas was short but sharp. Unless substantial orders were received before the end of the month, Matt's agency arrangement was to be withdrawn and the car turned in to the New York office, and good riddance (this last to be inferred) to the worst salesman who had ever inflicted himself upon the Kil-Dust staff.

"First time he's ever missed," thought Matt—thinking of Sol, of course; not Phineas. "I wonder what I'm going to do now, if he hasn't got it. . . . A good thing I had Senator Starrett with me when I made my last bet—but, all the same, if he doesn't pay it, I don't see how that's going to do me any good."

In short, he wasn't feeling any too cheerful when he opened the morning paper at the breakfast

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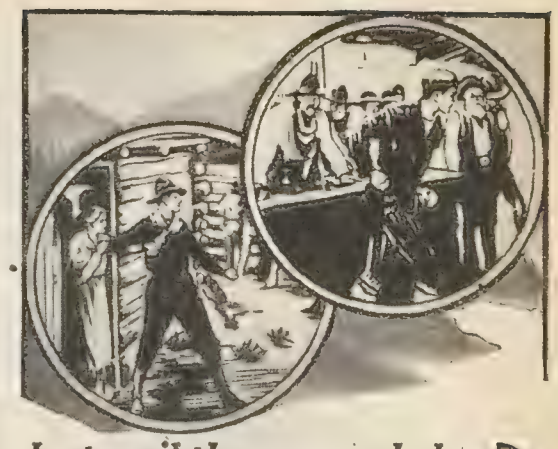

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table to read about the races of the day before. But he didn't unfold the paper far, for there, on the front page, was a heading, "Well-Known Bookmaker a Suicide," and just below that, "Sol Becker; Noted Track Follower, Shoots Himself. Left Note, 'Unable to Pay Debts.'"

Matt didn't know himself how he spent the rest of the day. On leaving Muriel the previous afternoon he had made an appointment to meet her the following evening—to meet her at the same place as before—and it was half past eight in the evening when he stopped The Mushrat in the shadow of Grant's Tomb. As though she had been waiting for him, The Mushrat had hardly stopped throbbing when Muriel appeared by the side of the car and looked in over the door.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," said Matt, in a husky voice.

"It's good to see you again," she said, resting both her hands on the top of the door. "Have you had a nice day?"

"I have not!" said Matt, in his husky voice; and, sure by this time that she hadn't read the news, he said, "Of course, you know—all that betting yesterday—was with a bookie named Sol Becker——"

"YES," she nodded, her hands still on the door. "You told me once that you bet with him."

"Yes," he continued. "And I don't suppose you saw it, but Sol shot himself last night—and that's the end of our money."

"Oh, well," she said, looking down at her hands. "Perhaps it wouldn't have been lucky money. I know, myself, I shall never bet again."

"Yes, but don't you see now that you won't be able to pay your father's debts?" he earnestly began.

"Yes," she said; "but I don't have to now."

"You don't have to?" he asked, staring.

"No," she said; and almost in a pleading little voice she added, "Don't you see? . . . It—it was Sol Becker to whom poor Dad was so terribly in debt. . . . He—oh, I wish you had guessed. It—it was Sol who—who was going to marry me!"

Matt stared at her, thrilling as he had never been moved before; and then, chancing to glance down at her hands, he saw that they were innocent of rings.

"Come in," he said then, suddenly awakening and opening The Mushrat's door. "Come in, and we'll go for a long ride over on Long Island. . . . I've got so much I want to tell you . . . and . . . I know the country roads over there."

THE END

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By MELBA

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Henry Lee Higginson, financier and philanthropist, who founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Guigoni & Bossi Photo

Melba as she appeared at the time of her first appearances in New York, of which she tells in this installment.

H. E. Mendelssohn Photo

F. Marion Crawford, the author, one of the first friends Melba made in New York.

IN the preceding installments of her autobiography, Melba, after telling of her girlhood and unhappy marriage in Australia, relates how London teachers did not care to take her as a pupil; how Madame Marchesi of Paris taught her for a year; how she made her debut in Brussels in 1887, and later in London and Paris; how her intended debut in New York was postponed when the Metropolitan Opera House was burned; and how, though threatened with death if she appeared, she made a successful debut at La Scala in Milan in 1893.

IN FIFTEEN PARTS—PART SIX

COBBLESTONES and jolting cabs! That is my first memory of New York, where I landed in the winter of 1893. There is nothing much left of either the cobblestones or the cabs nowadays, and the contrast between Fifth Avenue then and now makes one realize the amazing rate at which America has progressed.

Today the traveler from London who arrives for the first time in New York is struck by an impression that he has landed in a city of infinite size, infinite efficiency, and almost excessive speed. Everything seems bigger, quicker, and more mechanical. And I suppose, to some people, everything seems uglier.

I must admit, *en passant*, that I do not understand those people, for to me there has always been a real and inspiring beauty about the soaring skyscrapers, with their clean lines and their masculine grace. And I look forward to the day when, as is bound to happen, we shall have them in every country.

But everything was very different in 1893. At least, so it struck me as I made my miserable journey over those interminable cobblestones. I contrasted it with the smooth London streets and the quick canter of the hansom cabs. And I am afraid America suffered in the contrast.

From the artist's point of view, also, New York in those days was very different from New York of today. In London if an artist made a great success he or she was received on a footing of absolute equality with the most "exalted" people in the capital. Not so in New York.

An artist was an artist, and, although she might be the subject of amazing hospitality, though innumerable kindnesses might be showered upon her, there was always a subtle difference between her and the rest of society.

The conditions under which I first sang at the Metropolitan Opera House were not altogether ideal. I was told that I had made a mistake in selecting Lucia for my debut. People said it was a Patti opera—and, indeed, Madame Patti was at that time making a farewell tour of the United States.

Then again, on the eve of my appearance, one of the principals suddenly fell a victim to laryngitis, and I had to act with an *Enrico* who had not even once rehearsed the part.

In addition there had been no grand opera in New York the last season, owing to the fire at the Metropolitan, which had necessitated extensive building alterations. A new house, a new audience, a new country—it was not unnatural that I felt nervous.

In spite of criticisms I realize, now, that Lucia was not the ideal opera in which to have made my debut. It was not, in fact, until the production of Romeo and Juliet that I considered I really established myself.

The Metropolitan Opera House is such a national institution in America that I trust it will not cause any undue heartburns if I remark that its acoustics have never seemed to me to be nearly as good as those of Covent Garden, the Auditorium in Chicago, or La Scala, and last, but not least, the Manhattan.

But, whatever I might think of the opera house, there could be no two opinions as to the audiences. American audiences are among the most intelligent in the world. I do not know how much mere dollars have to do with this, for one cannot help remembering that Americans have always been able to afford the best.

The fact remains that they know what is good and that they will never put up with "second best." And they judge for themselves without waiting for the critics.

In particular I adored singing for the "matinee girls," as they are called. I don't think they exist in any other country. I wish they did. These girls are the debutantes of New York. They turned up at all the matinees wearing huge posies at their waists, and when the

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

performance was over they would stream down the aisles and throw the flowers to me, over the heads of the orchestra, onto the stage.

And now gradually New York society, which did not regard artists as of sufficient importance to warrant their inclusion in their habitual amusements, began to wonder who was this Madame Melba who was having so great a success, and wondered if perhaps, after all, it might be interesting to make her acquaintance.

I had not the faintest objection to allowing them to do so. I have always been perfectly happy, whether my host is a millionaire or a bootmaker, provided that he possesses, whatever his profession, a sense of humor and a sprinkling of brains. And just about now I met a great many people, who, like the lady in Romance, possessed "just bunches of character."

I HAD not been singing long in New York before I made one of the greatest friends whom I have ever had, the novelist, F. Marion Crawford. It was not long before I discovered that he had a most appealing tenor voice. In fact, we often used to sing Faust and Romeo together, and I think I may honestly say that there have been some *Fausts* and some *Romeos* whom I would gladly have sacrificed for a little of Marion Crawford's artistry.

He was, more than almost any man I have ever known, acutely sensitive to beauty—so much so that when he was emotionally affected he would throw absolutely all restraint to the winds and reveal the deepest secrets of his heart.

One afternoon when he had come to see me and I had sung to him I noticed when I had finished, tears were streaming down his face.

I felt embarrassed, and, in order to give him time to recover, I suggested that perhaps he might care to write in my autograph book. He looked at me strangely, then said:

"I wonder if you would understand what I should write."

"Let me see," I said. And as I bent over his shoulder I saw that he had written:

"*Credo in resurrectionem mortuorum.*" (I believe in the resurrection of the dead.)

He laid down the pen, folded his hands, and, looking straight in front of him, told me the following story:

Years before, when he was quite a young man, he had fallen deeply in love with a girl who, at first, seemed to return his love. And then, one day, he discovered that she was untrue to him. The shock was so great that, instead of breaking his heart, it seemed to kill it.

"I became hard," he said, "and

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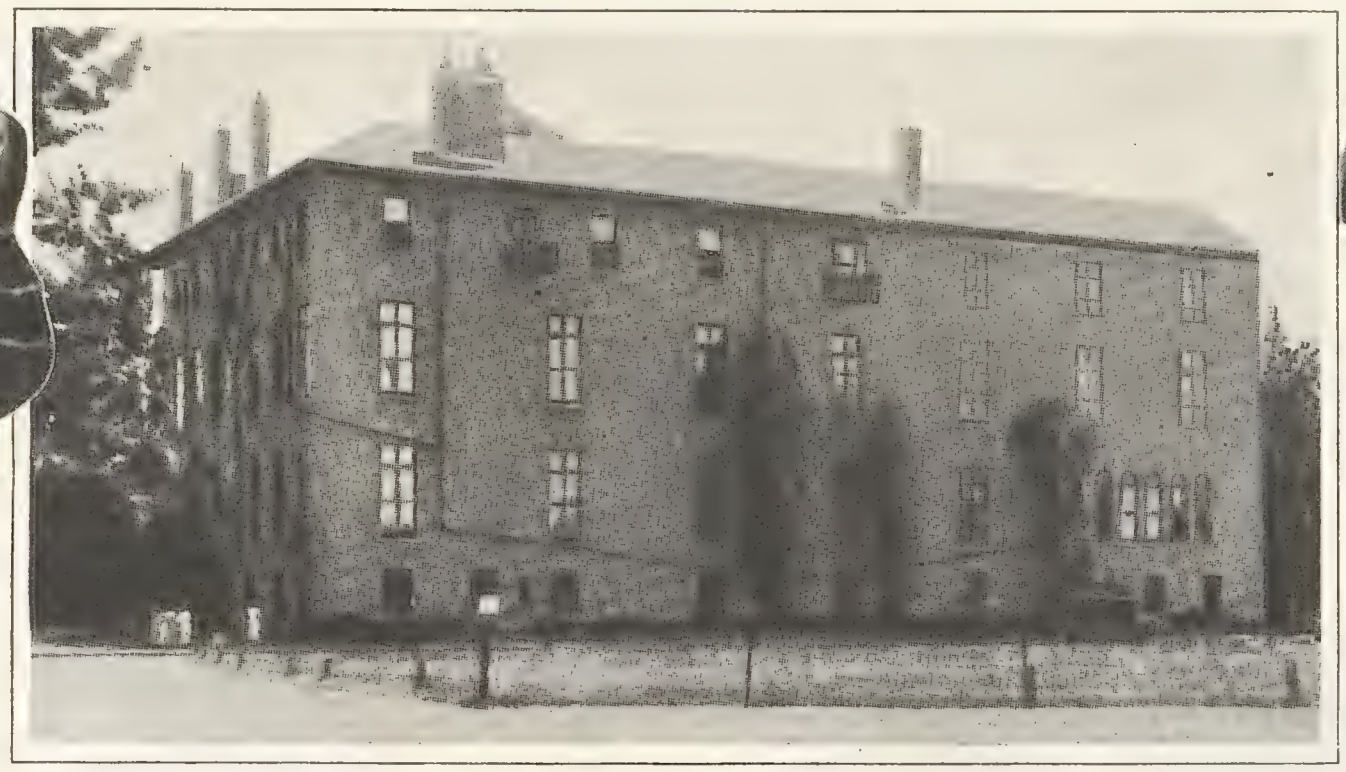
absolutely without feeling. In fact, I had lost faith in all women."

"But," he added, turning to me with a smile, "you have made me live again."

I don't think I have been more thankful for my gift of song than on that occasion.

It seems difficult to speak of John Jacob Astor in the same breath as Marion Crawford, but I feel that I must do so, because it was at that same time that I met both men.

Tall, with a metallic voice which seemed to snip his sentences rather than to say them, Mr. Astor was a strange character, a mixture of kindness and a quality which might perhaps best be described as indifference. Mr. Astor's parties were, of course, magnificent, from the orchids on the tables to the pictures on the walls — everything was almost overwhelmingly superb. And yet, in spite of his wealth, there were moments when one felt that the epithet "Scotch" would be almost too generous to give him.



Mrs. Jack Gardner (left), noted Boston patron of the arts, and (center) the Italian palace which she had brought stone by stone from Venice, and re-erected for her Boston home. To the right is the late W. K. Vanderbilt, whom Melba met in her early New York days.

I CANNOT help saying, though it does not come into this part of the story, that if it takes an American to be really generous, there have been moments when I have come to the conclusion that it takes an American to be really mean.

I shall never forget an occasion when Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, Calvé, Plançon, Coquelin, and I were crossing the Atlantic on the same ship as an immensely rich American, some time later.

We had learned indirectly that the Seamen's Charities had been doing very badly that year, and so we got together and decided we would give a concert as a benefit for them. We arranged the program, and when we started to collect for the seats as a little beginning we each put twenty pounds into the bag as our own contribution.

I went around the ship with the subscription list, and was delighted with the generosity with which I was greeted. When I showed the list to Jean, he said, naming the rich American:

"Ask him how much he will give."

"Of course," I said. "I had forgotten him."

I started off to the other end of the deck, where the multi-millionaire was sitting in an armchair, well wrapped in rugs.

"How much are the seats?" was his first question. I told him.

HE drew a long, reflective puff at his cigar, and then said, somewhat grudgingly:

"I will give you two hundred and fifty francs [twenty pounds] on condition that my wife and I have front seats."

I admit I was somewhat crestfallen at the result of my request, and I was also a little hurt by being treated as a sort of concert agent whose business is to put blue crosses in black squares.

I told him that he must see Monsieur Coquelin about the location of the seats; that I hoped he would enjoy the concert; that I was sure he deserved to do so in view of his generosity, and with that I left him.

We were then about two days out from New York. And some years later, in almost exactly the same locality, that multi-millionaire met his death in the Titanic disaster.

What delightful memories I have of these New York hostesses! Mrs. Ogden Mills, the mother of Lady Granard; Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, whose husband later was the United States ambassador in London. Also W. K. Vanderbilt.

I remember that W. K. Vanderbilt's house, which was full of divine treasures, was then in a part of New York which was regarded as quiet and secluded. I said to him one day:

"Won't it be a pity if this neighborhood becomes noisy and overbuilt?"

Mr. Vanderbilt laughed. "Oh, this will never get busy," he said. "Not for a generation or two, at any rate. We grow fast in New York, but we don't grow as fast as all that."

And yet today the Vanderbilt residence is in the very center of the city.

And then there was Mrs. Ogden Goelet, whose daughter was afterwards Duchess of Roxburghe. And while I am talking of Mrs. Goelet I cannot help recalling the *dénouement* to a rather dramatic incident in my life, which occurred a little later at her house in London.

Because the story illustrates so well not only the trials of a prima donna but the tact of that wonderful gentleman who was afterward Edward VII, I shall tell it in full.

I had been commanded to sing before Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. I was naturally honored by the command, but when, the day before the performance, I contracted laryngitis and was forced to go to bed, you can imagine I was bitterly disappointed. But this would have been nothing had it not been for the disastrous interpretation which was put on my illness to the Prince of Wales by one of his friends.

It was at Lady de Grey's party, about a week later, that I suddenly realized that I was in disgrace. I was talking to Charles Beresford when his royal highness was announced.

After his fashion, he looked all round the room, bowing to his friends one by one, but when his eyes reached my corner he glanced at me coldly for a moment and looked away. I felt absolutely miserable, and, thinking that everybody had noticed the slight, I sat down on the sofa, wishing that I could sink through the floor.

The next morning I rushed round to Lady de Grey's. I said to her:

"The Prince of Wales cut me last night. Can you possibly explain what it means?"

LADY DE GREY took my hand, and then, with a queer apologetic little smile, she said:

"Well, Nellie, I am afraid the Prince has heard that you were enjoying yourself on the Thames on the very night when you should have been singing at Buckingham Palace, and he is naturally rather offended about it."

I drew back in astonishment.

"It is an utter lie," I said. "A disgusting invention! I was ill in bed. I could hardly talk."

"Can you prove it?" said Lady de Grey.

"Of course," I answered. "Doctor Semon was attending me and will give me a certificate to say that what I tell you is the truth. But what use is that? What am I to do?"

Lady de Grey smiled.

"Don't worry," she said. "Leave it to me."

I did leave it to her, and I thanked my good

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fortune that I had so stanch a friend. Audiences with the Prince of Wales cannot be had for the mere asking, even when the person who desires the audience is in good favor. And when he is not——! However, Lady de Grey managed it for me. And at four o'clock one afternoon I drove to Marlborough House and was shown into the Prince's suite.

He stood up and bowed stiffly.

"You wish to see me?"

"Yes, sir. I am terribly unhappy. You cut me at Lady de Grey's the other night."

He looked away and frowned, then said:

"Why didn't you sing at Buckingham Palace?"

"I was ill, sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

For answer I drew out my certificate and held it before him. The Prince looked at me for a moment, and then slowly a smile hovered on his lips.

"Oh, I don't want to read that," he said.

I told him how ill I had been, how I was lying in bed with laryngitis; how I was hardly able to speak; and I added, "Surely, sir, you could not imagine that I would do such a terrible thing, having had the honor to be asked to sing at Buckingham Palace."

The Prince then smiled his wonderful smile, and I knew all was well. He shook me warmly by the hand, and I took my leave.

And it was two nights later, at Mrs. Ogden Goelet's house in London, that this tragic little comedy was finished. The scene was at dinner, and the Prince had honored us by sitting at our table. There was a moment's pause in the conversation, and, looking at me, with a little glance at his hostess, he lifted his glass and said:

"Madame and I have had a little misunderstanding. But we have made it up, now, and we are going to be great friends again. Madame Melba, I drink to you."

An amazing incident occurred at a dinner given to us, just about this time, in the Millionaires' Club in New York. Jean de Reszke was sitting next to me, and almost immediately opposite us was Tamagno, sitting on the right of the wife of the Italian ambassador. I had already been informed of Tamagno's self-esteem, and I was so amused and so anxious not to miss any evidence of it that I fear I must have been a dull conversationalist.

HOWEVER, I had not long to wait. A mysterious thing happened. Tamagno had spread out a table napkin on his knees, and was glancing round him with avaricious eyes. I whispered to Jean:

"What is he doing?"

"I don't know, but it looks odd."

It was odd, more so than we thought. For Tamagno began to pop some crystallized fruits into his napkin, quite calmly, as though he were doing the most natural thing in the world. The fruits were shortly joined by salted almonds and chocolates, all of which were carefully laid in Tamagno's hoard.

What the wife of the Italian ambassador must have thought throughout that dinner I hesitate to think. But worse was to come.

The time arrived for the women to leave the table. My eyes were so glued to Tamagno that I hardly realized where I was. But in a sort of a dream I saw him get up, take one of the beautiful bunches of orchids with which we had all been presented, bow gracefully, and say:

"*E permesso, signora. E per la mia filia chi e ammalata a l'albergo.*" (With your permission, Madame. It is for my daughter, who is ill at the inn.

The poor woman was so astonished that she could only smile artificially and murmur that of course he was permitted to take them. If Tamagno had also calmly stuffed his pockets with knives and forks she would probably, in her bewildered condition, have murmured the same thing. Anyway, Tamagno took the orchids. And then, to my undying amazement, he rose from the table, clutching his bundle tightly, and went out with the women, leaving the men to themselves.

Poor Tamagno. I knew what to expect from him after that dinner. But, even so, I was not prepared for another similar incident which occurred when Mancinelli gave a little luncheon to some of us in an Italian restaurant in New York. Among the dishes were veal cutlets *à la Milanaise*. At the end of the course several still happened to be left. This was too much for Tamagno.

Leaning over the table, with a side glance at the cutlets, he said to Mancinelli: "What are you going to do with those?"

"Do with them?" replied the bewildered Mancinelli. "Nothing."

"Ah!" Tamagno sighed, with satisfaction. In his resonant tones he summoned a waiter. "*Date mi un jiornale*" (Give me a newspaper), he cried.

The newspaper was brought. And then, with the utmost deliberation, Tamagno proceeded to wrap up the cutlets, one by one, in the newspaper. Suddenly pausing, and sensing that an explanation was required, he said, "You see, my little dog—he loves veal cutlets."

The sequel to this story is worthy of note. On the next day Mancinelli called at Tamagno's private suite at noon. He and his daughter

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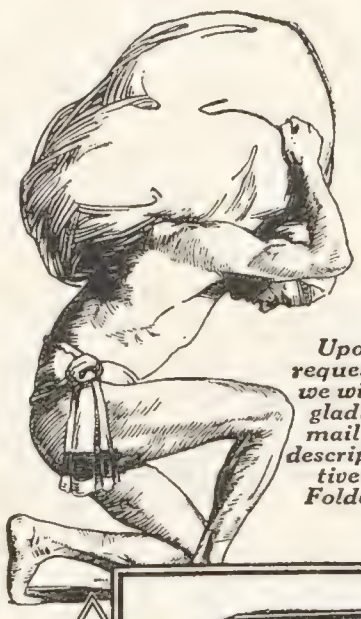

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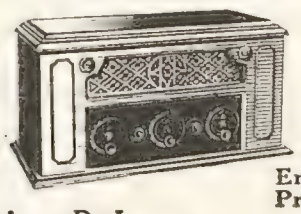

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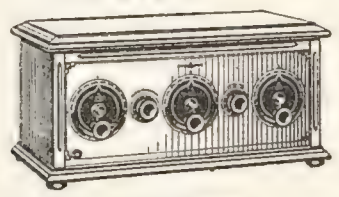

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were just sitting down to lunch. Need I tell you the dish in the center of the table?

The time had come for me to leave New York and to journey to Boston. I should probably not have visited Boston so early—the spring of 1894—had it not been for the enormous success of the New York season, which prompted Mr. Abbey to arrange this special tour. But I shall never be sufficiently thankful that I did go, for it was to be my introduction to the world's finest body of musicians—the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I wonder if the average reader to whom an orchestra is just an orchestra, a collection of instruments and nothing more, can realize the great soul which animated that superb institution. I grew to love that orchestra almost as though it had been a single human being instead of a collection. And from the very first moment I admired and venerated its patron and inspirer, Major Higginson.

Major Higginson is one of the unknown heroes of musical history. Even in America he is comparatively unhonored. And yet, had it not been for him, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, even if it had managed to survive, would not have attained anything like the same degree of excellence.

Major Higginson was one of the very first types of American. The type that says to himself:

"I want the best. I am going to have the best. And I don't care how much I have to pay for it."

He would suddenly say to his directors:

"I have heard that there is a little man in the orchestra in Madrid who plays the flute like an angel. We have got to have him. Send him a cablegram. Go over if necessary. Kidnap him if the worst comes to the worst. But get him."

FOR thirty-seven years Major Higginson fought for his orchestra, day in and day out, as though it were some beloved child. It was, of course, a nonunion body — a fact that I have always thought particularly significant. And nobody, however exalted their position in the world of music or society, could ever engage the Boston Symphony for extra performances.

The actual engaging was always done by his manager, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, who was given *carte blanche* whenever he went to Europe, and so nobody seemed to realize that it was Higginson whom they had to thank.

How much they had to thank him for! He would allow pupils and students into the great hall for the nominal price of twenty-five cents, and many is the time I have seen them standing in long queues outside the building, having waited from five o'clock in the morning in rain and cold to obtain admission. So much for those who say that America is not a music-loving country.

An absurd memory occurs to me while I write of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. One of the trombone players—a superb performer—became so inflated with his prowess that he decided that his wife was not a fit companion for his genius, and applied for a divorce. When the case came to court, the judge said to him:

"Don't you care for your wife any more?"

"No," replied the man. "I have become an eagle. She has remained a sparrow. You can't expect us to live together any more."

"Eagle or no eagle," said the judge, dryly, "you have got to keep her, whether you live together or not."

When I first sang with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, although I knew after five minutes that I had never sung to such a marvelous accompaniment, I did not fully realize the prestige which the orchestra had. It was a prestige so exceptional that most foreign artists were rather awed by it and never dared even the smallest criticism. I suppose I must have been different.

One day we were rehearsing the Allegro ed il Pensieroso of Handel, with flute obbligato. In an important part one of the instruments played a C-natural instead of a C-sharp.

"C-sharp, C-sharp," I shouted, turning and pointing at the man who had made the mistake.

There was a dead silence. Then they all burst out laughing. And I realized I had created a record as far as the Boston Symphony Orchestra was concerned. Nobody had dared to criticize them like that since the time of their formation.

Yes—Boston knew the best in music, and it has always had it. Indeed, all American audiences are audiences before which it is a delight to sing. Their praise is worth as much as, if not more than, that of any audience in the world.

It was in Boston that I first met the man with whom I was to be associated under the happiest circumstances for many years, Mr. Charles Ellis. Mr. Ellis at that time was a young man with a comparatively small reputation. I was under contract with Abbey and Grau, but Mr. Ellis arranged a concert for me in Boston, which was so perfectly staged and managed that I decided I would get him to do some more work for me.

He came to see me one morning, and as soon as I saw him and had talked to him I appreciated his brilliant sense of organization and business acumen, and within twenty minutes of his entering the room we had arranged that in future he should be the sole manager in America for Nellie Melba.

WHAT is there about Boston that makes its society so charming, with the same quiet appeal which one finds among one's friends in England? There is a quality about the social life in Boston totally different from that of most great American cities, a quality which can best be described as one of repose. Certainly, at least, I can imagine no other American city capable of producing that unique figure, Mrs. Jack Gardner.

To some extent Mrs. Gardner occupied the position in the United States which Lady de Grey held in London, and certainly no other woman in America could possibly have conceived the stupendous plan of bringing over from Europe an entire Venetian palace and setting it up, stone by stone, in Boston.

She was in the middle of this vast enterprise when I met her, and she was naturally full of excitement. Every stone of the palace had to be numbered and checked. Every precious piece of carving had to be packed in shavings and preserved from careless hands. Even the Italian plants in their original pots, filled with Italian earth, made that perilous journey across the Atlantic, and arrived, by some miracle, to flower under a foreign sun.

Of course I was longing to see "it," as she always described her palace, but "it" was sternly guarded from all prying eyes until it was finished. Nobody, not even the President of the United States, would have been allowed to enter. Everything, inside and out, had to be perfect before Mrs. Gardner would share her treasure with the world.

Meanwhile, we had to be content with rumors of what was going on inside, of which one of the most prevalent was that a certain Italian prince was lingering in prison for allowing one of his pictures to be smuggled out of Italy for a consideration of forty thousand pounds.

Then one day the summons came. Mrs. Gardner rang me up on the telephone.

"It's finished," she said, a note of triumph in her voice, "and you're going to be one of the first people to see it. May I call for you this afternoon at three o'clock?" Needless to say, I accepted.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

It was a bitterly cold afternoon when we set out for the palace, with a blizzard blowing at sixty miles an hour. Imagine, therefore, my delight when we arrived and two tall Italian servants opened the door to admit us to an exquisite garden full of spring flowers. For the courtyard of the *palazzo* had all been roofed in with glass so that, even in winter, one could have Italian flowers and a very fair counterfeit of southern warmth.

A room which she called the Van Dyck room was one which immediately captured my attention. It was of immense size, with a tall roof which even in the daytime was shrouded in shadow. At night it was lit with hundreds of candles, and the first effect one had on entering it was that of darkness so thick that none of the pictures could be seen. However, one had not been in that room five minutes before every picture became clearly visible in its smallest detail.

People talked about Mrs. Gardner, of course, as they talked about anybody who takes the trouble to undertake a really big job. But she took no notice—this great little woman—but went on her way with the fervor of the æsthete (that much-abused word).

One picture of her will always linger in my memory—that of the little ceremony with which she always preluded her dinner parties.

Imagine a long Italian gallery, dimly lighted, with white statues glimmering on either side and a hint of marvelous pictures in the dusk. We all gather at one end of the gallery and then Mrs. Gardner—a tiny figure in white draperies—lights a taper. Very slowly she walks down the gallery in silence while we wait, past the statues into the distance, and then we see her gravely light two little candles in front of an altar at the far end.

It was an unforgettable sight, and, naturally enough, people used to talk about Mrs. Gardner and try to make out that her palace was a failure. I wish they could have seen her as I did, sitting in her music room, on a big throne, surrounded by all the most interesting people in the America of her day.

They did not come to her (as is often the fate of art patrons) for gifts, though she was certainly the most generous of women, as I am reminded by a beautiful yellow diamond which she gave me.

HER method of presenting it was indeed characteristic. She came to see me one day at my hotel, stayed talking for a while, and, just as she was about to depart, drew a little parcel wrapped in white tissue paper from her bag, saying, "I have brought you a little souvenir that I thought you might like."

The little souvenir was the yellow diamond. One cannot help wondering how some other people of one's acquaintance, if they had so forgotten themselves as to part with a yellow diamond at all, would have given it.

But Mrs. Gardner was loved, not for her gifts, but for herself, for the wonderful spirit of fine culture which seemed to radiate from her. Sargent, the famous painter, for example, loved to be in her company more than anyone else in the United States, and once he got inside the palace nothing would drag him out. He painted a very beautiful portrait of his hostess, and another of his most famous pictures, that of a Spanish dancing girl, hangs in a long gallery at the palace and we used to sit and look at it as we drank our coffee after dinner.

Chicago was, in those days, an even greater contrast to Boston than New York. In fact, all my early memories of Chicago were rather turbulent.

I shall never forget an evening when I was singing with Jean de Reszke in Romeo and Juliet. It seemed to me as the performance progressed that we were not holding the audience as we usually did, and that somewhere in the back of the hall there was a disturbance brewing.

And then there was a commotion, a general rising, a few startled screams, a confusion in the orchestra, and before I knew what had happened I saw, clambering over the footlights, a man with staring eyes and the face of a lunatic coming quickly toward me.

It *was* a lunatic, a man who had escaped from an asylum and had obtained entry to the house. For a moment everybody was paralyzed. And then Jean came to the rescue. He ran forward, drawing his stage sword from its scabbard and waving it fiercely in the man's face. The man looked as though he might give fight—and if he had done so I don't know what would have happened, for he was a powerful fellow and a stage sword is not a very good weapon to match against the strength of a maniac.

However, just as things began to look serious, a party of men from the wings rushed on the scene and dragged off the lunatic.

It was not very easy to play *Juliet* after that fracas.

In the next installment Madame Melba tells of Count Boni de Castellane and other prominent figures; of her California visit, and of a theater fire during one of her performances in San Francisco.

Adds $1,300 to His Income

—Thanks to Traffic Management

"When I enrolled for LaSalle training in Traffic Management," writes C. W. Bridger, a Georgia man, "I was chief clerk for one of the big cotton oil companies. When I finished, I was Assistant Traffic Manager of this same concern, and my salary had been increased by $1,300 a year. I found that by devoting not more than two hours a night three nights a week to this training—no more time than I had been giving to the reading of current fiction—I had put more money in my pocket at the end of fifteen months' study than I had ever been able to put there before in any equivalent fifteen months of my life."

Are you—like Bridger—following a well-organized plan to double—triple—quadruple your salary? Or are you relying for advancement upon day-to-day experience? LaSalle offers a sound and practical *salary-doubling plan* which has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. If a successful career is worth a 2c stamp and two minutes of your time, check the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place the coupon in the mail TODAY.

LaSalle Extension University
The World's Largest Business Training Institution
Dept. 1131-TR Chicago

Tell me about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation. ☐ Traffic Management

☐ Business Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

Be Sure HER *Xmas Cleaner has* BALL BEARINGS

The Christmas Gift should be one of *lasting service.* Nothing could be more appropriate than the CADILLAC whose ball bearings eliminate oiling and motor troubles and guarantee service for a *lifetime.*

The *Cadillac* has the famous "NORMA" Precision Ball Bearings, also an oversize ¼ H. P. air cooled motor which develops maximum suction.

Modern Priscilla Proving Plant says the CADILLAC is 38% *more efficient* than their own testing machine. Approved also by Good Housekeeping and New York Tribune Institutes.

Plain bearing machines sell at the same price. Why be satisfied with anything but the *Ball Bearing Cadillac?*

TRY IT BEFORE YOU BUY

For free trial, write for name of nearest dealer. Send for Free booklet, Care of Rugs & Furnishings.

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
605 Fulton St., Chicago
73 Duchess Street, Toronto, Canada

BALL BEARING
Cadillac
Master of Cleaners!

Manufactured Since 1910
Save Your Back—With a Cadillac

The World's Standard
AMPLION

"Brings in instruments lost in other speakers"

I HAVE listened to many loud speakers, but never to any music which can compare with that reproduced by the Amplion. The sound is clear, sweet and well modulated. It brings in clearly instruments in bands and orchestras that were lost in other speakers. Through my Amplion I enjoy my radio to a degree I had never thought possible."

The world over, music lovers thus praise this creation of the originators and oldest makers of loudspeakers. To hear an Amplion is to understand. Six models, including phonograph units, $12 to $42.50. Write for 'Amplion Pedigree' and dealer's name.

THE AMPLION CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Suite J, 280 Madison Ave., New York
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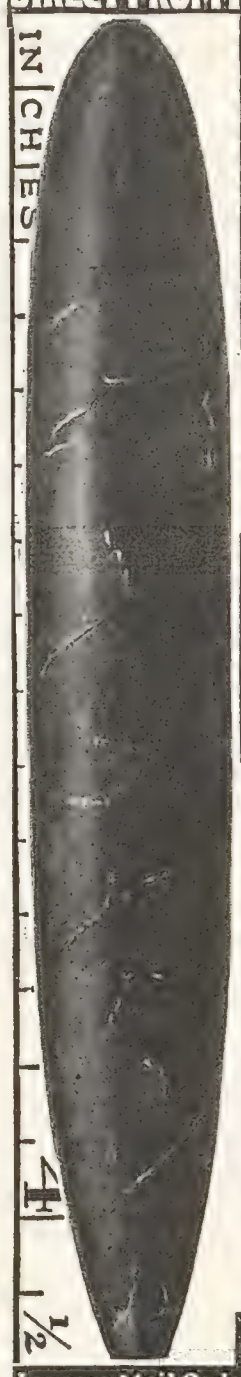
DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU!



100 Edwin's Genuine Seconds
$4.90
Same Quality Tobacco used in 15¢ Cigars

THEY are not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Our customers call them DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

We will include FREE to each purchaser of 100 CIGARS OUR EDWIN SAMPLE CASE

CONTAINING ONE CIGAR each of our 12 BEST SELLERS, priced up to $30.00 per 100. Only one sample case FREE to each customer. This offer is made just to

"Get Acquainted"

This SPECIAL OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 28th

Send check or pay on arrival. Your money back if you don't receive at least DOUBLE VALUE. Transportation charges paid by us. Please state mild, medium, strong. *Established 1903.* Reference, any bank in U.S.

EDWIN CIGAR CO.
2336-40 3rd Ave. NEW YORK
Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the U.S.A.

Bunk Banquets

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

We Go, and Suffer, and Pay—and There's a Reason; It's the Newest Wrinkle in "Easy Money" Getting!

PICTURE BY RAY ROHN

Conventions, college clubs, visiting dignitaries, all demand a culminating celebration, and a banquet is the only thing that our national imagination seems capable of devising.

A GROUP of bankers and national leaders got together the other night and started a Big Movement for Economy All Down the Line. It was pretty impressive. They said that the first problem before the country today [applause] was the elimination of waste—waste in expenditures, waste in time, and waste in the hearts of his countrymen. [No laughter, but some slight applause from the speaker's two cousins.]

And how did these prophets of Economy crying out in the wilderness elect to assemble in this momentous conclave? What agency did they pick to get their views before the public? A banquet. A banquet, which is, in itself, the great symbol of American waste today.

There are certain banquets which it is probably hopeless to try to forestall. Trade conventions, associated college clubs, visiting dignitaries, all more or less demand a culminating celebration of some sort, and a banquet is the only thing that our national imagination seems capable of devising. But there are banquets which have not even the justification of *cameraderie* or the brotherhood of selling the same line of goods. These mysterious festivals are usually the result of an enterprise about as spontaneous as the building of the East River Bridge. They are cold-blooded frame-ups, and are, in the language of the after-dinner encomium tosser, "the result of the vision and foresight and business sagacity of one man."

This one man is usually someone who has tried several dozen other jobs since the war, each with a certain amount of financial success but each of such a nature as to allow of a more or less temporary employment. This one man then, being nothing if not astute, realizes the fondness of the American public for cheering and the even greater fondness of American public men for being cheered. So he makes himself up a title, such as "The American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts," buys himself a new dress suit, has letterheads printed, and opens up an office in Room 1175, Hucksters' Bank Building.

The next step is the location of a client. He has practically the entire volume of Who's Who to choose from, for there is at least one man on every page who is just crazy to have a banquet given for him. So, running his finger at random down the first page he opens to, he lights on the name of "Thomas Merkin Wilney, Author," or "Norman L. Heglit, Theatrical Producer." Let us say that, the weather being what it is, Mr. Norman L. Heglit seems to be the best bet.

The next day Mr. Heglit is approached. How would he like to have a big testimonial dinner given him by "The American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts"? Without ever having heard of "The American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts" before, Mr. Heglit says, "Fine." Our *entrepreneur* thinks that he can fix it, if Mr. Heglit will pay for the printing. Out of the printing appropriation will come the cost of the banquet hall, lighting, dinner, service, bunting, and a slight commission for the *entrepreneur* for all his trouble. Mr. Heglit does a little calculating on the back of an envelope and decides that it would be worth it.

So "The American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts" goes back to his office in Room 1175 Hucksters' Bank Building and dictates the following letter to a list of prominent men and women throughout the land:

DEAR ———

As you probably know, the American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts is giving, on the evening of November the sixth, a testimonial dinner to Norman L. Heglit, the eminent theatrical producer, in recognition of his twenty-five years of distinguished service in behalf of the American theater. We would esteem it a great favor if you would lend your name to the honorary committee in charge of this event. This will involve the expenditure of no time on your part. Etc.

H. G. WAMSLEY,
For the Committee.

The distinguished ladies and gentlemen who receive this letter have never heard of the "American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts" or of H. G. Wamsley, but they have heard of Norman L. Heglit, and the name of the society sounds all right and what's the worst that can happen to them? They do not even have to go to the dinner. So enough of them accept the honor to make quite a respectable-looking letterhead.

On this letterhead Mr. Wamsley writes to a selected list of prominent speakers, actors, producers and wits, and signing it again, "For the Committee," asks them to the dinner as the committee's guests, and will they say just a few words?

Here again the speakers are rather in the dark, but the names of the committee are impressive, and they have heard of Mr. Heglit and they all like to get up at a banquet table and "say a few words"; so a goodly number of them fall, and the layout is complete.

All that remains is for Mr. Wamsley to send out the invitations heavy again with the names of the honorary committee and startling with its promised array of notable speakers, all of which is placed at the disposal of the lucky invitee at five dollars a throw.

AND then the miracle happens. Hundreds of otherwise sensible citizens, flattered at receiving an invitation from so distinguished a committee and nervously eager to hear the prominent speech-makers in this line-up, make out a check for five dollars and send it to Mr. Wamsley, treasurer of the American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts. And, on the night of November sixth, they leave comfortable homes and assemble in droves to listen to five or six representatives of the liberal arts lose all track of the time.

The net result is that Mr. H. G. ("American Academy of Natural and Applied Arts") Wamsley makes out a fat deposit slip downstairs in the Hucksters' Bank, Mr. Norman L. Heglit is richer by a large amount of publicity and "good will," and each of the suckers is out a cool five checker-berries.

In the same class of nonfraternal get-togethers are the banquets arranged by the various leagues of one kind or another. On these occasions the thrill comes in sitting at a table with one person whom you knew in school and trying to pick out the celebrities who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just once over and it's CLEAN

Brush-sweeps and Air-cleans ~at once!

The revolving motor-brush agitates the surface, breaks up clogged and imbedded dirt, loosens grit. Then powerful clean air suction draws off and into the bag all particles of dirt and grit. Even the finest dust particles, unseen except in a strong shaft of sunlight under ordinary cleaning methods, are irresistibly sucked in.

Suction alone will not remove surface litter —threads, lint, hair. Motor-brush action is necessary.

Suction without brush agitation will fail to dislodge deep-rooted dirt.

Both in this super-unit

In Hamilton Beach you have both necessary actions combined—brush action and powerful suction—acting at once. The most efficient cleaning device ever invented and perfected.

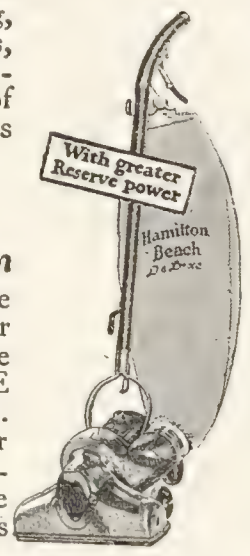
Increases life of rugs

Unless quickly and completely removed, sand and gritty dirt gradually grind themselves into the nap of the rug—and actually destroy it. Hamilton Beach at once removes all particles without damage to nap, warp or woof.

Cleans everything in the house

Low clearance and easy handle adjustment permit cleaning without moving furniture.

Common sense attachments clean everything in the house: velour furniture, clothing, draperies, mouldings, bookcases, pianos, radiators, and all sorts of hard-to-get-at places and corners.



FREE
Self-Demonstration

We will gladly arrange for our nearest dealer to lend you an advance 1926 model for a FREE Self-Demonstration. Write for it, and folder which tells how Super-suction added to the Motor-brush multiplies cleaning power.

Hamilton Beach *Vacuum Sweeper*

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

DEALERS! Just a line on your letterhead will bring you a sample cleaner for examination. Also selling facts, figures, and an interesting selling plan.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

are advertised as being present.

"I think that's Rupert Hughes," you whisper to your neighbor, and in return for this information he tells you that he thinks that woman in the black dress is Kathleen Norris. It transpires later that the two are George M. Wass, press agent for Forget-Me-Not Films, Inc., and Miss Ida Rolly, press agent for the hotel, respectively.

You cannot blame Mr. H. G. Wamsley for organizing banquets any more than you can blame James J. Hill for organizing that great big railroad that he organized, but all over the country there are people getting up dinners who don't even get a dime out of it. And they certainly can't get any fun out of it. And if they don't get fun out of it, who does?

The whole thing is very confusing.

THE END

Measuring Your Mind

An Easy and Fascinating Test to Help You Estimate Your Brain Power

SO MANY persons protested when Liberty discontinued its mental quizzes that they are to be revived and run alternately with the cross-word puzzles. If you are a puzzle hound, watch for a puzzle next week; if you are a devotee of the mind tests, there will be another one for you the week following the puzzle. If you are both, you'll look for this page of mental tricks every week.

The statements given below are framed to test your general knowledge. In some of the statements, though not in all, there are discrepancies which spoil the sense. If you are sure a statement is correct write YES after it. If you find some impossibility write NO after the paragraph and underline the inconsistent phrase or phrases.

1. Irene packed her overnight suitcase with all its accessories, realizing that she would need it on the long train trip from Minneapolis to St. Paul.

2. When the fantastic parade in honor of the royal visitor passed the reviewing stand last month, the Prince of Wales stroked his long, white beard meditatively.

3. When the football score was thirteen to seven, Norman of the Orange team made a touchdown and tied the score.

4. The first day Polly spent in Palm Beach, Florida, she met with an annoying accident. Snowshoeing across the beach, she tripped over a coconut imbedded in the snow and sprained her ankle.

5. The storekeeper picked up the two-pound iron weight and hurled it after the fleeing thief. Instead of hitting him it bounded into the lake, where we could see it bobbing about on the waves.

6. When George Bernard Shaw was visiting New York he attended a performance of his play, Candida.

7. After one of the most charming dinner parties Milwaukee has ever known, Josephine seated herself gracefully before her harp and played some sprightly selections while Gordon did the Charleston. During the performance the only sound which could be heard was the quiet lapping of the waters of Lake Michigan.

8. Leaving New York at 3:30 P. M., Ed made the run to Chicago in twenty-two hours, arriving there at 12:30 P. M.

9. On the eighth of June in 1602 a small band of Pilgrims gathered in their meeting house near the shore of Cape Cod and gave thanks for their safety.

10. Somewhere between San Francisco and Philadelphia, Randall, who was traveling with Mary and her brother, lost an oval pin set with a square diamond and a small sapphire.

11. On the thirteenth hole Roderic crossed the river and landed on the green with one stroke. Par for this hole is three, and by sinking a seven-foot putt the young golfer made a birdie.

12. While the bride and groom stood before the altar a wild-eyed young woman in the audience jumped up and demanded that the wedding ceremony be stopped so that the groom might sign a check for five hundred dollars which she said he owed her. A strong usher dragged the woman from the church and the ceremony went forward.

13. The train stopped on top of the mountain for the passengers to see the Continental Divide. A small stream of water running from north to south along the back of the mountain forked near the railroad track; one branch running down the western slope and one down the eastern slope. The western fork eventually emptied into the Atlantic Ocean and the eastern fork into the Pacific.

14. In 1925, just seven years after the signing of the Armistice, the young war veteran from Pewaukee revisited the scene of his first battle.

15. With his left arm the young man in the high hat held the girl in a tight embrace, raining kisses on her upturned face, while with his right hand he drew a revolver from his pocket and holding it at the back of her head pulled the trigger.

Answers to these questions and instructions for grading your mentality will be found on page 70.

Does Your Mirror Reflect Hair of Natural, Youthful Beauty?

Three Ways to Tint Gray Hair

There are three and only three possible ways of coloring gray, faded or streaked hair.

You can use a quick, powerful dye such as furriers use to dye pelts, but which contains poison and is often harmful.

You can use a slow dye—one that calls itself a "restorer"—which necessitates going over the hair every day for a week or ten days before the desired color is obtained.

Or you can use a safe, quick hair tint which needs only one application, is guaranteed harmless to hair, scalp or skin and which is lasting.

Such a hair tint is

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

With this clean, harmless liquid you can quickly and easily tint your gray, streaked or faded hair to any shade from lightest blond to deep brown or raven black. It will not rub off or wash out. It colors the hair lastingly, thoroughly permeating each strand. Afterwards you need apply it only to the new growth.

Take the endorsement of thousands of women in all parts of the United States and Canada. Tint your gray hair today. But be sure and use satisfactory harmless Brownatone.

For sale by all drug and department stores, 50c and $1.50. Two colors: lightest blonde to medium brown and dark brown to black. For trial bottle send 10c to cover postage and packing.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct 50c.

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
2006 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada Address, Windsor, Ont.

SPECIAL OFFER

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
2006 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.

Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send trial bottles of Brownatone and NaTone Lemonated Shampoo. I have checked shade of Brownatone preferred—golden brown —, medium brown—, dark brown—, black—

Name .....

Address .....

Driven by BEAUTY *to* New Rochelle

Being the Inside Story of How Coles Phillips' Ideal Girl Got Him Into Trouble—and How Mr. Phillips Got Out of It!

By

WALTER DAVENPORT

Courtesy F. H. Roberts Co.

A "Coles Phillips ad," adorned with the girl who, Mr. Phillips says, is an ideal and no one young woman in particular.

Dickoff Photo

COLES PHILLIPS

THERE are nearly two million men in New York City who are willing to prove that they cannot be hounded out by good-looking girls. They say they are all set to defend themselves against an army of flappers of any age provided that they're beautiful.

These gentlemen will, in fact, stand on any designated corner and dare every pretty female to attack them, singly or *en masse*. Their sole condition is that the ladies grant no quarter.

But Coles Phillips, this country's most expensive commercial illustrator, is not one of the two million—in fact, he has already fled. He gave up the battle some time ago and now can be found hiding in New Rochelle, one of New York's suburbs.

Whose fault it was is not for one judge to decide. The fact is that Phillips weakened during the second invasion from the West and fled the night he received this letter:

Dear Mr. Phillips:

How did you ever do it with me living away out in Spokane? Were you present at any of our bathing parties at Hoopa Lake without any of us knowing it? But of course you must have been, because that's the only place I swim and of course I don't wear my one-piece swimming suit elsewhere. Ha, Ha!

The minute I saw that advt. for that paint I knew you must have been at Hoopa Lake. What did you do, take my photo when I wasn't looking? Really, I don't know whether I ought to forgive you or not. All my friends say that they never saw anything like it, it was so good of me.

But now, dear man, you will not have to come all the way to Spokane again because I am coming to New York. I will arrive on the night of the 27th and I guess I needn't tell you how you'll know me at the station with you remembering me the way the advt. shows you do.

© Oneida Community, Ltd.

Another of Mr. Phillips' highly decorative—and expensive—advertising designs.

I am bringing with me a few sketches I did myself for the sorority annual in the S. H. S. (Spokane High, '20). They are only my little efforts, hardly worth looking at, as I just dashed them off after reading a little thing by Edna St. Vincent Millay, but my friends say they're real good. Conceited?

Mr. Phillips read no further. He hardly waited for Mrs. Phillips, but ran and ran until he fell down where his studio is now located, and hid. And he has been out of breath ever since, so he has stayed there.

He is, as far as I know, the only reasonable-looking man who has ever admitted himself no match for large groups of beautiful women. He knew that he was due for defeat, thereby indicating his wisdom. In one year seven hundred and twenty-three thousand six hundred and forty-one women decided that it was their hair, their eyes, their shoulders, their arms, and their legs that Coles Phillips had in mind when he drew his soap, pork products, silverware, indirect lighting, seeing America first, new art tapestries, candy, and dressmaker advertising posters, not to mention his magazine covers and illustrations.

GREATER wisdom has no man than knowing when he is about to be licked. Sitting in that New Rochelle studio, we talked about women, as what men won't? It was a very circumspect conversation, both of us blushing when, inadvertently, the word "leg" obtruded itself. We did our very best to be inoffensive, referring to limbs (up—r and lo—r) and avoiding other embarrassment by shyly saying "physical development" rather than—— But let it pass.

We leavened our dialogue with frequent quotations from the Psalms and the Life of Queen Victoria. Now and then the talk turned to carrier pigeons and their squabs, which Mr. Phil-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

This is "HUNCH"

—one of the most famous characters in advertising history. Recognized all over the world as the Prince Albert man. You can find his prototype in any town. He's up on politics, baseball and horses, and has the real low-down on pipe tobacco. Name's "HUNCH."

Play this hunch and you *can't* lose

GET out that little old jimmy-pipe. Fill the bowl to the brim with Prince Albert and light up! Will you *like* it? Man, *man!* Does a kid like ice cream? Can a bullfrog dive? You bet you *will* like it, like you never liked anything before.

Because, what a man's smoke-appetite hankers for, Prince Albert's got nothing else except! Yes, *sir,* you can bet your life on that. You'll fire-up right after breakfast and stay with it till the little blue stars wig-wag "Good night."

Never was a pipe tobacco like good old P. A. Cool and sweet and soothing, the smoke zooms up the stem, bowling over pet peeves and filling your system with a new kind of joy. And how kind it is to your tongue and throat. That's because the Prince Albert process cuts out bite and parch ab-so-lute-ly!

So, slip into top-speed and head for the nearest store where they hand out jimmy-pipe joy in tidy red tins. If you haven't got a jimmy-pipe, get one now. Then borrow a match and you're all set for a smoke *experience!*

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

Look at the U.S. revenue stamp—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1925, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

lips raises and in which he is deeply interested.

"How did you arrive at the type of girl you have so enthusiastically glorified?" I asked. "Process of elimination or what?"

"She is an ideal," he replied. "There was no one girl. It has been said that Mrs. Phillips is my model. That isn't exactly true. To be sure she has posed for me and still does from time to time. It's like this."

We lowered our voices and pulled down our hat brims, not because the Prince of Wales wears his that way, but because several suspicious-looking females were in sight.

"EVEN when I was drawing for the college publications, when I was an undergraduate," he confided, "I had a certain type of woman in mind. It took me some time to produce her on canvas, but that was because what my mind saw had not reached my fingers. I'd say, offhand, that the ideal would be about five feet six inches tall and weigh about one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty pounds. Moreover, that poundage required normal distribution. Also, a certain part of the weight is required above the ears. Presently the ideal began to appear on the canvas."

"And then," I said, "your troubles began."

"Not immediately," he objected. "You see, when I got that ideal girl on canvas she simply happened to strike a popular fancy. In other words, she was the ideal of others, too—apparently a great many others. At any rate, there was quite a response. You will find parallels in other lines. A merchant will hit upon a certain variation of his staple product, or a writer will, either by design or accident, hit upon a character or treatment of a character which will find immediate response. They are accordingly rewarded by a public which finds their product to its liking."

"Then, as a matter of fact," I interrupted, "you really don't need a model."

© Pratt & Lambert, Inc.

"When I got that ideal girl on canvas she simply happened to strike a popular fancy. In other words, she was the ideal of others, too—apparently a great many others." This is a varnish advertisement.

"Oh, yes, you do," he replied. "Working without a model might produce something more artistic because your imagination is not limited by the actual, just as, if you don't mind, the writing man is most entertaining when not hampered by facts."

We both laughed heartily. In fact, we thought we'd die. We pounded each other on the back gleefully until, missing his back, I caught him on the chin with a solid right. That sobered us.

Among the women—not professional models—who have posed for Phillips are Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Irene Castle, and Ganna Walska. At the present time the young woman who is keeping Mr. Phillips' brush from straying too far toward the fantastic is a member of the chorus. It would be no trouble whatever to give her three rousing cheers every half hour. Not a headache in a battalion of her.

"HOW did you develop that fade-out poster effect you used to do so much?" I inquired. "You know—the sort of thing where the gown merges with the background until only the head, the arms, and the slim calves and ankles and feet are visible."

"I was spending the night, some years ago, with a friend who played the violin," he answered. "We were in a large room, in which the only light was that coming in from the street. Quite dark in that room. He was playing that thing of Brahms'—what's its name?"

"Opus something or other?"

"That's it. He was in dark clothes. He wore patent leather shoes. As I watched him there in the dark, swaying as he played, I noticed a point of light on the toe of one of his shoes—on the toe. As I watched it and saw how the shape of this high light suggested the action of the whole leg the idea came to me. I am going to revive that fade-out style of doing figures."

"How many unsolicited models apply to you for work?"

"Let's not go into that. They come in person and they offer themselves through the mail. It was awful in New York."

"How much do you pay models?"

"Ten dollars a morning. That's more than usual and some of the artists say that I'm spoiling them. But I'm not. I find it better to pay them a little more so that they can dress better and look better."

"Do you ever use male models?"

"Would you?"

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

He Must Have Been Hurrying

Elmer was struggling with a new word in his reading lesson.

"Spell the word, Elmer," said his teacher.

"S-n-a-i-l."

"Yes, Elmer, snail; you know what a snail is, don't you?"

"I'll say I do," he agreed gleefully. "One passed me on my way to school this morning."—E. T. S., Davenport, Iowa.

Thought It a Chimney

Barbara went up in an elevator for the first time, and cried bitterly. When I asked her what was the matter, she said: "I'se afraid of goin' up a chimney."—Mrs. F. S., Salina, Kas.

He Also Took "Liberty"

At a recent gathering our pastor, delivering a speech, started with: "Ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty——" My little boy whispered: "Gee, my daddy takes it, too."—J. C. V., St. Paul, Minn.

And She Was Right!

Little Jessie-Marie was displaying her doll's wardrobe. Among the articles were socks, made without heels, just a straight leg and rounded toe. As she held them up her uncle asked:

"What are those?"

"Socks," said the small girl.

"But there are no feet in them."

"Of course not; you put the feet in them."—Mrs. G. C. D., McKeesport, Pa.

YOUNG Mr. Bowen

A Vivid Novel of Fame, Fortune, and a Fascinating Woman

By W. B. MAXWELL

Pictures by GERALD LEAKE

WHO'S WHO IN THE SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

ERIC BOWEN, *an ambitious but guileless young Englishman, leaves the staff of the Mayfair Gazette to work for*

JOHN CORNISH, *a wealthy Londoner who owns the Gazette and many other important enterprises. Cornish, liking Eric, makes him his right-hand man, and throws many opportunities his way. Eric also meets*

RUTH CORNISH, *the quiet, lovable daughter of the capitalist. She is courted by*

LORD ALDERSTOWN, *a respectable, impoverished nobleman for whom she cares nothing. Meanwhile Eric remains friendly with*

CYRIL FAULKNER, *a brilliant but unscrupulous man who was editor of the Gazette when Eric worked for it. Later Cyril was discharged for incompetence and dishonesty by Cornish. Through him Eric meets and becomes passionately attached to*

FERNANDE FAULKNER, *a beautiful woman several years older than Eric, who lives with Cyril as his wife, though another man is her husband. Eric and she find they love each other, but she remains faithful to Cyril, even when he is brutal to her and deserts her for*

MRS. ADOLPH LYNCH, *a wealthy Jewess. Fernande now takes mean lodgings and works as a shop girl, until she sprains her ankle and loses her job. Eric cares for her, and learns the story of her life—how she had been compelled to flee from her husband because of his drunkenness, and to live by her wits until she found refuge with Cyril. Meanwhile Eric's friendship with the Cornishes develops until one day Cornish tells him that Ruth loves him and that Eric should propose. Cornish adds, however, that Eric must break off his friendship, innocent though it is, with Mrs. Faulkner. This Eric, feeling that he loves Ruth, says he will do, and Cornish sends him to Paris "on business" to provide time for doing so. Fernande's grief over the news shakes his resolution, however, and he is still more shaken when she demands as a farewell concession that he remain with her that night.*

ABOUT a week after Eric had gone to Fernande to tell her of his engagement to Ruth, Mr. Cornish received a letter from Paris.

"The assurance I gave you was quite justified," wrote Eric Bowen in the course of his letter. "But I could not give you that assurance now. Circumstances have altered; and I regret to say that I am compelled to resign my position in your employment and to withdraw from all matters in which I have had the honor to be connected with you."

He went on to say that when he returned to London he would ask permission to visit the house once more, but only for the purpose of arranging such papers as had been in his charge, so that all might be found in order by his successor. To do this, he said, would not take more than a couple of hours.

"I am sorry," wrote Mr. Cornish, in his strong, businesslike handwriting. "It is very unfortunate. But I agree with you that our association must now cease. You had better telephone to Miss Paine and make an appointment for coming here. Nothing could be gained by my seeing you, and therefore I shall not do so."

That was all.

In due course, then, Eric stood again in that lofty room where he had worked so long and with so much happiness, and where he was now to perform his last task and make all things ready for the more fortunate person who was henceforth to occupy it. His papers were not in an untidy state, but he worked conscientiously, arranging them still more tidily and adding useful notes.

It was afternoon, and soon the autumn twilight began to fall. The great house seemed unnaturally silent. His work finished, he stood by the table for a minute or two looking out at the view—that view which, when he first saw it, had impressed him with its suggestions of grandeur and power.

As he turned from the window Cornish came into the room. Cornish had said that he would not see him, but now he was here.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

He had put his hands in his pockets, as if to avoid the possibility that Eric might offer to shake hands with him. He looked gloomy and depressed, but he spoke sharply, repeating his question in fewer words.

"Anything to tell me?"

"Very little—except that I forgot to mention that I have of course resigned my directorships."

"Was that necessary? . . . Yes, I suppose it was. . . . And how do you think you're going to get on without them?"

"Oh, I shall do all right."

"Will you? I wonder. And your shares?"

"I am selling them."

"How much will that give you?"

"About five thousand pounds."

"I should stick to that if I were you. Yes, I should stick to that money like grim death. Remember what I said about capital. Keep it till you find an opening."

"Yes, I mean to."

"And how do you suppose you're going to live meantime?"

"Oh, I can always earn a living."

"Can you?" Then, after a pause, Cornish took his hands out of his pockets and waved them above his head. "Yes, there goes your luck and my dream." And for the first time Eric heard him use oaths. Often as he had been noisy and even violent in language he had never till now sworn. "Oh, damn and blast it all, why have you been such a bloody fool? That's what it amounts to. I'm disappointed. I'm sick with disappointment."

HE brandished his arms, paced to and fro, then returned to his station on the hearth rug.

"Look here, Bowen," and his manner changed. It became quiet, careless, almost offensive. "Since it's come to this, that I'm glad to be rid of you, perhaps you'll expect something from me, by way of solatium."

"Certainly not," said Eric warmly.

"A few thousands—in cash—to make up for your loss of salary and other prospects? I mean as a present, a gratuity."

Eric, wounded, and flushing hotly, said that he would not take a penny. Then, seeing the expression of Cornish's face, he added, "But I suppose you are saying this to put me to a test. Surely it wasn't needed."

Cornish was rubbing his chin. "Yes," he said, "that was exactly what I was doing.

ERIC was introduced to The Metal Worker. They stayed an hour, and Eric became convinced that he was face to face with a real opportunity. The thing was a paying concern.

Testing you. I shouldn't have thought of it three weeks ago. But they say when a fellow breaks faith and does what you have done, his character goes to pieces pretty quick. . . . Well, there's no more to be said," and he began to curse again.

"Oh, hell! Why did I ever take a fancy to you? Well, you have done me a damned awful injury, Eric Bowen. You must sink or swim by yourself now. Our job in this house is to forget you."

AFTER the disaster Fernande implored Eric to leave her, and go back to Cornish, concealing the lapse or asking forgiveness. She would not believe it was too late to retrieve the position. Then when he had written his letter to Cornish, she uttered her forlorn, despairing cry: "I have ruined you. My love has ruined you. Oh, Eric, if you are sorry, for God's sake drop me and be done with it. I can't go on unless I'm sure of you."

In her distress, her anguish, she spoke cruelly sometimes. Within a few minutes she passed through a storm of angry words and tears, despairing cries, insults, to abject prayers for pardon, hysterically fervent reconciliations, smiles, and again tears.

Yet, as he knew, beneath it all there was a devotion that never changed. He did not lose patience. He understood. In his treatment of her he was brave, not cowardly.

Everything had been against them. Showing an unexpected timidity, she shrank from publishing the full truth of their situation. Perhaps it would have been scarcely possible for them to live together openly. She was known to too many people as Mrs. Faulkner to allow of her calling herself Mrs. Bowen. Thus they were lovers but not companions. They met by stealth.

The morning light in hired rooms had seen their kisses and farewells; they had paid for the joy of being together with humiliating devices and unworthy pretenses; bills for a night's lodging, had he kept them, would have filled the sort of album that more fortunate lovers tenderly garnish with mementos of the time when their love was young.

Besides, Eric had had a hard time finding employment. When people found out he was no longer allied with Cornish, they did not want him. Still, through it all, he had retained his little capital untouched and ready for use. He was always looking for some promising investment.

Now, after two-thirds of a year of drudgery, Eric and Fernande were taking a brief holiday at Boulogne, which was to make up for so much. Fernande had looked forward to it, they had counted the days to its beginning. They were taking tea this afternoon in a popular little shop in the Rue Faidherbe after the reconciliation. They talked gayly, he perhaps making conversation, but she with a dozen different subjects coming unsearched for to her quick-moving lips.

"Eric, dear, I believe I am going to make pots of money at the Casino tonight. Oh, you may trust me. I won't go a franc beyond what you have given me. . . . Oh, there's the man with the papers. Do buy one."

HE went to the door, waited his turn there, and came back with a copy of the *Daily Mail* and the *Times*.

"Choose," he said, smiling at her.

"Well, I know you like the *Times*."

"You mean you want the *Mail*. Take it."

After lighting a cigarette, she glanced at the pages, talking to him, reading the headlines aloud, and one or two extracts.

"Eric, this is rather funny. A letter from a woman who has had her Persian cat stolen"; and she read.

But now he was not listening. Having unfolded the *Times*, he was reading it here and there. And all at once he gave a little start, read a short paragraph for the second time, and then slowly refolded the paper and laid it down.

"'I had taken the precaution of buttering my cat's paws.'" Fernande was laughing as she read. "Eric, do you hear?"

He sat with his hands clasped on the table, looking at her, but not listening to her, not even seeing her. His face was grave and sad, the lips firmly set.

She stopped reading and watched him.

"Eric, what's the matter? What have I done to offend you?"

He roused himself.

"Shall we go now?" he said. "Have you finished?"

"No," she said sharply, still looking at him. "Tell me first what has upset you. Was it something in the paper? Yes, I know it was. You have seen something in the paper. Give it to me. Show it to me"; and she snatched at the *Times* and pulled it open again.

"There is nothing there that can interest you." And he asked her again to come away, but she would not. With a sort of feverish haste she was searching the pages. He left her, to go to the counter and pay for their cakes, and when he returned to the table, her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

eyes were cold, her whole manner was hostile. She had found what she looked for. It was a paragraph among the Court news. She read it to him in a low voice, but bitingly, mockingly:

> "The marriage of Lord Alderstown and Miss Ruth Cornish will take place very quietly on the fifteenth of May. Owing to a bereavement in the bridegroom's family there will be no reception after the ceremony."

"Fernande, come, please," said Eric, with a hardness of which he was unconscious.

"Oh, don't vent your displeasure on me," she said mockingly. "Poor Eric! It was the shock of it, I suppose"; and she laughed. "You were prepared for the gloomy fact, but the actual date knocked you over." Her lips had an insolent smile.

"Will the ordinary mailboats run tomorrow?" she asked coldly, a little later.

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Then I wish you would find out for me the time of the first boat in the morning, because I think I shall go back in it."

"Fernande!"

He looked at her despairingly; he pleaded with her to be reasonable, not to give way to foolish temper, not to spoil their holiday, the poor little holiday that was to have made them so happy; but she told him that it was he who had spoiled everything.

"Oh, my dear boy, it's pretty obvious, isn't it? You needn't apologize. We can none of us be blamed for our feelings. So there we are," and she gave a shaky little laugh. "I am nothing to you really. You can't truly want me, when the sight of somebody else's name in print is enough to make you forget my very existence. No, you won't miss me. You—you'll be glad to be rid of me. Then you can finish your infernal holiday by yourself much more comfortably."

She was getting violent, being carried away by the storm she had herself blown into force. Her face was ugly. "When I'm gone, you can sit and brood over your lost lady-love—yes, and take out her sweet photograph and weep over it. I suppose you have her photograph."

"Fernande, I warn you——"

But he could not stop her. She went on, with a hard, cold furiousness.

"Oh, yes, I'll be off tomorrow morning—and I'll take on the first man I meet in London. Or I'll pick up someone at the Casino tonight. I tell you I won't stand it any longer. If you aren't loyal to me, I won't be loyal to you."

"But I am loyal. You know it. For God's sake, shut up. Keep quiet."

SHE would not be quiet. She laughed at him, she went on talking.

"And don't forget there's always old Cyril. Cyril would take me back at any time—and only too glad. Cyril doesn't mind damaged goods. He isn't stuffed up with some pattern of female virtue, and always comparing me with her to my disadvantage, as you do. Yes, you do, Eric—and I think it's beastly and cruel of you. Cyril's a liar and a cheat—but he has some pity.

"As to that girl——" and her anger blazed. "I hate her. I hate her. Yes, as to your Ruth Cornish—well, I hope Lord Fitznoodle, Lord Poopstick, or whatever his name is, will put her across his knees and spank her. I hope he'll hit her with his fists, and trample on her with his feet, and treat her like the dirt that she is."

"Fernande, if you say one word more, I'll never speak to you again."

He left her, sitting on the seat beneath budding palm trees on top of the old Boulogne walls and she watched him as he walked away, her anger fading with every step that he took. She was afraid. After going about a hundred yards he stopped and stood by the parapet of the wall, with his elbows on it and his head lowered. She followed him and presently stood beside him.

"Eric," she murmured caressingly; and as he did not answer or turn toward her she took hold of his arm and gently pulled at it.

Suddenly he turned, seized both her hands and held them tightly. His face was as white as hers had been just now; he seemed to be trembling; and his voice was high pitched and unnatural.

"Cyril said you would wear me out. Are you trying to do it? What devil possesses you? Can't you see that you'll drive me mad if you don't stop? Why will you torture me and yourself, too, with this insane jealousy of the past?"

"How can I help being jealous? And *is* it past?" The ever-ready tears filled her eyes; she was piteous, appealing. "Eric, be fair. Torture! You don't know how it tortures *me*. I wouldn't mind if you were only pining for that girl's money and all she would have brought you. I hate myself still for making you lose it. But it isn't that. It's *her* you pine for."

"That's not true."

"It *is* true. Let go of my hands. You're hurting me. Perhaps you don't admit it to yourself. But of course I see it—of course you can't hide it from me—loving you as I do. You let out your secret in a dozen different

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Read *what other mothers* say about their Liberty boys

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Trenton, N. J.

Liberty Magazine, the popular weekly, has given thousands of boys a chance to earn money, selling Liberty in their own neighborhood during spare time. It is easy, clean work which has made them feel independent and kept them busy on some worthwhile, profitable occupation. Read these letters received from Liberty Boy mothers:

"I am eternally grateful to Liberty for the wonderful experience my son Marvin has received. It will be a wonderful help to him in later years."
MRS. LE BON,
Trenton, N. J.

"I highly recommend Liberty Sales work to all boys. My son Walter enjoys it greatly."
MRS. W. P. MULLEN,
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Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

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ways. Oh, be fair. Don't pretend. You must know very well that you are always thinking of her."

Very late at night after Fernande had gone upstairs to bed, Eric went out again by himself.

Was it true, what she had said, that he was always thinking of Ruth?

At any rate he was thinking of her now as he walked away from the hotel along the deserted quay. She represented all that he had respected in that other life—honesty, strength, kindness, candor.

Now, in a month's time, he would read of her wedding. It would be in the newspapers on the sixteenth of May. "Yesterday, at the church of All Saints," and so on.

Then he thought of Fernande; still loyal to her in his compassion, firm in his purpose, but without hope.

He understood, too well, that their lapse had been as fatal to her as to him. She had held him with the strength of the spirit, and her power was gone when she began to hold him with the weakness of the flesh. Their friendship had been noble and good, and she had lifted herself, purified herself, in resolutely keeping it pure; but their love, the physical union, had been humiliating and degrading. It had lowered her.

ERIC walked slowly back to the hotel, one of those small French houses beside the harbor.

He entered their room very softly, and he held his open hand as a shade to the candle flame, keeping its light from the bed. But she was awake. She swept the hair away from her white face and held out her arms toward him.

"Fernande is sorry, Eric. But I love you so dreadfully that I would like to murder everybody you have ever looked at. Say you'll make allowances. Oh, Eric, swear you are not tired of me. Swear you'll never turn me over. I couldn't live—I simply couldn't live without you. . . . There. Is it all right?"

He had to say yes, it was quite all right again.

It seemed now that a little of the luck which had been Eric's in such large quantities was coming back to him. The business of his employers—an advertising firm of minor repute in Fleet Street—had greatly expanded, and with the increase of work his own emoluments were rapidly rising.

With his working capital safe behind him, he was still a solid person. That opening for which he looked must present itself sooner or later. Then he would grasp at it boldly, and begin another upward course.

Fernande's fortunes were on the mend, too. She had been engaged by one of the small magazines for women, and once again she bustled about to picture galleries, dress shows, and charity bazaars, gathering material for her bright and chatty articles. The work kept her occupied and contented, and Eric encouraged her with ceaseless praise. There had not been another quarrel, not even any misunderstandings.

Whenever possible, after her busy day, she used to come and meet him at the closing hour of his office. If the weather was fine she waited for him in the Temple Gardens. Making their way northward through the streets, they walked home together like hundreds of other couples—husbands and wives, sweethearts, or mere business allies.

After a meal in the hotel grill-room, or at one of the cheap restaurants of the neighborhood, they strolled about again, or went into a moving picture theater. They were of the unnumbered people not noticed by anybody—never meeting an acquaintance. He escorted her back to her lodgings, and they parted, to meet again next day.

The swift weeks had brought him near now to that date which was the basis or central point of those thoughts of his which were in no way connected with business affairs. He could not help thinking of it.

They were less than a week from it when something occurred to disturb him grievously.

Without a word of warning Fernande went away from London. They had arranged to meet as usual, the weather was fine, but she failed to keep the appointment. He went to her lodgings, and heard there that she had left early in the morning, taking a suitcase and telling the landlady that she might not be back for a few days. She had given no message for Eric.

Then, by the last post of the day, he received a pencil note from her, a scrawl written at Waterloo Station. It did not render him more comfortable. She merely said that she had been called away and would return as soon as possible.

HE tried in vain to banish his suspicions. Two days, three days passed by without further tidings of her. With his unhappy knowledge of her life, how could he prevent himself from again suspecting her?

But she made him ashamed of his suspicion. He felt a wretch as he read the letter that came to him on the morning of the fourth day. She wrote now from an inn at Salisbury.

Eric, darling, I have come here to be with poor Dick Sanford. He is in a home here, desperately ill, and he wanted to see me; so of course I had to come. He is more than ill; he is dying.

Your F. will come back to you as soon as she decently may. Meantime, can you send me a few pounds to go on with?

Her phantom husband! For so long he had been merely the once heard sound of a voice. Eric had not even known his name until that day at Folkestone when for the first time she mentioned it. Since then she had not spoken of him again; but she had continued to aid him.

Eric thought very deeply of all that this situation implied. Fernande would no longer be a married woman. Her husband's death would remove all bars and impediments to her making a legitimate avowable union with anybody else.

Eric's musings on the possibility of marriage brought into active life those suppressed thoughts of another wedding. The date had come close upon him.

ON this day, the fifteenth of May, the date of Ruth's wedding, it happened that there was very little work to do. He read the newspapers, looking for what he had lately expected to see; but there was no further announcement, no paragraphs describing the presents or reporting that somebody's house had been lent them for the honeymoon. Doubtless the bereavement, that had been previously spoken of, precluded public notice as well as large festivities.

He said to himself, "At three o'clock it will be over. I will think of her till then, and afterwards I will never think of her again."

He could see her face now, and it was calm and still, with no tremor of the lips, no trouble in the eyes. She seemed to be looking at him peeringly, questioningly, and while the vision lasted his heart throbbed and ached.

"I wish her happiness," he whispered. "I wish her happiness—happiness—and again happiness."

He was cleansing his heart of its last selfish regrets. It had been a vain and wicked thought that she was marrying Lord Alderstown without really caring for him. She was too strong and good to marry a man that she did not love, or that she did not feel sure of soon loving. And why not? He was in all respects worthy.

"All will be well with her," Eric thought, "and I shall not really have injured her. If she ever thinks of me, it may be as of one who did her a great service by saving her from the consequence of an unwise and undeserved preference." And he whispered again, "Good-by, Ruth. Be very happy."

It was past three. He got up from the seat and strolled away. On a bench not far away a shabby and forlorn-looking man and woman were eating some food. They sat close together, with their bread and cheese and apples spread on a paper that lay on the woman's lap.

As Eric passed, the man looked up and, speaking as loudly as he could with his mouth full, called to him by name. "Mr. Bowen! Well—what a surprise!" They were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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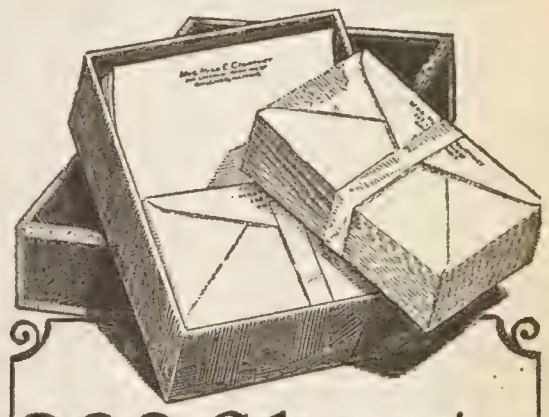

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE 57]

Mr. Rice, the sometime advertisement manager of the Mayfair *Gazette*, and Mrs. Andrews, its late charwoman, characteristically having a snack together. Mrs. Andrews hastily wrapped up what remained of the bread and cheese and apples, while Eric sat down on their bench and talked to them. They both seemed delighted to see him, and Rice said it was a pleasure to find that he was not too proud to notice them.

RICE, with his drooping mustache and watery blue eyes, was much the same as he had always been, except for the external shabbiness which spoke of adversity. He told Eric immediately that in the last year he had been "fairly put through it."

Now, as is not unusual with people in his circumstances, he was looking out for a capitalist. As he said this his face brightened, his manner became more lively. "Up or down, I keep my eyes open, and believe me, Mr. Bowen, I've tumbled on a real good thing. There's a fortune going begging for anyone who can lay his hands on four or five thousand pounds. True as I sit here, sir, it's a certainty—safer than the Bank of England." And he looked at Eric with a sudden gleam of excitement in his eyes. "I s'pose I can't tempt you to take it up. You've prob'ly got all your funds engaged already, and no five thousands lying idle."

Whenever possible, she used to meet him at the closing hour. They walked home together like hundreds of other couples—husbands and wives, sweethearts, or mere business allies.

Then, with a growing exaltation of language, Mr. Rice described the "good thing," while Eric, feeling at first nothing but weariness, began to ask himself if, queer as it all sounded, this might not be the opening for which he had looked so long.

A certain trade journal called *The Metal Worker* was to be sold "dirt cheap" and whoever bought it and had the sense to manage it properly could not fail to do well. The proprietress was an elderly widow of large means who wished to sell the concern at once and be done with it, to save herself trouble. It was a bona fide affair.

The books were open to inspection. One might put in one's own accountant to examine everything. Moreover, the premises of the journal were freehold, a whole house, and itself worth half the ten thousand pounds that was asked for the entire property.

"But you said just now five thousand."

"You could get it for five thousand," Rice cried. "The half would be let remain on mortgage. Oh, Mr. Bowen, if you can entertain the project, I do beg and pray you to go into it, even if you leave poor me outside. Honor bright, it's the chance of a lifetime."

"He isn't always right," said Mrs. Andrews. "But I think he is now."

"Look here," said Rice, with great eagerness. "Can you spare fifteen minutes? Come straight there and see for yourself."

THEY went there, the three of them, to a little street leading out of Fetter Lane, and Eric was solemnly introduced to the freehold home of *The Metal Worker*.

They stayed there an hour, and in this time Eric became quite convinced that he was face to face with a real opportunity. The thing was a paying concern. He had but one doubt. It seemed too good to be true.

When they came out into the street, Mrs. Andrews bade them good-by, and they at once paid a visit to *The Metal Worker's* solicitors. Here again Eric met with every evidence of solid, straightforward dealing. He spent the rest of the working day in "trade" circles, making inquiries as to the paper's standing, its circulation, its general prospects. Next morning he saw the proprietress, and after leaving her he determined boldly to take the offered chance. All then was promptly settled.

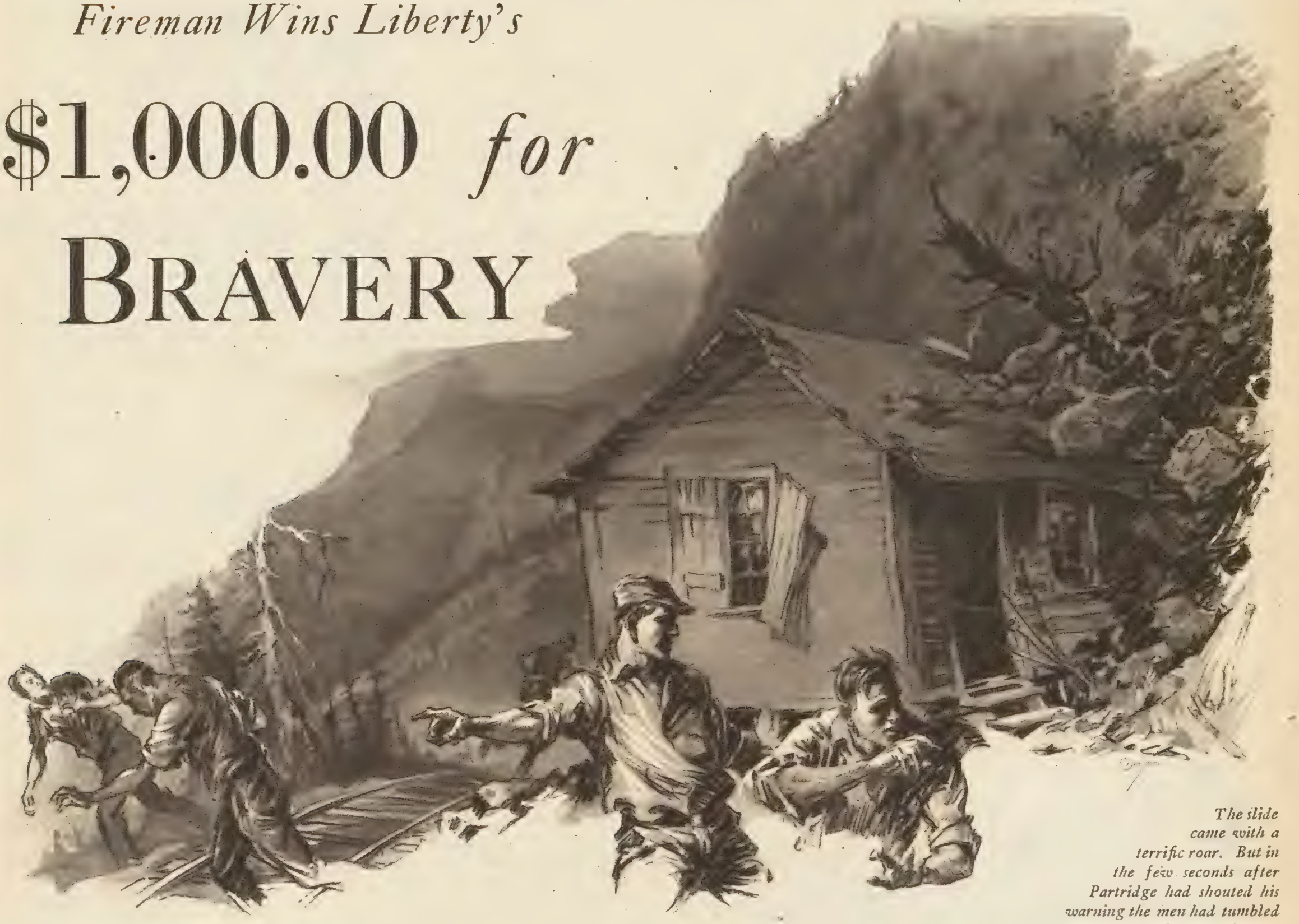
With the decision made, his spirits rose, and every day he felt them still rising. He would succeed. He would buy more trade journals, or start some new ones himself. He would be a newspaper proprietor on a modest scale to begin with, and perhaps on a big scale to end with.

The next installment of Young Mr. Bowen, which will appear in next week's Liberty, is the last. The conclusion to this powerful story will startle and surprise you with its splendid revelation of character in Eric, in Mr. Cornish, in his lovely daughter, and in Fernande.

Races Landslide Down Mountain; Rescues Five

Fireman Wins Liberty's

$1,000.00 *for* BRAVERY



The slide came with a terrific roar. But in the few seconds after Partridge had shouted his warning the men had tumbled out and fled to safety.

Heroic Plunge Through Rain of Rocks Saves Sleeping Men from Death in Cabin

THE big locomotive, as if possessed with an animal's instinct for scenting danger, came to a grinding stop on the dark mountainside. The engineer, cautiously applying the brakes, had been conscious of a sly movement of rock and soil at the left of the track. Laboring hard on the steep grade, the freight engine had been making slow progress, so that the action of earth had been discernible despite the blackness of the August night.

There are times when the side of a mountain stirs. It was doing it now. The man at the throttle knew what it meant. Partridge, the husky fireman, knew. A landslide!

Partridge's face whitened beneath its greasy smear.

"We're safe," he shouted to the engineer.

By W. S. FORMAN

Staff Investigator for Liberty

"She's headed for Yoho. Bunch of men down below there asleep. It'll bury 'em like dogs."

There was another menacing rumble and the rattle of rocks, as the great mass above began to heave ponderously into motion.

Partridge sprang from the engine.

"I'm going to rout those fellows out," he yelled back as he disappeared into the night.

"Well," the engineer called after him, "you'll have to hurry."

It was not a command. It was not a suggestion. It was the laconic remark of a man who knew what a landslide in the Canadian Rockies was like, and who knew what a slim chance, in this instance, a mere human had to outwit the Juggernaut.

The point where the train had come to a halt was on a stretch of track along the Canadian Pacific, known as The Valley of Spiral Tunnels. What has been accomplished in the rugged section constitutes one of the greatest engineering feats in railroad history. Here the railroad doubles back and forth over itself in a bewildering series of curves that form a complete figure eight, with three levels of track. A passenger standing on the platform at one of the higher levels can see smoke from the locomotive of the train on which he is riding drift lazily up from the lower level.

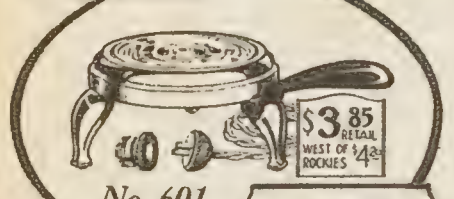
The train which Partridge was firing that night of last August 15 had passed through the tunnel of Ogden Mountain, which lifts its peak to an altitude of eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-five feet; had climbed to the long tunnel of Cathedral Mountain and had emerged again at an altitude of four thousand nine hundred feet, headed east.

Directly below the point where Partridge's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Liberty APPLIANCES

No. 701—$2.50 West of Rockies $2.75



No. 601

No. 2-H $9.85 West of Rockies $10.35

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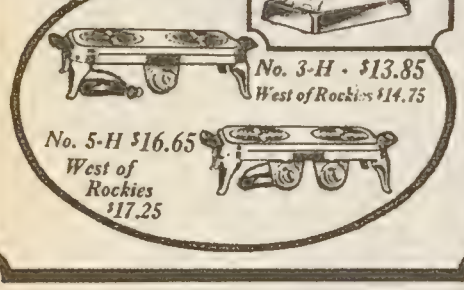

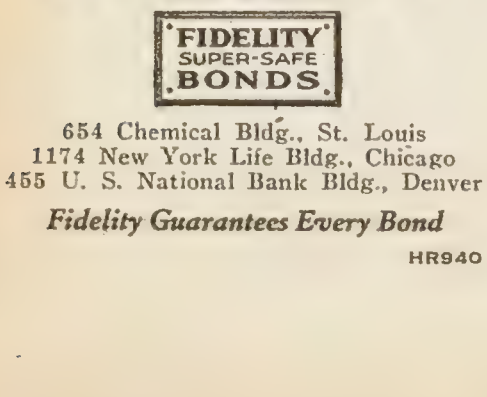

Guards Your Future

When it's time for you to unbuckle the harness and grow old gracefully, you'll need an income large enough to carry you through. Just saving isn't enough. Put your money to work in Fidelity First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. 6½% interest will travel right along adding to your investment regularly. The Fidelity Bond and Mortgage Co. *Guarantees* to pay both principal and interest of every Fidelity Bond when due.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

train had stopped, lay the station of Yoho, on the middle one of the three levels of track.

"It'll be death for those fellows down there in the section house before they can open their eyes," Partridge told himself.

He was thinking of them as he pushed out into the night. He could easily have told himself that their fate was none of his affair. His train was safe. Falling rocks had wrecked the caboose, but it was toward the left of the track that the mountainside, gnawed by man after towering undisturbed during the ages, had chosen its point for descent. In building the track, Nature had baffled man. Then man had mocked Nature with his cunning. Now it was Nature's turn again.

To accomplish the task Partridge had set for himself, he must dash down the mountain ahead of the avalanche. They must take the same path. He must beat the monster to the goal.

Darkness lent a great handicap. Partridge knew the topography of the wilderness, after a fashion. He had gone but a few rods, however, before he was given a bitter taste of what he was up against. A huge rock, accompanied by mud, came hurtling past his head. Portions of the debris stung against his body. But he never stopped.

Pine trees, torn from their roots, became nets for entanglement, the sharp edges of jagged rocks brought bruises. Partridge stumbled, fell, struggled to his feet, and scrambled on. Every conceivable object seemed bent on thwarting his purpose.

But Partridge closed his eyes against the fate that awaited him should he lose his race in the darkness, and fought his way on. It was a slippery job. The same recent rains that had weakened the mountainside were adding to the peril of his situation. No chance to get a footing. Everything was against the man.

Partridge had served with the 239th Battalion of Canadians overseas throughout the World War. It was not the first time that he had combined headwork with footwork to cheat Death. Every second counted now, and there could be no hesitation when a precipice yawned. It was too dark to gauge the distance to the bottom of the black pockets. And constantly, from above, there came a rain of rocks. Panting for breath, his hands bleeding, his shoes torn, Partridge plunged on.

As long as the bulk of the landslide should hold off, and as long as he could escape being killed by falling debris and rocks, Partridge knew he had a chance. There was no time to look back, no opportunity in the darkness to dodge the vanguards of his enemy. Behind him, he heard a louder rumble! For an instant, Partridge paused.

In all, he had descended a distance of some three hundred feet. There was more than that left to go.

THE rocks came thicker now. The landslide was gaining in momentum. Above and behind, the whole side of the mountain, rapidly being undermined, was getting ready to loosen from its long resting place.

Down there, asleep in the shack, those fellows didn't know. Partridge scrambled on.

He could see the shack, now, where the men were sleeping. It could not have been located in a more helpless position. It was directly in the path of what menaced, grumblingly, overhead—wavering on the verge of its wild, climactic descent. Gasping and panting, Partridge threw himself against the door. There was not an instant to spare.

The slide came with a terrific roar, smashed into the little section house, engulfed it, swept on. But in the few seconds which had elapsed after Partridge had pounded on the door and shouted his warning, the men inside had tumbled out and fled to safety.

That would have been enough, perhaps, for most men. But Partridge ran to the station house near by. There the telegraph operator had turned in for the night and was fast asleep. Partridge had no breath for explanations. He knew there was no time for such. He dragged the operator from his bunk and dashed with him into the open. An instant later, the station house, too, was demolished—buried under tons of mud and rock.

Still Partridge wasn't through. He remembered there was a train about due at Cathedral, a mile or so to the west. Without a warning it was probable that it would hurl its human freight directly into the path of the slide. So Partridge, with what was left of his strength, limped away to head off the train.

And again he succeeded. What he had feared was a passenger train, with more than one hundred persons aboard, turned out to be a freight train. He saved the crew, flagging the train before it reached the path of the slide and holding it in safety until work trains could be rushed from division headquarters to clear the track.

To encourage unusual endeavor among its employees, the Canadian Pacific has a system of merit marks. They usually run from one to ten. Merit marks above the latter figure are so unusual as to be epochal. But for his heroism that dark night in the Valley of the Spiral Tunnels, young Partridge was posted on railway bulletin boards from Pacific to Atlantic as the recipient of thirty merits—a high record in the history of the road.

And, in addition to the thirty merits, Partridge is winner of the Liberty gold medal awarded each week for some deed of unusual heroism.

As for the $1,000 cash which goes with each medal, there is a certain young lady in Field, Canada, the point from which J. S. Partridge, aged 35, still fires an engine, who is expected to tell him what to do with the money.

For calling Liberty's attention to the deed performed by Partridge, $100 is awarded to Lieut. Col. C. C. Stibbard of Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

Conditions of Bravery Award

LIBERTY is offering $1,000 reward and a gold medal each week for the most courageous deed that comes to its attention. If you know of anyone who has performed an act of bravery, write a letter to Liberty about it. Give names, addresses, dates, and places, and tell what occurred. Liberty will send its representatives anywhere to check up the case and supply missing data.

To the person who informs Liberty of the winning deed each week, $100 in cash will be paid. If more than one person writes about the same deed the $100 will be paid to the one who sends the best letter.

As previously announced, the offer is open to every resident of the United States and Canada, and the deed for which the reward is given may have been performed anywhere in the world. If the act of heroism was performed by more than one person, and Liberty so determines, the money will be divided equally among the winners. If the winner shall have given his life in the performance of the deed, Liberty reserves the right to pay the money to the widow, the children, or any other beneficiary who, in its judgment, may deserve it.

Each week the names of winners will be published in Liberty, together with stories of the winning exploits.

All letters should be addressed "HEROES," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

Next Week: Liberty Will Award Another $1,000

for an Act of Exemplary Bravery. Watch for the Name of the Hero and the Thrilling Story of His Exploit!

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At all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pt. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The ½-pt. bottle is the economical Household and Factory size. Contains most for the money. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the bottle.

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Saving Our Supermen

How Big Business Guards the Health of Its High-Salaried Executives, Believing That All Work and No Play Soon Kills a Good Boss

By EARL REEVES

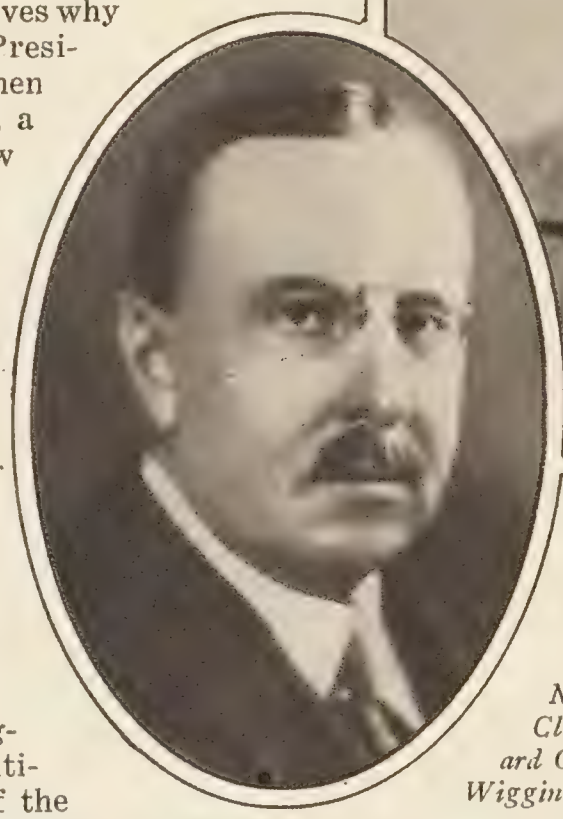
MORE than two years ago the nation was shocked by the news from San Francisco that President Harding had died, victim of the pace that kills. Later, in Washington, a white-haired and broken man who had once challenged the attention of the entire world murmured, "I am ready," and passed on.

And we asked ourselves why we should kill our Presidents; important men wrote on the question, a little puzzled as to how we can economize the energies of our chief political executive.

Then we forgot the problem until it was recalled to us by the announcement that Calvin Coolidge, as part of his plan of personal conservation, had banished hours of painful hand-shaking from the Presidential program. Precedent-bound official Washington gasped. The politician, thinking more of the past vote-getting power of the handshake than of executive efficiency, never has been able to see how the job of being President of the United States could be whittled down to one-man size—safely.

Even a President's recreations should be vote-pullers if possible. Roosevelt was the ideal in this respect: wrestling, boxing, horsemanship, tennis—these were he-man pursuits and popular. But his heart was worn out before time; as was the heart of Bryan, who was equally, if differently, addicted to the strenuous life.

President Coolidge surprises the capital by wearing well under the strains that have been both official and personal. There may be few votes to be had by cavorting on a wooden bronco whose playfulness is supplied by an electric current—there is nothing romantic or heroic in that picture of "A President on Horseback"—but judged by apparent physical results, this Presidential stable pays. Previous Presidents have also used the Mayflower sparingly, figuring the public would draw mental pictures of European, or at least Wall Street, royalty. But that luxury yacht has been made a regular feature of the Coolidge rest program.



P. & A. Photo

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Above—Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. At left—Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the Chase National Bank, New York. At right—Walter Clark Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Fiske and Wiggin are famous walkers and Teagle finds recreation on his chicken farm.

LESS work and more play is the formula.

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

Washington, which debated the problem of man-power conservation without knowing what to do about it, might have learned something about saving supermen from New York, business capital of the Americas.

In New York there are many chief executives, each with a great principality of his own to govern—and many of them employ assistants whose pay envelopes are quite as bulky as the one presumed to be toted down the street from the Treasury Department to the White House each Saturday.

These chief business executives of the nation are not absolute bosses in the sense that a Ford or a Du Pont, a Carnegie, or a Rockefeller may become a sovereign power. They are themselves employees—our employees, hired to look after the properties which you and I may own through slips of paper called stocks and bonds—and we have the same right to an interest in their conservation that we have to be concerned about that other "employee health" problem that centers about the White House. One of these men, master of thirty thousand miles of steel rails, was riding in Central Park, in New York City, some time ago. A woman stepped into the bridle path. The rider pulled up sharply and swung his mount aside, lost his balance, pitched forward with all the force of his one hundred and eighty pounds and landed on his head. He did not rise, and the railroad world mourned the loss of A. H. Smith, for a decade president of the New York Central Railroad Company, and one of the foremost railroad men in the United States. The directors of the New York Central could have hired at least two and a half million dollars to work for them for the sum which they paid Smith each year. If he had not been keeping that two-and-a-half-million-dollar plant which was himself fit on that afternoon, in all probability he would still be in the executive chair, or streaking across a thousand miles of country several times each month to the far corners of his railroad domain.

BUT—and here is the real nub of the story—if it had not been Smith's custom to ride in the park at any slack hour, and if he had not looked after himself with the same care with which he studied maintenance of way problems, he might have passed out of the railroad picture five years ago. By the law of averages he might have been expected to "break" about five years back. For the records show that the boss job of the New York Central takes all any man has to give and puts him on the retired list in about five years normally.

Chauncey M. Depew, whose thirteen years' term made him another notable exception, was a lawyer-president, superimposed by the financial interests, and not an up-through-the-ranks, practical railroad chief of the modern type who carries a heavier load.

Even so, when Mr. Depew left his desk at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

five o'clock he followed his day's work with a bath, a rub, and rest on a couch before dinner; and through his long career as a famous after-dinner speaker he arrived late, to avoid exhausting contact of hand-shaking and reception, observed religiously a "never eat them, never drink them" banquet rule, and left early. All of which enabled him to celebrate his ninety-first birthday this year.

The late John H. Patterson, who established many precedents in his National Cash Register organization, set some which none have had the courage to follow in his bold style, but which nevertheless have had their influence throughout the entire business world.

Patterson was "hard boiled." To him an executive was so much invested money. The money was well invested if the man was fit and at top form; and badly invested if he was not. Alongside each executive office was a rest room and private bath. He believed in the use of both—and during business hours. For wage employees there were calisthenics, in which, in many departments, executives joined.

As Patterson believed he thought and planned to very good purpose while riding his horses, riding became a cult for his executives. Short of a flat decree, riding was compulsory. It was known that it must be done. He maintained luxurious stables at his plant in which were private showers and dressing rooms with each stall.

IT has occurred to the chief executive that if he owns a Rolls-Royce—a comparatively cheap bit of mechanism—he doesn't take the butcher boy on as chauffeur, but hires a good mechanic to look after it; further, that if he has two hundred thousand dollars or so tied up in Zev or Man o' War, there will be high-class trainers in his stables; and, finally, that a twenty-five-thousand-a-year-and-up executive is the equivalent of more than a half-million-dollar investment, which makes him at the least account as much worth looking after as burnished metal or steaming flanks.

Sold to the idea, the "Old Man"—be it said—begins on himself.

Charles E. Mitchell, president of the great National City Bank of New York, walks from around Sixtieth Street and Fifth Avenue to Wall Street, and home again at night. And if he is not quite fit he does not believe that he should be at his desk. A man with a headache may make a wrong decision costing millions.

Harry B. Thayer, the benevolent autocrat who, as chairman of the board, is responsible for the operation of a two-and-a-quarter-billion-dollar plant—the Bell Telephone System—holds a "don't hurry and don't worry" example up before his dozens of executives. And when he starts for his Connecticut farm on Friday evening he is said to take neither business papers nor business thoughts with him.

On Thayer's staff the vice president in charge of personnel is E. K. Hall, Dartmouth football, track, and baseball star in 1892, and for years chairman of the Football Rules Committee, who thinks nervous indigestion almost a capital business crime and an all too prevalent state, and who points out that the narrow margin between sound, good health and susceptibility to even slight indisposition may be the margin between promotion and staying where you are in the gigantic human machine that is the Bell System.

Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, golfs and follows his fourteen rules of health, and his appearance at Palm Beach is the harbinger of the opening of the "southern winter holiday for big executives" season.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., donated handball and squash courts to a downtown club located on a sky-scraping roof and uses them in daily half-hour sessions.

Having a healthful hobby is sound business in Standard Oil circles. W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, finds his in hunting and fishing; but, since these have limited possibilities, being seasonal, his all-the-year-round form of play is his chicken farm at Greenwich, Connecticut.

Somewhere in the Standard Oil group, or associated with it, there is a company in which is employed a corporation medical adviser with dictatorial powers. As described to me, this M. D. has the power to walk into a board meeting or important conference, tap one of the biggest on the shoulder, and take him to the gym for twenty minutes of exercise if he thinks the top line boss happens to need it. And no "buts" or "ifs" are allowed. But they won't tell me what the company is.

In the Standard Oil of New Jersey the staff doctor is described as a "philosopher and friend" who is able through friendship and diplomacy to guide executives into the health paths they should travel. But it has not been long since—this failing—he went before the board of directors for a showdown which forced one big boss to take a rest under orders. A hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man is looked upon as being worth a million to a million and a half dollars in Standard Oil official circles. And that is that.

Rain or shine or snow, there is a sturdy chap of past seventy who plows along from Riverside Drive to Twenty-third Street in the morning and back at night, doing his eight miles a day with the regularity of the clock on the tower which houses his offices.

He is Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. One person in every six in the United States intrusts money to Fiske's care; for twenty million persons, or more than one-sixth of the population, are insured in his company.

In the head offices there are eight thousand employees, and sixty of them rank as officers. He is paid one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year for managing all these people, thousands more scattered over the country, and a billion and a half of our accumulated money. He could not even interview each of his officers each day—not counting mere department heads and the like—and survive the strain long.

Each executive that he employs must take an annual examination, then take what the doctor orders, if anything.

A FEW months ago one of the highest medical officers of the company was himself sentenced to a course in the big gymnasium downstairs and a holiday in Europe. He protested, but to no avail, and went into the gym, as it happened, with his own executive secretary, also under sentence. There George Fisher, one-time playmate of William Muldoon, took sixteen pounds off one man and put fourteen on the other.

Beneath the Metropolitan Tower there is even a golf school, conducted by a pair of the broadest Scotch brogues audible this side of Glasgow.

Among New York's other famous walkers are Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the Chase National Bank, New York, and member of many directorates, and Charles Hayden, noted banker. The latter adds to his conservation scheme the banishment of wires from his bedroom.

Downtown roof gymnasiums claim many. Arnold L. Scheuer, president of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, swears by the weight reducing and health building powers of a good gym instructor; as does Charles E. Hughes, Jr., who recently had the opposite experience of picking up almost forty pounds that he could and did distribute to good advantage over his six feet two of lank frame.

In the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. it is a tradition that at any given time two members of the firm must be "away"—playing and rebuilding somewhere, and for at least two months of each year.

A similar absentee understanding exists at the Guaranty Trust Company regarding vice presidents; while this corporation also fights the tendency toward conversational golf that is likely to develop after forty, by the greatest number of interdepartment golf tournaments sponsored by any corporation of the financial district.

American Radiator has a sliding scale for vacations, insuring executives a month, and a chairman of the board—Clarence M. Woolley—who works until his underlings give up and protest, and Mrs. Woolley comes along and issues edicts. It is true that in many a corporation nobody can boss the boss and get him out for rest and recreation except his wife.

WOMEN save a great many supermen. They have no awe of Friend Husband's position, and they can tell him. Many a big chief who thinks he must go the pace of youth is saved for more years of efficient service by wifely intervention.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison resigned from a national office in a woman's organization not long ago with the explanation that looking after the health of the Electrical Wizard was a full-time job for any woman.

Such firms as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Standard Oil, General Motors, Guaranty Trust, Chase National Bank, and the Bank of Commerce furnish luncheons for their executives in dining rooms of considerable elegance and with food calculated to promote an afternoon's efficient work. The last named has been doing this for sixty years and now employs a graduate dietitian. Not the least of the benefits of these officers' dining rooms, perhaps, is the tacit hallmark of success with which they seem to stamp the diner.

When you try to reach out and grasp some of the general truths about this business of "saving supermen" the going is a bit difficult, but here are some fairly safe conclusions:

As physical exercise toward conserving the man power of big business staffs, golf leads by about ten to one.

Generally the "captains of industry" set the example regarding keeping fit, and lieutenants know that it is very "healthy" to follow that example, order or no order. It's politic.

Today one doesn't boast of not having missed a day in five years, or ten, or twenty. It is nothing to be proud of.

The five-day week is here, but the workday of the big bosses hasn't shortened much—if any.

It is becoming an axiom that five days of good work beat six days of work; that eleven months of a man's time are worth more to the man who pays for it than twelve months.

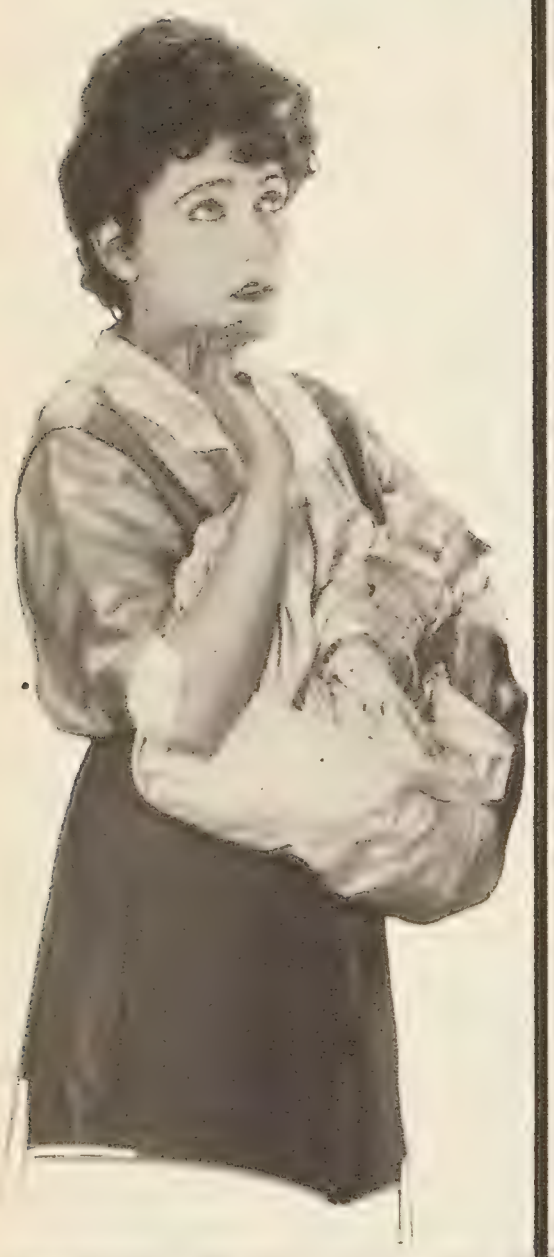
Less work and more play is the formula.

That and a constant struggle to keep out of the hands of a seventy-five-thousand-dollar-a-year man jobs of work that a fifty-thousand-dollar man can do, and so on down the line.

Such things as these Washington might note in any revising of the job of being President that may be attempted.

THE END

Who's Who in These Pictures?



Maurice Goldberg Photo

OVER at the left we see Gloria Swanson wishing she might be a beautiful actress. She is beautiful! The character is one of the many she portrays in her latest picture, Stage Struck. Directly above, she is seen as an entirely different type in the same Paramount production. The center picture is the latest of the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, who, as you know, is also Miss Gloria Swanson!

William Mortensen Photo

AND Norma Shearer can be just as many entirely different types, too. Above, in the square, is a sample of the test pictures Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been making of her as Cordelia in King Lear. At the right is a new photograph of Miss Shearer as herself. The picture in the lower right-hand corner of the page, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials swear, is Norma Shearer as she appears as an old maid stenographer in Free Lips. If it is she, they ought to call her "the feminine Lon Chaney."

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD
Directed by Harry Pollard *A Universal Picture*
Written by Mr. Pollard and Byron Morgan
THE CAST:
Tom Hayden.....Reginald Denny
Betty Browne.....Gertrude Olmsted
Sambo.....Tom Wilson
Creighton Deane.....Charles Gerrard
Mrs. Browne.....Lucille Ward
Jeffrey Browne.....John Steppling
Mr. Hayden.....Fred Esmelton
James.....Leo Nomas

The GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK
Directed by Marcel de Sano *A Preferred Picture*
Story by G. D. Wentworth-James
THE CAST:
Gordon Kent.....Lionel Barrymore
Mary Hale.....Marguerite de la Motte
William Hale.....Henry B. Walthall
Greta Verlein.....Lilyan Tashman
William Norworth.....Forrest Stanley

THE VANISHING AMERICAN
Directed by George B. Seitz *A Paramount Picture*
Written for the Screen by Lucien Hubbard from the Story by Zane Grey
THE CAST:
Nophaie.....Richard Dix
Marion Warner.....Lois Wilson
Booker.....Noah Beery
Earl Ramsdell.....Malcolm McGregor
Shoie.....Charles Stevens
Nasja.....Son of Man Hammer
Nocki.....George Magrill

IT REQUIRES a mild form of some kind of mental derangement to become serious about this here at-hand exhibit which the wise and well-known sponsor of The Phantom of the Opera is bringing out under the title, *California Straight Ahead.* Here, girls and boys, is the daffiest, most incorrigible, most intellectually trashy piece of celluloid drama which has ventured out into the open since the girls left off bustles.

Gertrude Olmsted

And still I am warned by persons with sufficiently high foreheads that in it there reposes at least one ash can full of twenty-dollar gold pieces and ample wholesome amusement to cause audiences to roll out into the aisles with laughter all the way from Halifax to San Diego. Some have gone so far as to assert that its appeal will know no bounds and that it will tickle also a Britisher, a Turk, and a Chinese. The sun does not shine, so the rumor goes, upon the fair young thing who will not be captivated and enthralled by the dashing handsomeness of Mr. Reginald Denny. Indeed, it is a fact that he has more or less set the more or less romantically inclined ones a bit dizzy in recent of his frivolous, broad-smiling interpretations.

It has been set forth herein that a gay and high-stepping lad has, on the eve of his wedding, suffered a broken nose in a brawl and been thrown over by his fiancee's papa. Also the boy's own papa has, in a way, lost his temper and cut him off, thus casting this same Mr. Denny upon his own, which is always a good start in the film play. Whereupon Mr. Denny, out of his own head, invents and constructs the most amazing cross-country, steam-heated, electrically lighted, magnificently appointed motor bus ever eyes beheld. He sets out for California behind his parents and those of his fiancee, overtakes them, extracts them from mud holes, in spite of the fact that those same parents are supposed to possess the most powerful touring cars in captivity, feeds them, wins back the girl, and proceeds to Los Angeles, where he wins the sensational motor races and comes off a gorgeous hero.

Reginald Denny

Buzzing about him all the while is an assemblage of jazz-drunk companions too numerous to mention.

It has the swiftness of a bat, and just about the same amount of sense.

NEW YORK working-girl melodrama with a bedroom climax (which is not the kind of climax you are thinking about, atall) has been acted here by Marguerite de la Motte and the elder Barrymore, who is Lionel, so that it is actually exciting a great deal of the time and almost entirely moral. There is murder done along toward the end, but it is a most pleasant occurrence.

Mishkin Photo
Lionel Barrymore

But to be less playful, here is the *dénouement.* Lionel Barrymore, that adorable old wag, has been wagging around in front of Miss de la Motte's ribbon counter for days. Lionel's address is on Park Avenue. He has a friend who dances in the Follies. Miss de la Motte, innocently and naturally enough, cares little for labor, and finally, tiring of the eccentricities of an eccentric father, rides away from her work one day in Lionel's limousine.

They arrive at his apartment. Bidding her a warm good-night, the bounder goes off to a hotel. But, ah! Does his little amazon of the chorus fail to put in an appearance later on? She does not. And she enters the apartment, finds Miss de la Motte tucked in, attacks her, disrobes her, cusses her, and kicks her out into Saturday night. It is then the lady of the chorus flings herself sleepily into that same bed, where she is found an hour later by Marguerite's eccentric father, and shot with two Hollywood blank cartridges.

Marguerite de la Motte

There is a most remarkable reformation scene next morning when the old man learns Marguerite is back home cooking his breakfast, and Lionel shoulders most of the blame. Nothing is lost except a lady who has done her last Charleston.

How they pull their whiskers out in front of the screen and watch this drama! You will like it. It is well done. It almost had to be with this Marguerite and this Barrymore.

AS cinema editor and critic of the New York World, Quinn Martin has long been the most widely read commentator on films in New York. Now, through his weekly reviews for Liberty, he is telling what he thinks of the passing picture plays to an audience many times greater than that of any other writer in this field. With him you may keep in touch with the newest and best in filmland.

WHEN *The Vanishing American* comes to your theater, go and see it, and Adolph Zukor is no uncle of mine, either. A sadly beautiful, tremendously stirring drama in pictures is what you are going to have unfolded before you, one which has its inception more than three hundred years ago when the Red Man ruled his kingdom and was happy, and one which traces down through the centuries the struggles, the hopes, the futilities of this race of men which now, quite truly, is vanishing from the face of the earth.

Lois Wilson

They talk about its merit as compared with that of The Covered Wagon. To me it is more thrilling and more dramatic. Molded in fact, it breathes sincerity. Cast into backgrounds that existed then and exist today, it is brilliantly impressive as to photography. Acted by competent players, and written with an amazing economy of clap-trap, it is romance fine and fierce and moving. It is doubtful if any young man now acting in the cinema would have played this brave and picturesque Nophaie (the Indians' gallant war god) so handsomely and so restrainedly and so robustly as does Mr. Richard Dix, a gentleman who always heretofore has looked to me like a steady drinker of weak, pink tea.

Mr. Seitz took his troupe into Arizona for most of the exterior scenes, stopping at Tuba City, Grand Canyon, Kayenta, and Rainbow Ridge. And here he pictured the crude, blazing existences of these first Americans, against a setting of the bleak, gray mountains, bringing his story up to about the year 1915, at which time he introduced this descendant of the age-old war chief, Nophaie. Confronted by desperado white men, thieving government agents, murderous outlaws from the States, Nophaie rises triumphantly to the defense of his brothers. There is a pretty white girl school-teacher, and there is a captain of the United States Army. At any rate, Nophaie enlists for the World War, leads his Indians out behind him, performs valorous service in the trenches of France and returns to Arizona only to die at the hands of the marauding slackers whom he has helped to save. And Noah Beery is a priceless villain.

Richard Dix

Hail to *The Vanishing American;* but not farewell! He will live on through the years. The cinema has made it so.

Paris Styles Grow Elaborate *in* Design

By Mary Brush Williams

FOUR years ago we vowed we should never be weary of the simple in attire. Since then French designers have vied with one another to achieve simplicity until dresses came to have just about the dimension of a string. Later, this one dimension of a string, which is length, seemed to be vanishing. All the while experts were telling of the charms of simplicity.

But now suddenly a real bombshell has burst among us in the form of information that simplicity is dead. Clothes are to be elaborate.

The American flappers and others less young have been demanding something unusual. The French dressmakers have been holding out for something less thankless to expend their art and patience on than a garment which is so simple it looks like nothing at all when completed. Many a time their whole task in making a dress has been to shrink in just enough but not too much the line as it descended along the small of the back, so that it would not look bulgy but so that it would not draw in. When the American girl wore it the chances are that the heedless American man she was trying to impress catalogued it as a simple, little, inexpensive thing, not dreaming that it cost more than five hundred dollars in Paris.

Well, the American girls have taught the French not only to say something worth while, but to take action on it. And where have the designers gone for their inspiration but to the late reign of Queen Victoria, and what have they pulled down off the shelves of history but puffs and bustles and full sleeves? Tiny muffs are also showing here and there as in the Molyneux model. But does your memory date back to the balloon sleeve? We used to wear inflated balloon effects topping the sleeve at the shoulder. A type of sleeves is now going round Paris with a balloon effect poised along the lower arm between elbow and wrist. We have been presaging for some time the higher waists, but we did not realize how terribly our warnings were going to come true. There are fitted, basquelike outlines. And all the time the rumor is whispered that it is not going to be necessary that Madame keep so slender. Can we be headed for the hourglass figure again? Did we know or do we care that Madame Paquin invented that large sleeve?

Strange to say they call all of these new lines a modern note and blame the exposition for them. Sharp contrasts of raw colors rather than soft nuances and blendings has been the taste of this exposition, and we have seen it observed in the cubist designs of linings and scarves. Certainly we are in an epoch of color, but the coming season is one for softer, more blended tones.

As a French writer puts it, after the glare we have been through we are now choosing the red of stained glass windows on a gray day, the red of glowing embers and of faded *aubergine*. The violet color of the winter is not the raw purple we have seen through summer and autumn, but the faded tint of violets we have abandoned without giving them fresh water. There is a brown the color of dead leaves, and a beautiful deep emerald, and an absinthe blue-green.

But the significance of the winter showings lies in the fitted basque effect such as is shown in the Premet tailored model, and again in the sheath gown with the close fitted bodice, and in the darts! Not only are we using but we are trimming (and thus calling attention to) these emblems of another day. They stand for a different, less emancipated woman than the one we know. Is she going to accept them or, after a little flurry, will she return to the sports things, which are more truly the emblem of her manner of thought and of activity?

SUIT of Burgundy woolen mixture trimmed in moleskin dyed the same wine shade, with darts. By Premet.

STREET FROCK by Premet of grayish blue duvetyn and moleskin, with close-fitting bodice and sleeves. This is almost a sheath gown in silhouette, except for the godet at the left.

FROCK of black loosely woven wool faille, the bodice edged with ermine. A wide crush sash of the material ties in front. Designed by Molyneux.

PORCELAIN blue duvetyn sports frock, with sleeves and the close-fitting scarf and border with the jumper made in two tones of gray. This model features a slightly circular skirt.

DRESS of black chiffon velvet with knife plaits stitched in gold. A gilt ribbon ties round the neck. By Premet.

Rich Fabrics Modishly Adaptable *to* New Silhouettes

FOR ANY PATTERN
ON THIS PAGE
SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

CREPE SATIN, velvet, and velvet brocades are sponsored for late afternoon teas, bridge parties, and dinner wear. These fabrics are wonderfully adaptable to the new silhouettes, with their flares, plaits, and godets, because of the soft, supple texture. The drawings on this page are of new styles from Paris. They possess all the *chic* the fashionable woman desires. Every woman wishes to dress economically, and it is remarkable to be able to have the latest Paris styles at just the cost of the material and a few hours' time.

A smart tailored dress for the entire season for everyday occasions is found in design No. 2540. The standing collar is a new feature and may be worn open. Tweed, homespun, twill, plaid woolen, or charmeen is suggested for business or classroom. Satin crepe, faille damas, moire damas, broche silk, or velveteen is smart for more dressy occasions. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch takes 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material.

An effective sports and street frock that has a long waist, closed at center front through an attached band, and a three-piece circular skirt, is seen in design No. 2465. It is distinctly youthful. The original was fashioned of navy blue charmeen, with checked woolen in tan and green used for collar and cuffs for contrast. Epinard green velveteen with beige trimming or black crepe satin with touches of metal embroidery on collar, cuffs, and applied band, is stunning. Cuts in sizes 14-16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A type of dress every woman wants is shown in design No. 2321. It is one-piece with inverted box plaits at either side of front and interesting neckline and scarf tie. Balbriggan jersey, embroidered twill, suede cloth, charmeen, striped flannel, crepe satin, or velveteen is practical and smart for its development. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 54-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A charming afternoon frock, with a fashionable flutter in the clever arrangement of its beautifully designed four-piece circular skirt, is expressed in pattern No. 2499. The sleeves also flare, which is a new style detail. The frock is made of black crepe satin, with shiny surface used for the waist and sleeves, with reverse side of the crepe used for the skirt. Black prince velveteen or silk velvet. seal brown faille damas, pencil-blue brocaded velvet chiffon, or navy blue charmeen is *chic*. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 4⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

This is the season for warm sleeping garments for the youngsters. No. 2244 is designed for comfort and practicability. It is easy to make, and boasts two necklines—with flat round collar or open neck with applied band. Cuts in sizes 2 to 12 years. The 8-year size requires only 2½ yards of 36-inch flannel or cashmere.

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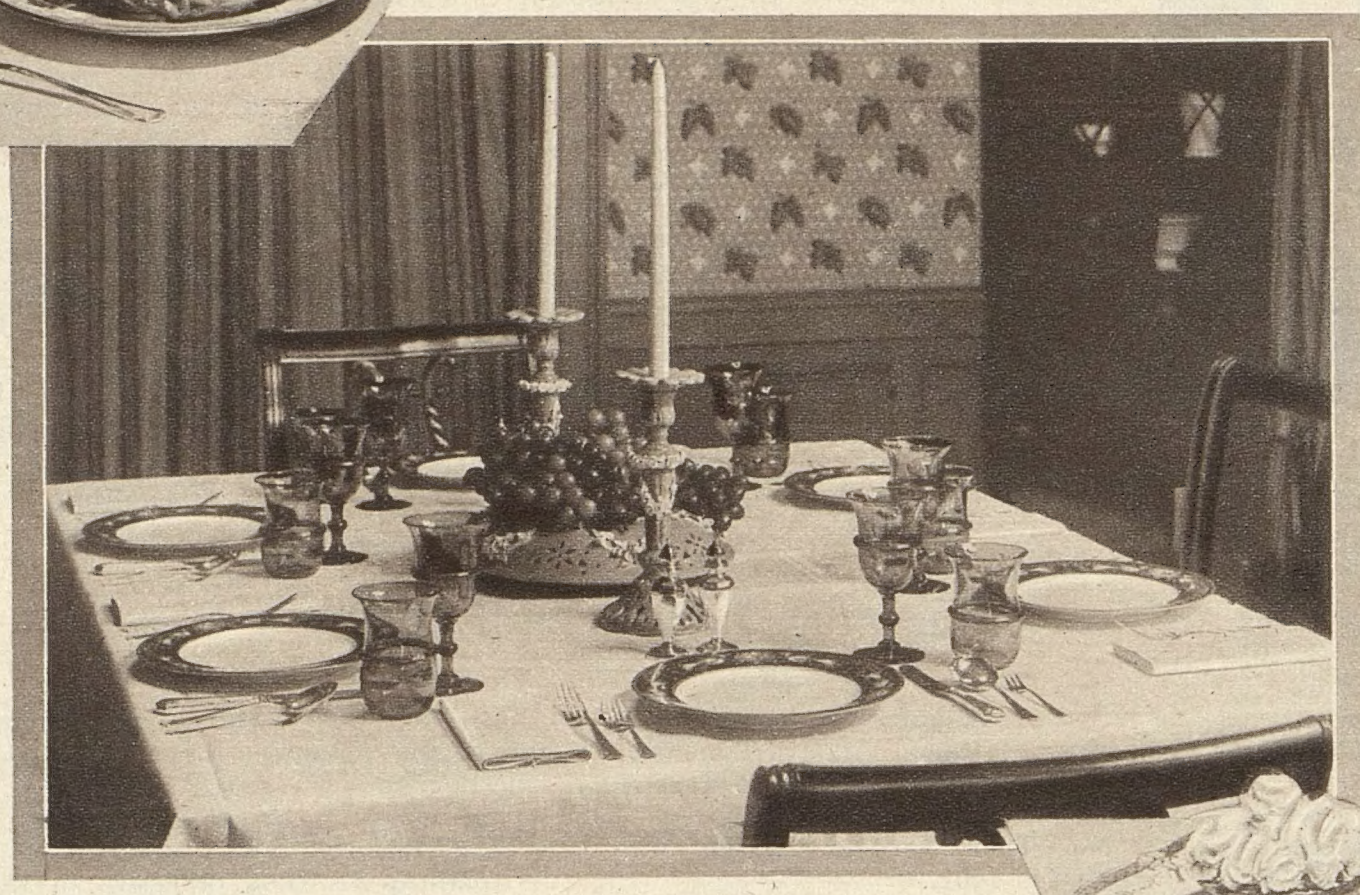
The Thanksgiving Dinner Service

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Service for the salad course, with water and cider service still in place.



To the left—the table ready for the Thanksgiving feast. Care in placing exactly makes even simple tableware impressive. Below—the dessert course, served with coffee. If desired, coffee may be served in the drawing-room.

AGAIN those of us not fortunate enough to be able to go home to Thanksgiving must muster up our own feasting celebration. Only if it is successful will each partaking guest retire with that supreme air of contentment and thankfulness of heart for which this national feast day was proclaimed.

The charm of formal service—too often confined to great estates—will add much dignity to the occasion. Service from the side, modified to suit your own home conditions and emphasized by contrast in the main course, wherein the pompous turkey is carved and served (so-called English style) at the table, the Harvest feast service becomes at once both dignified and "homey." Such a mixture of English and Russian methods of serving is known as Mixed Service and is quite common, especially where help is limited.

Having covered the table with its protecting silence cloth and a perfectly laundered satin damask cloth evenly laid, duly set the table with service plates, napkins, and accompanying silver for the soup, main, and salad courses (see table illustration). Allow twenty-four inches per cover. Decorate with a center decoration, low enough to see over comfortably, and symmetrically placed candlesticks—all of these to be put right on the cloth, embroidered centerpieces now being antiquated. Bread and butter plates are not usually served, though they may be if desired, and used for the buttered rolls, olives, celery, etc. Place the goblet at the tip of the knife and the cider glass at the right of it. Nut cups are placed directly in front of the plate, salt and peppers between each two covers, and place cards are put on top of the folded napkins. Where children are to be fed, extra silver for one place, a soft napkin, and a fresh doily to cover spatters should be in readiness. Draw the window shades to get the desired lighting effect, place the chairs even with the edge of the table cloth, light the table candles, and fill the water and cider glasses two-thirds full just before announcing the meal. The announcing is best done by having the maid appear silently at the door of the drawing-room waiting for recognition from the hostess, who in turn breaks the news simply with, "Dinner is served."

The host then proceeds to the dining room accompanied by the lady of honor, followed by the other guests, brought up in the rear by the hostess and gentleman of honor—each of whom finds his respective place by the place cards, and being seated from the *left* as the last guest takes his designated place. The maid appears and serves the hostess first that she may see that everything is correct in the service. The maid continues to serve as listed herein.

MENU

Fruit Supreme

Celery *Olives* *Nuts*

Cream Soup *Cheese Wafers*

Roast Turkey *Stuffing* *Gravy*

Mashed Potatoes *Southern Yams*

Buttered Onions

Biscuit *Cranberries* *Butter*

Cider

Stuffed Tomato Salad

Mince or Pumpkin Pie

Pointers to the Waitress

1—Starting with the hostess and progressing to her right serve the fruit supreme in a fruit cup imbedded in ice and placed on a doily on a small plate. Set this service on the place plate from the left, using the left hand.

2—With the right hand remove the place plate and contents and immediately replace same with a filled soup plate set on a service plate garnished with the cheese wafers. Repeat around the table.

3—Pass the relish dish in your left hand to the left of the person being served.

4—Remove the plates of the soup course with the right hand and replace with a hot dinner plate.

5—Place the turkey platter and carving set in front of the host.

6—Stand to the left of the host with an empty hot dinner plate (one extra being required).

7—Exchange this for a filled one. Serve the hostess first from her left. Repeat until all are served. Carry out the extra dinner plate.

8—Pass the gravy boat on a squarely folded napkin to the left, holding it firmly and low in the left hand. Be sure that the ladle handle is toward the end toward the guest.

9—Pass the buttered biscuit, then the cranberries, in the same way as the gravy.

10—Clear the table first of the platter, placing the carving set on it. Then remove the soiled plates, clean china, and silver, leaving only the unused salad fork, nuts, bonbons, water and cider glasses.

11—Place the salad course from the left.

12—Refill the goblets from the right *without lifting them.*

13—Clear and crumb the table, removing everything except the water service. Remove to the left with the right hand.

14—Serve the dessert course, with silver for same placed on the plate or to the side.

15—Remove all dessert service and place the finger bowl one-half full of tepid water.

16—Place coffee service on a serving table by the hostess in the drawing-room. As she pours, serve the ladies in the drawing-room and the gentlemen in the smoking room. Pass the cream and sugar on a tray with a linen doily under them.

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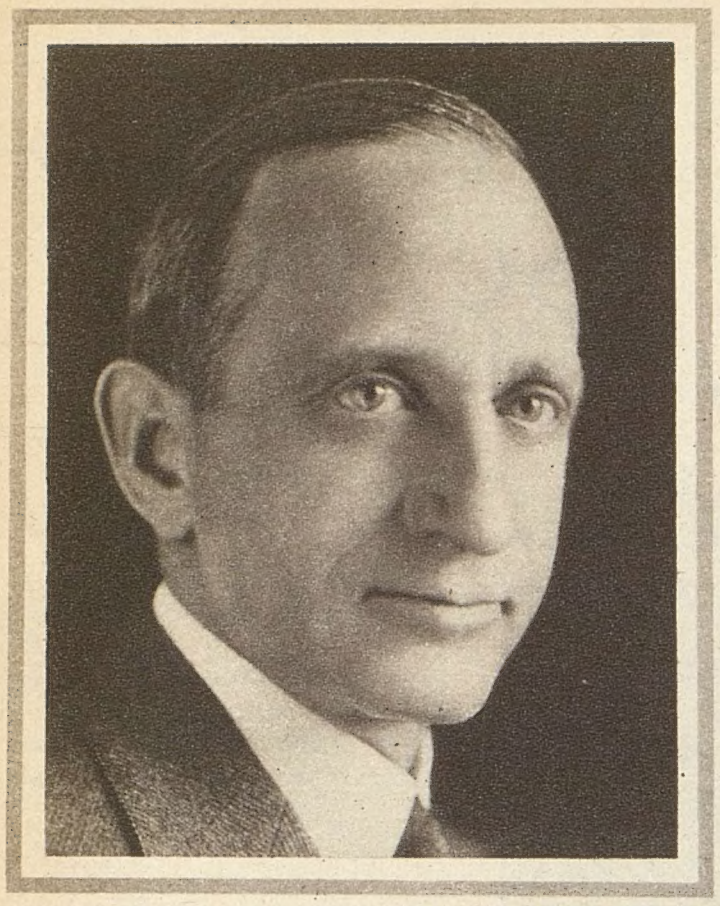

Underwood & Underwood Photo
EDWARD T. CLARK

"Ted" *He Knows the Coolidge Secrets—and Keeps Them*

HERE is the man who, as much as any other man except the President himself, knows the innermost things of this administration. He is Edward T. Clark, "Ted" Clark, the President's personal private secretary.

He was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, of which the President once was mayor. He was graduated in 1900 from the college from which the President was graduated in 1895—Amherst College, Massachusetts.

He is lean, keen, hard-grown, hard-grained, believing nothing until it is proved true, doing nothing until he thinks it is proved right.

It is believed in Washington as an article of faith that if anybody could conceivably be more Yankee than Coolidge it is Clark.

He scents and flushes a political truth like a bird dog and stands and covers it as speechlessly. To write a character sketch of him would be like writing a character sketch of a Yale lock. He can make witticisms for fifteen minutes without a smile.

He can talk for fifty minutes and not tell a secret.

He was secretary to the late United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts for eighteen years, and was associated for several years afterwards with a well-known Boston business firm. He began being secretary to Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts when Calvin Coolidge became Vice President. He has been Mr. Coolidge's secretary—his private secretary—ever since.

He handles every sort of thrilling inside political stuff and is never thrilled, never excited. He knows everything and never gets to be knowing or mysterious. Just about every secret comes into him and no secret goes out.

Unhappy ending: He is always trying to get away into private business, and the President won't let him.

W. H.

Here Are the Answers to the "Measuring Your Mind" Test on Page 50

1. No. Minneapolis and St. Paul are adjoining cities.
2. No. The Prince of Wales has no beard.
3. YES. A touchdown counts six.
4. No. Snowshoeing is not a Palm Beach sport.
5. No. Iron would not float.
6. No. George Bernard Shaw has never visited New York.
7. No. Lapping water would not be heard above harp playing.
8. YES. Chicago Standard Time is one hour earlier than New York Standard Time.
9. No. There were no Pilgrims on Cape Cod in 1602.
10. YES.
11. YES. A birdie is one stroke lower than par.
12. YES.
13. No. The eastern fork would go to the Atlantic; the western to the Pacific.
14. YES.
15. YES.

GRADING INSTRUCTIONS—13 to 15 correct answers, excellent; 11 to 13, good; 7 to 11, average; 3 to 7, below average; 0 to 3, poor.

Answer to Last Week's Cross-Word Puzzle (44)

■	C	L	O	G	S	■	S	O	P	■	S	P	O	O	R
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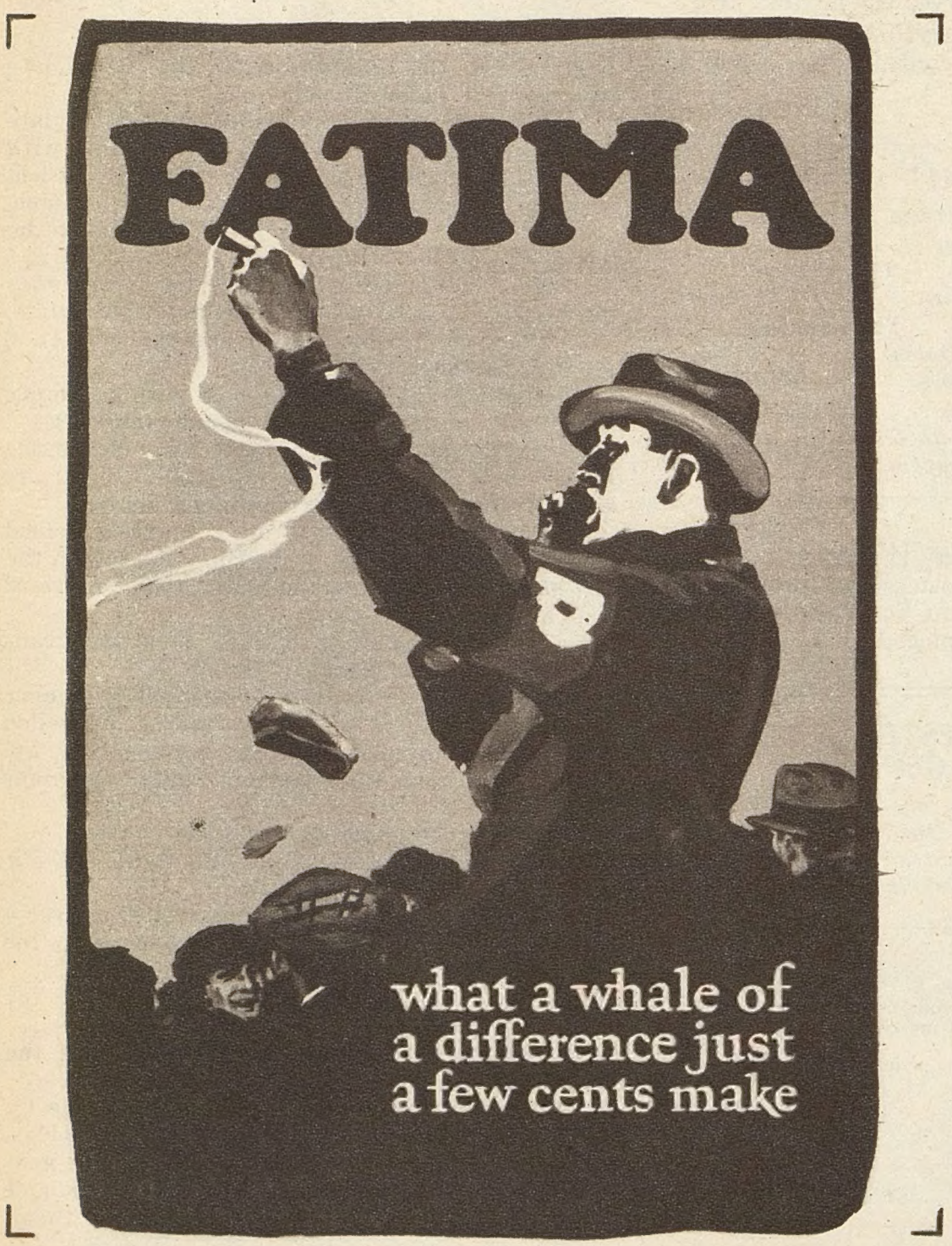

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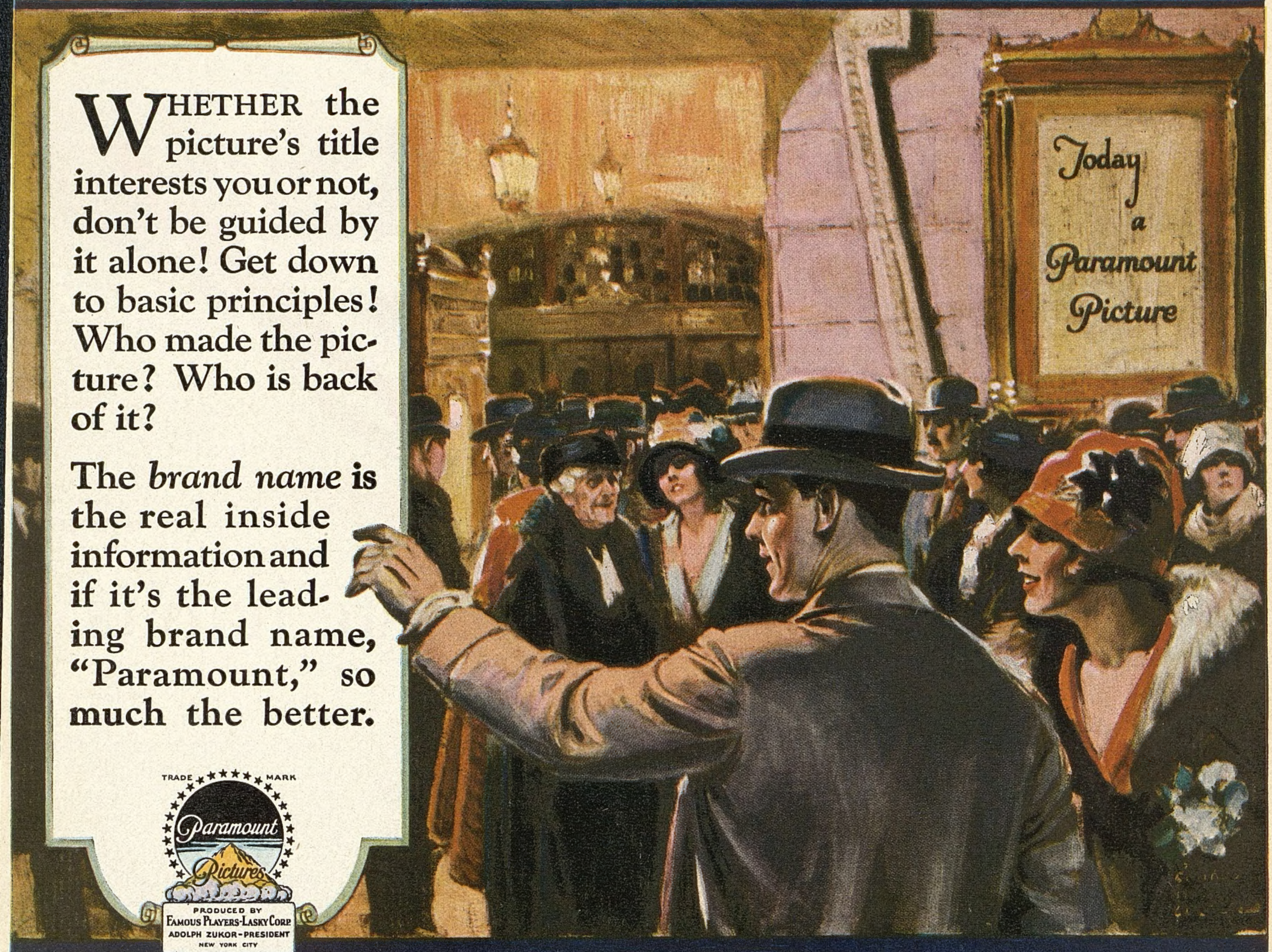
You Can't Judge a Picture by its Title Alone



WHETHER the picture's title interests you or not, don't be guided by it alone! Get down to basic principles! Who made the picture? Who is back of it?

The *brand name* is the real inside information and if it's the leading brand name, "Paramount," so much the better.

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With Greta Nissen, Bessie Love, Oscar Shaw.
From de Caillavet, de Flers and Arene's play "The King."
Adapted by Leo Ditrichstein. Screen play by Douglas Doty. A Monta Bell Production.

"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"
J. M. Barrie's Play.
A HERBERT BRENON PRODUCTION
With Betty Bronson, Tom Moore, Esther Ralston.
Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Townsend Martin.

"FLOWER OF NIGHT"
Starring POLA NEGRI
Written for Miss Negri by Joseph Hergesheimer.
Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.
Directed by Paul Bern.

"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"
Zane Grey's novel transformed into the greatest epic picture ever made.
With RICHARD DIX
Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Malcolm McGregor.
Adapted by Lucien Hubbard. Screen play by Ethel Doherty. Directed by George Seitz.

"THE WANDERER"
With Ernest Torrence, Greta Nissen, William Collier, Jr., Wallace Beery, Tyrone Power, Kathlyn Williams.
A Raoul Walsh Production of the stage spectacle by Maurice Samuels. Screen play by J. T. O'Donohue.

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Change your tooth paste habits from today!

THE next time you set foot in a drug store, will you try to remember the name of Ipana?

That seems a request purely selfish. But so many who try Ipana feel repaid for their effort that you, too, will very likely find it the tooth paste you will prefer to all others.

Start to take care of your gums as well as your teeth! Switch to Ipana for one month and check the constant improvement!

It is good for your gums as well as your teeth!

First of all, Ipana is good to the taste. Second, it is good, *very good*, in the normal work of cleaning the teeth. And third, it has a very beneficial effect in making and keeping your gums firm and healthy.

For soft modern food has made our gums logy. This food, devoid of roughage, covered often with creamy sauces, yields no stimulation to the gums. It gives them no exercise. Undoubtedly, much talk about pyorrhea is exaggerated, but it is unquestioned that the prevalence of tender gums is due to modern diet—a diet too soft for our gums to remain in health.

How Ipana tones and strengthens weakened gum tissue

But, by the use of Ipana, you can keep your gums firm. Simply massage them gently after you have cleaned your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. This massage will rouse the circulation within the gum walls. It will supply the stimulation not given by mastication, and Ipana itself, because of its ziratol content, will strengthen the gum tissue, rendering it more resistant to disease.

Your gums may bother you seldom or never. Your toothbrush may never "show pink." But even then, as a preventive measure, brush your teeth and your gums with Ipana. Keep the circulation active, the tissue firm and the teeth clean.

Ask your dentist about Ipana. He can attest its benefits. For 50,000 dentists have had demonstrated Ipana's virtues. It was by professional recommendation that Ipana first got its start.

Ask your druggist for a full-size tube

Ipana has a delicious taste. Ipana will give you a new sense of oral cleanliness. Ipana will help you to have healthier, harder, firmer gums. So won't you ask for a full-sized tube when next you are at the drug store? There is a coupon, but, after all, the ten day tube is small, and you will find it simpler and better to give Ipana the full-tube trial which may change your tooth paste habits for life.

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